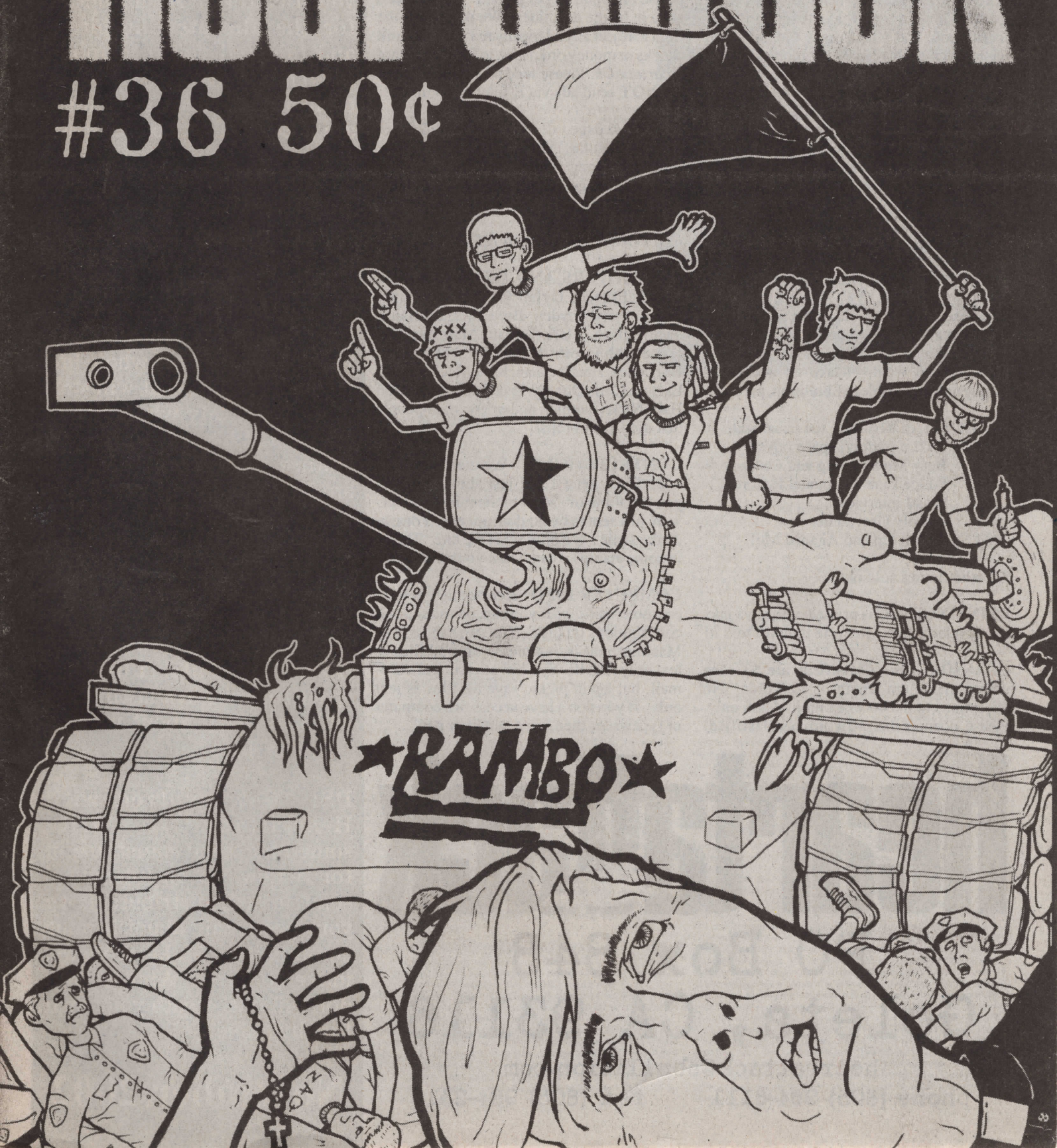


# heartattack

#36 50¢





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#3, #4, #11, & #16-#28 the usual shit  
#29 2001 a (empty) space odyssey  
#30 Bury Me Standing and Le Shok  
#31 Police Line & Council Records  
#32 Blast! interview  
#33 Unholy Grave interview  
#34 Tear It Up and Against Me!

All other issues sold out.

**PRINTING:** HaC is printed with soya inks on recycled paper. Recycle it, don't toss it!

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January 1st • April 1st  
July 1st • October 1st

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**CONTRIBUTIONS:** We need articles, interviews, letters, and just about anything you can think of. Most of the things in *HaC* were just sent in by random people. You can do the same. We print what we like. Throw in some stamps if you want your shit back.

**COMPUTER INFO:** *HeartattaCk* is fully computerized... so if you can, please send all contributions on disk. You can use IBM or Macintosh disks, but please save all files as text only files!!! You can also submit via e-mail, but again please save all files as text only. If you don't have access to a computer or typewriter then use a pencil or pen.

# Issue #36

**H**ardcore and punk rock have long been considered youth culture. As an outlet for the alienated, inspired, and talented youth to move on their own, to do it themselves. As I get older, am I to feel alienated from that which has defined me for so long? What happens with youth separates from youth culture? Only time can tell for sure, but I intend to change my world. I intend to make punk and hardcore part of my life culture. My youth fades and my whole life is the only thing that will stay in entirety. My whole life is the reality, and I want a culture that speaks to it. I am here for the living. I am here for the life. Life culture; something lasting and real. Something that changes you from the core, changes your world. If DIY is about anything, it is about the revolution of life. I use this space to assist in a lasting life culture. What about you?

— Lisa

**PS:** Get involved with *HeartattaCk*. Write something, send something in for review, do an interview, send in art, distribute it to your peers, talk about in your community. Make it yours, make it ours. And, if you don't like it, create your own fucking 'zine.

# heartattack

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November, 2002



# ★ RAMBO ★



Uniformed bandmembers storm the stage from paper-mache helicopters, makeshift cardboard tanks plow through boiling moshing crowds and a costumed cast of riot cops, vivisectionists, Vikings and punks churn the floors of indie venues. 'Merica, meet Rambo.

Formed by former Stalag 13 warehouse resident and promoter Tony Pointless and members of Reagan Squad and Kill the Man Who Questions, Rambo has played a sizeable role in the Philadelphia punk scene for the past few years. This year, the band gave itself a facelift, emerging with a new, more focused lineup consisting of former and current members of Virginia Black Lung, 400 Years, Policy of Three, Good Clean Fun and Last Chance Illustration's Mike Bukowski.

While some have criticized the band for putting more weight in gimmicks and outlandish stage shows than substance, Rambo has injected an element of fun and abandon at a time when aggressive, political punk was for sore want of representation. Approaching performances as entertainers, diehard activists and sincere, grounded people, the band packages hardcore political diatribes in a fun and accessible delivery that has even the most non-politically minded mosh hogs debating the subtle differences between Anarcho-syndicalism and Primitivist theory. While a full-length on x625x Records helped bring the bands quirky, anti-authoritarian anthems "No Circle Pits in Heaven," "Avenge the Anarchy Moose," "U-Lock Justice" and "Wall of Death the System" to listeners worldwide, the band says it's main focus remains rooted in its own

community in the Philadelphia area.

Rambo is Tony Pointless (vocals), Andy Wheeler (guitar), John Robinson (guitar), Bull (bass), Todd Hoffman (drums) and Mike Bukowski (design/propaganda).

Introduction and interview By Mike McKee

**HaC:** Is this just The Locust without the irony? Gwar for Anarchists?

**Bull:** Are you implying we promote anarchism at our shows in some coherent way? (laughter)

**Todd:** I was talking to a friend earlier today, and this came up. One of the ideas of the band is to show that politics and anarchism isn't just this stuffy, theoretical stuff for books—it's a part of our lives. The lives we live are sort of goofy and weird, and this translates into this band.

**Tony:** People have an idea that bands that are really up front and specific about things have to present things in this really theory based and straight-outta-a-book way, or an over-the-top, in-your-face way, like say Conflict. Or, it's real hippy-esque. With us, it's still very, very punk, but it's also really fun. It's not dogmatic, but the stances are still strong. I think it's celebratory rather than a matter of beating it into your head.

**HaC:** Do you consider yourselves part of a minority today, declaring your style and your ideas so firmly? Do you think this approach might come off as stubborn, or too rigid aesthetically?

**Tony:** I think we are, definitely, part of a minority of bands.

**Bull:** It would be nice if there were more bands with similar views, but I don't really give a shit.

We do what we do because it's what we believe in and because it's fun.

**Tony:** I think there's two trends within the scene that made things go this way. One is the whole thrash revival, which sort of absorbed a lot of the anarcho-punk, crusty sort of kids. There things are less overtly political if at all, whereas the bands they draw from were really political (BGK, etc.). **Bull:** Although there are bands like What Happens Next? who are completely amazing.

**Tony:** The other thing was the move from Profane Existence to CrimethInc, to use two representations. Profane was very in your face, where the kids who got into that would maybe join the local ARA chapter, do political graffiti, and it was all very antagonistic to the state. And I'm not being absolute in naming either of the two groups. But there's been a move towards lifestyle activism or activism by association. The idea being, if you ignore the system it will collapse, rather than confronting it. Musically, it's made bands that are less upfront politically and less punk sounding come to the forefront, with a more self-absorbed subculture.

**HaC:** Rambo is known as much for its theatrical antics and props as for its music and records. I'm assuming it's not always easy to try to mix physical ridiculousness with the ideas of Kropotkin and Goldman. Are there any examples of the gimmicks backfiring?

**Todd:** One example of it backfiring was the whole camo thing, which initially was an integral part of the band. Then, September 11 happened and a war broke out. And that's a war we don't support—the root causes of those attacks being



basic U.S. foreign policy. We don't condone the attacks, but the retaliation of dropping bombs on innocent civilians in the middle is fucked. Basically, with the band's name being Rambo, it started as a goofy thing to do at shows, to wear camo, sometimes with military facepaint, whatever. Then we were suddenly dressing like the people who were killing people in the Middle East. So when this newest lineup came together, we've been wearing all black—sort of in the tradition of the older anarcho bands—in lieu of the camo. That's the biggest example of the gimmick-element backfiring on us.

**Tony:** Two problems consistently have been dillweeds not getting it, and kids expecting props at every show. Encouraging interaction and physical interaction in our performances, we unfortunately have some kids who don't "get it" and don't dance appropriately, by being too rough and making other people uncomfortable. The other thing is I feel a lot of kids expect us to show up with a truckload of props at every show, which is impossible, especially on tour. The idea is participation, and not just pure entertainment. In some places on tour this year, kids have brought their own props, and that's great. That's better than kids showing up disappointed.

*(Bassist Denis from The Great Clearing Off walks in to lots of applause, while housemate Jen displays some newly dumpstered screens for the windows—more cheers)*

**HaC:** Let's talk about the politics of dancing. Punk has been debating within itself on where the priorities fall between people going off and dancing like crazy, and everyone feeling comfortable and safe. Rambo shows are often physical free-for-alls. Is it a challenge to balance the fun with the idea of inclusion?

**Todd:** As long as no one feels uncomfortable or hurt, it's cool. Tony does a really good job of asking at shows and stopping when there's a problem. We've stopped playing at shows before because there's been problems, and we don't play through the bullshit. You're right there is a certain level of physicality that comes with the music, and we're aware of that. That just means we have that extra responsibility to make sure that our shows are safe and fun for people.

**Bull:** We encourage people to have fun, but not at others' expenses.

**HaC:** Within the last several years, while many of us had our attention on other things, the larger punk scene has become increasingly professionalized. While little reflections of this have been easy to spot in our own little stomping grounds, as a whole the trend remains largely unaddressed aside from personal attacks and criticisms of peoples' decisions. Naturally, now, as before, the justification for many a difficult decision has been the "in order to reach a wider audience" adage. Rambo is one of the few bands I can think of for whom this sort of compromise might prove rewarding. I was wondering what your thoughts were on playing more shows with wider, more diverse, less strapped-into-the-bunker anarcho-punk crowds. The last few years have spotlighted a lot of attention on politically minded bands gaining a wide set of ears by playing the rock/entertainment/industry game to some degree (i.e. Milemarker, Strike Anywhere, etc.) So, is Rambo married to the basement?

**Bull:** I have no interest in mimicking major label

bands or their lack of politics. I'd be willing to play any DIY showspace, but I have no interest in playing rock clubs or industry showcases.

**Todd:** The main interest of the band is to play DIY showspaces, and whether or not that's explicitly in the punk scene, whatever—as long as it's separate from the corporate, mainstream, Clear Channel (who has a hand in nearly every commercial club in Philly) network, fine.

As far as what we have to say to different audiences, we're down with that, but it would be in a pretty specific framework. We're interested in talking to different audiences about our ideas—for instance, we've played full on thrash shows and we've played benefits for the National Conference on Organized Resistance, all areas we're interested in communicating.

**HaC:** Rambo has received some criticism for its sometimes extreme presentation of religion, especially Christianity. The album even contains an illustration of members of Rambo parading around the bodies of bested gladiators in Zao and Tooth N Nail T-shirts in the Roman Coliseum. Are you concerned such an extreme approach might turn some people off, including people who might otherwise agree with a lot of what you have to say?

**Todd:** I think the idea, especially when the demo and songs were being written, had to do with Christian HC getting to be really big again. Labels like Tooth N Nail and Sofa were really big entities, and they remain so. This is a reaction to that. Most of us have been into punk for a while, and we all saw what Krishna did to HC in the mid-'90s, and we see the same crap and hypocrisy that comes from religion mixing into HC again. We're not going to let that come into the mix again. Tony even has a lyric, saying "Not on my watch," about feeling a responsibility to confront that sort of thing.

Punk for me, in its root, is about rebellion and being anti-authoritarian—not listening to what other people tell you to do. And if someone is telling you what not to do, it's like, "fuck them." Religion is just a whole set of values

telling you what's acceptable. Punk is about figuring out what's right for you. A lot of the hard imagery Rambo uses, I think is to balance how far the Christian stuff can go. We're not down with the homophobia, the misogyny, the shit we feel the Christian side of the scene accommodates.

**HaC:** Do you ever wonder if the intensely specific, regional style of the band might alienate people for whom Philadelphia City Hall isn't a constant?

**Tony:** There's enough anthematic, vague ass, arena-rock political punk bands these days.

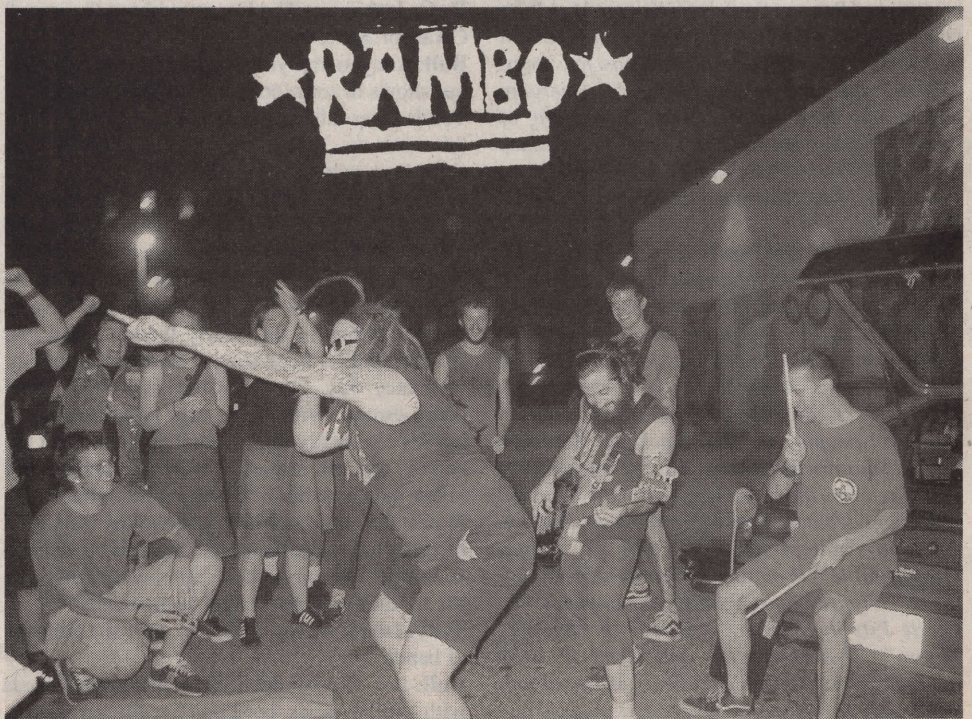
**Bull:** I hope we encourage punks to get more involved in the local politics where they live. I think Young Pioneers and In/Humanity were great bands who dealt with very specific local politics in their lyrics.

**Todd:** I think the idea is: We tell you what's going on in our town and we let you know what's going on and what we're doing. We just have a band and that's how we communicate. And then we go to your town and find out what you're up to. I think one of the most important things is your home, where you live. This country is really big and politics can get really vague. What's going on on your block and the community we stay in, that's what's most important. And it should be for everyone.

It's not supposed to be exclusionary. It's us including people in our lives and sharing what we're doing and hopefully people will take inspiration from that and do something in their own community.

**Bull:** I think a big part of working for social change is being able to make connections with other communities and learn from what each other have done.

**Tony:** For me, Crass and MDC's lyrics were pretty specific. And they sang about a lot of people I didn't know of. But the specificity made it that much more powerful, because it showed they were pissed about specific things and knew what was happening. I need to give props to Oi Polloi, who even have a song about a butcher who put animal products in pies in their





neighborhood. (laughter)

**HaC:** The summer of 2000 marked a significant landmark in Philly punk/radical history when the National Republican Convention chose the City of Will Smith, Soft Pretzels and (oh Yes, Kensington...) Rocky as the meeting spot for their corporate-sponsored Grand Old Potty pow-wow. As the Convention loomed closer, art spaces such as the unconventional, badboy art space 1026 Arch endured increased police and city licensing pressure; people commuting to and from and living in group punk/activist houses on the city's West Side were routinely stopped and questioned; and the air of police "ree-pressshh-shaawwn" (thank you The Clash) became a daily reality. Roughly a year later, the American Correctional Association chose Philadelphia as the site to hold its annual convention celebrating the spoils of human misery and incarceration.

As a generator-powered truck began blasting a dissident's message from the steps of City Hall, it was Rambo's Tony Pointless who supplied and helped engineer the sound system—this way, no carefully crafted profanity from MOVE's Pam Africa would escape the ears of passersby. During the RNC, several members of the band put their mouths where their bikes were by volunteering as communications agents and message runners for the massive protests.

In fact, Rambo, as individuals and as a band, seemed largely tied in with the underground's response to the Republican National Convention and the ACA. And, as the smoke began to clear from a week or so of steady protest and action, it was Rambo who'd offer the first related protest songs.

**Bull:** "Lipless Bastard" is about the former Philly Police Commissioner John Timoney—who looks like he has no lips. During the Republican National Convention in the summer of 2000, he fell off his bike while chasing after folks who were protesting and subsequently charged three people for assaulting him, claiming they assaulted him with his own bike. These people are still facing serious charges from that. Clarissa at Cindergarden House (Philadelphia) can supply people with details about coming forward with information as a witness to this event (see end of interview)—the accused are still seeking testimony from people who saw something go down. We personally know all three of the people involved in this, all three are great people whose lives have been pretty fucked up since they have had to come from several hundreds of miles away. Camille, who has the worst charges filed against him, is facing up to 10-20 years if convicted.

**HaC:** As the pressure intensified in the advent of the RNC, Philadelphia City Council sought to limit the public's options in assembly through a mask ban, jeopardizing the right and freedom of anonymity in a mass, largely controversial protest. Rambo, and several people connected to the Philly punk scene answered this move loud and clear. The reaction was documented in song by the band.

**Tony:** Rick Mariano is a city councilman here in Philly who was caught making an anti-Semitic remark. To sort of compensate for that, he introduced this bill right before the RNC that would allow police to fine anyone wearing a mask. The connection some people point out is that this law is based on the mask laws the Anti-Defamation League proposes to compete against

Klan rallies. So, to garner favor with the people he pissed off, he comes up with this law.

This comes right before the big RNC convergence in Philly, allowing cops to just sweep people off the street (many protestors prefer to wear masks). In reality there's lots of reasons people might want to wear a mask—you might not have necessarily have committed a crime, you might have just taken off of work and want to remain anonymous, or you don't want your mom and dad to see you at the Mumia demo, because your family lives in a neighborhood where all the cops are from.

**Bull:** Police surveillance has increased dramatically since mass demos have gained some popularity in this country.

**Tony:** So, when there was a hearing about this proposed law, a bunch of people showed up at city council meetings wearing masks.

**HaC:** It got some coverage in the newspaper, who, I suppose, couldn't resist the visual of a bunch of weird looking punks in paper-mache, Halloween and Mexican wrestling masks bursting into a city council meeting.

**Tony:** Unfortunately, the bill got passed anyway.

**HaC:** Philadelphia has one of the most talked about, exciting punk scenes in America right now. I was wondering if you considered yourselves part of a community, and what your thoughts were on the Philly punk scene right now.

**Tony:** I think the punk scene in Philly is doing unbelievably well right now. I went to a show the other day and I hardly recognized a lot of people—there was a lot of new faces, who I feel are gonna stick around for a while. It's very exciting. I feel like part of a family and very supported in what we do. People are genuinely interested in what each other are doing and supporting each other's efforts.

When it comes to the activist scene, I think the influx of new people has maybe diluted some work that's been going on. In some ways, it's been attracting some self-absorbed people out to reap the benefits of a scene without maybe putting in their own input or efforts.

**Bull:** I feel like there's a lot of great bands in Philly right now. I don't really feel like I'm that involved with the punk scene these days. I feel like I'm more a part of the activist scene these days, of course there's a lot of crossover. That really feels like a family to me. Philly's got a long history of activism and Anarchism. The Wooden Shoe Collective has been around for over 25 years now. Books Through Bars has been around about 10 years, and moves about 600 packages a month. The A-Space has been around for more than 10 years. The IWW is based out of Philly, currently. The food co-op I work at is over 25 years old at this point. There are many activist owned group houses and land trust houses.

These things have drawn lots of people to Philly in recent years, which in the beginning I think was really good. We have a lot to offer people interested in activism and Anarchism. Now I feel like it's beginning to become a "cool" place to move to, and some of the substance is being lost in the appeal.

**HaC:** What sorts of things are you all involved in aside from the band, back at home? I feel like this question is even more important for a band like Rambo, where the emphasis is on establishing community and being so hands-on locally.

**Tony:** There's a list we could more or less give about the various direct action and demo and protest things we've done and will want to do in the future—I think it's safe to say most of us have felt tear gas at some point in our lives. But, more importantly, to us, are the things we're involved in in our own community, the long term plan. Sure, we do the big stuff, the popular mass actions, but we're also involved in our communities.

**Bull:** Me and John and Tony all volunteer at the Wooden Shoe infoshop. I'm a manager at the Mariposa food co-op, live in a communal, Anarchist group house. I feel like they're both very important to mention because of how this intersects with the band's anti-Capitalist beliefs. These things are operated cooperatively, nonhierarchical, which is important to me. We own our house, so we're not giving money to a sleazy landlord and we're not as easily effected by property values rising or falling. It's a more permanent fixture in the neighborhood. It also means we don't have to worry about getting kicked out by a landlord, or getting booted for college kids who can pay more. We have a lot of amenities we share with the activist community. We have a large kitchen that can be used to cook for benefit dinners. Several squats in the neighborhood can use our bathrooms, kitchen, washer and dryer. Our house is a meeting space. While other houses—our neighbors in particular—have a computer room and a community radio station. The Co-op offers quality food for people in the neighborhood at lower prices, supporting local farms. Since it's a co-op there's no management or hierarchy in how we operate or do things.

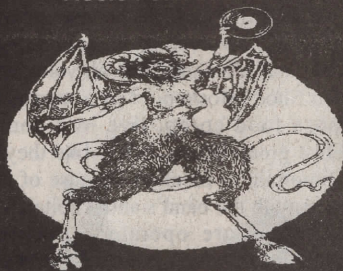
**Todd:** I lived in DC, where I grew up, and lived most of my whole life until I just moved to Philly (in July). I've done a lot of community-based volunteerism back in DC. When I was younger, I worked a lot with the homeless population in the city, in soup kitchens, clothing distribution, food delivery. Getting older, I got involved with other punk/activist groups in the city such as Food Not Bombs, doing things with more interconnected politics. Not just participating in the scene, but trying to be a part of the community and helping out when I could. For three years I worked at a non-profit healthcare organization for people with Alzheimer's disease. This had a personal connection for me, because my grandmom has been dealing with that disease for about five years now. A lot of what I do has a lot to do with my personal life and my community and that's what I tie it into. That's one of the most important things a person can do in their life, is get involved with what touches them. Because not only are you personally connected, but you get to help out others in the process.

*The band Rambo welcomes comments, criticisms or challenges at Tpointless@aol.com. The band would also like to encourage anyone who may have witnessed an event involving former Philadelphia Police Commissioner John Timoney at 17th and Latimer Streets in center city Philadelphia on August 1st, 2000 around 7:30pm to come forward with information to help those accused of assault and misbehaving. If you have information you would like to share, please contact: stayingstrong@hotmail.com (clarissa); www.friendsofcamill.or; Mini (401) 351-6960; Clarissa (215) 748-1887.*



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### ★ HOT No 2: ★

The Avenging Disco Godfathers of Soul - This Is The Invasion I LP

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INTOLERANT MESSIAH PRESENTS

## Kalmex and the Riffmerchants



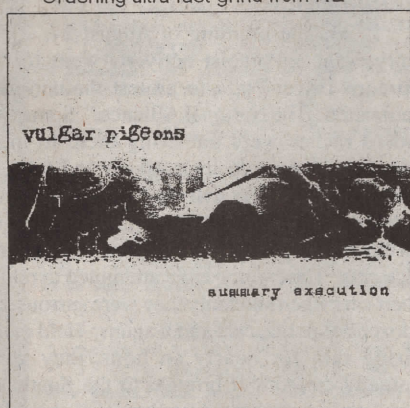
IT GOES TO ELEVEN

### KALMEX & THE RIFFMERCHANTS

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How do they play that fast and keep the melody going? Impressive. (collective zine)

The instrumentation is frenetic, but not blurry. Crisp, real notes are being hit and complex, sharp melodies are being stretched like barbed wire around an immense amount aural space. In the middle of it all is a dark, unsettling sense... (Razorcake)

Taut, intricate, and intelligent emo-esque hardcore. I'm normally not a big fan of this type of stuff, but i was pleasantly surprised by this one. I also dug the artwork/layout of the record. Good job. (Hit List)

When This Computer Kills slows down and fills it's lungs with air and smoke there's a dark, shimmering, and often jangly quality to their songs.

It's almost sinister without being overtly ooky spooky. All the songs work great by themselves and interlock in a tight bundle. I truly enjoy that quality in a band. (Razorcake)

Midpaced, fucked up hardcore with vocals that seem pretty 90's screamo sounding to me. There is alot going on here musically, specially for a three piece band. This is not really my style or speed, but I can admit that it's very good. If you love your hardcore with some emo in it, and a tad of mathrock, you should pick this up. (Heartattack)

This band from Reno has a great name. They play a clean, kinda melodic, and very technical style. The guitar picking and leads seem to be continuous - while the groove rocks on. The vocals are kinda screamy and it has that discordant emo feeling. Chris(tine) (Slug & Lettuce)

## This Computer Kills

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"I am good."

On the morning of August 24, 2002, twenty-eight anti-racist activists went to the Baltimore Travel Plaza to protest the neo-nazi organization "The National Alliance." Some two hundred racists were gathering there to meet before caravanning to their march and rally in Washington, DC later that day. As the activists entered the parking lot of the Travel Plaza, it began to storm and the group was confronted by several police cars. The twenty-eight attempted to return to their cars when suddenly they were surrounded by dozens of police cars and wagons. Held in the pouring rain for nearly an hour, they were eventually cuffed and brought to the Southeast District police station. After hours of shivering on the floor of a conference room without being charged, they were transferred to Central Booking and held for almost twenty-four hours before receiving their papers. When they finally were allowed to see commissioners, some of the twenty-eight were released on their own recognizance while others received bail amounts upwards of \$10,000. None of these twenty-eight activists had committed any crime, nor were they told what they were being charged with until after they had been interviewed. Bail was raised and



all activists are now out of jail, but the legal battle is just beginning.

Later that night...

Baltimore police carried out a raid on a community center the activists were using to coordinate jail solidarity, without a warrant. They confiscated pamphlets, magazines and other literature. Immediately afterward, police surrounded a progressive activist center and they attempted another warrant-less search. The activists inside refused to talk to police and instead called the media. The police left the scene when the media showed up. Police then followed and pulled over cars traveling to and from these locations without providing reasons for the stops. Several people were pulled over at gunpoint for trying to reach these safe spaces.

The Baltimore Police Department is going forward with their trumped up charges. Once again the police are protecting violent racists over the interests of our communities.

In addition to funds, the Baltimore Anti-Racist 28 are also in need of legal support. Any legal resources you can provide will be greatly appreciated and are desperately needed.

It is clear that the charges against the Baltimore Anti-Racist 28 and the harassment of the Baltimore Anti-Racist community are part of a larger attempt to silence the voices of committed activists. Due to the scale of media coverage and the various regions represented by the defendants, this case is important to everyone continent-wide who is opposed to racial and other nazi prejudices.

Accurate information on the charges and the police tactics and response to anti-racism must be disseminated. Corporate media accounts are based on the statements by the police and the National Alliance. Please spread the true message as far and wide as you can. Flyers, benefits, teach-ins, demonstrations, etc., are needed to assist the Anti-Racist 28 through their court cases.

#### The Results:

Twenty-six activists have each been charged with:

- One count of rioting (unlimited penalty)
- Three counts of second degree aggravated assault (punishable by up to 10 years in prison and/or a \$2,500 fine)
- One count of possession of a deadly weapon with intent to injure (punishable by up to 3 years in prison and/or a \$1,000 fine)
- One count of malicious destruction of property valued over \$500 (punishable by up to 3 years in prison and/or a \$2,500 fine)
- One count of disorderly conduct (punishable by up to 60 days in prison and/or a \$500 fine)

The twenty-seventh activist, a minor, received the same charges plus an additional 20 counts of Second Degree Aggravated Assault. The twenty-eighth activist, a representative of the National Lawyers Guild, was also arrested while he attempted to protect the rights of the activists. He was charged with one count of failing to obey an officer (punishable by up to 60 Days in prison and/or a \$500 fine).

The National Alliance claimed to police that they were confronted by anti-fascists in the morning. If so, they had been there and left well before the twenty-eight had arrived. The police decided to round up anyone in the parking lot and are attempting to pin any real or imagined crimes the National Alliance racists complained of on these innocent activists. These anti-racist activists

need your assistance as they are facing a combined total of about 1,177 years of jail time.

Please donate to the Baltimore Anti-Racist 28 Legal Defense Fund. Many thousands of dollars will be needed by these brave and dedicated activists to fight these bogus charges. Much thanks to all of the great people who sent money for bail, but the serious costs will begin now. Every little bit counts.

Please send legal support donations to: Black Planet Books/1621 Fleet St./Baltimore, MD 21231-2931; antifalegal@hotmail.com; 410-537-5005

Personal checks or money orders should be made out to Black Planet Books. If sending cash, please conceal it well. Please note in envelope that your donation is for the Baltimore Anti-Racist 28 Legal Defense Fund.

In solidarity,

The Baltimore Anti-Racist 28 Defense Committee  
Silence Is Approval! Demand Justice Now!

#### HeartattaCk,

The narrow and winding path which led me into the vast and open fields of hardcore could be considered, I suppose, as somewhat unusual when compared with the majority of others who grow to embrace the scene. A solitary indie rocker, conservative, pessimistic, prematurely middle-aged, consumed by entirely by music, not ideology, and frowning upon traditional notions of 'rebellion,' viewing the aforementioned as pointless trappings of immature youth. But before you reach for the flame to burn these writings please take time to consider the relative value of objectivity; when I stumbled upon modern hardcore it was the power and sincerity of music which led me to cast off my previously superficial leanings. After a considerable amount of time spent on the sidelines, concerned with 'not fitting the mold,' intimidated by the perceived levels of dislike and misunderstanding that I would inevitably encounter from scenesters troubled by my inherently conservative attitudes towards politics, society and fashion I shrunk from well out of view, concerning myself only with music. but, of course, to limit one's self thus is to deny an enjoyment of the many benefits of this scene. Gradually coaxed into the hardcore society via a plethora of internet forums containing the opinions of kids not obsessed with excluding outsiders I began to grow from out of my shell; I looked at the persons surrounding myself, read their columns in 'zines, the comments in liner notes. Always they were challenging to my own personal beliefs and the way in which I chose to live my life, to view the world, yet what is life, what is *thought* if we are not to be challenged? This is where I learnt the lesson of objectivity. Rather than judging those whose opinions differ from your own I believe that we must, at some point, make the conscientious effort to try and *understand* from whence these beliefs originate. This is, perhaps, the only way of success if we are to ever hope for a harmonious coexistence, but enough of my preaching for the time being.

As I was saying, hardcore taught me about objectivity and the value of challenge, but I suppose what I consider to be of the most valuable aspects of this scene is the positive encouragement for kids to take control of their

own lives. A long time ago I was empty; my spirit weighted by the constraints of mainstream existence; concern over money, work, success, etc., as well as a deep sense of loneliness which comes not from isolation, but by being surrounded by those who do not understand you. Fortunately, music and writing were there for me at this time, but they are not for a lot of kids. The principal idea of modern Western culture these days appears to be that one should accept their 'lot' in life, that is attribute feelings of adolescent dissatisfaction purely to hormonal changes, go to school for sixteen years or so of your life so that you can work the same 'respectable,' 'safe' corporate job until you're in your sixties. Then, if you have sufficient funds and are not spiritually crushed you can retire to a rest home. However, I would wager that the majority of persons in this situation do experience the aforementioned spiritual crush. Why? Because they spend their lives doing what is considered socially acceptable normality, and they are faced with the agonizing reality that life has been wasted; they did not fulfil all their youthful, optimistic, sometimes outrageous dreams and ambitions. But worse than this is the knowledge that they did not even *try* to do so, they were not willing to take control of their own lives. That is of the most considerable tragedies.

I often hear of many persons who believe that man is not free in the sense that he is forever constrained by work. This may indeed be so, but I ask you, what stops a person from having a job that they enjoy and are passionate about? Of course money is the obvious issue in this case, but I maintain the belief that if one's passion and desire is sufficiently intense then they will find a way to keep their dream alive. If that means risking every possession on a record label/band/distro, etc., and subsequently enduring a life off the bones of your arse (to use a colloquial expression) then so be it. It's all about the dream, about taking the risk to control your own life. This is what I love most about the hardcore scene, kids are *encouraged* to do so!

A lot of people believe that hardcore ideals end when responsibility comes knocking upon one's door, when it comes time to get a job, raise a family, grow up. But growing up and taking this responsibility does not mean that one cannot still work to achieve their cause, their personal utopia. It may be considered idealistic to assume that if you want something badly enough it will happen, but there can be no arguing with hard work. The hardcore scene encourages kids to get up off their arse and do something constructive rather than piss away their time and moan about the inadequacies of life, to be proactive and break through the constraints of mainstream society. Most importantly, hardcore shows kids that they do have the capacity to fulfil all manner of dreams, whether it be putting out a 7", playing in a band, owning a studio, or whatever else captures their interest, so long as passion and desire burn within your soul adversity will be conquered. I myself may only be eighteen years of age, and thus no adequate proof of this theory, but what truly matters to me is this knowledge of what can truly be accomplished if one is willing to take the risk, follow their heart, and be proactive. To some, hardcore may seem irrelevant in mature life, but to me hardcore has offered not only the opportunity of objectivity (and that *is* in



itself a form of maturity), but also a number of lessons and ideals that I could not possibly consider living my life without, for, without the aforementioned optimism, idealism and daring it would simply be pointless drudgery, would it not?

It doesn't really matter to me whether you love or hate my comments, so long as they challenge you to think in one way or another and prompt you to feel *something*.

Life is horrifyingly short, always follow your dreams. Make a mental note and complete as many of them as you can. Don't procrastinate, make the most of your opportunities, you never know when life will snuff you out. Regret nothing, it will only haunt you.

I love correspondence so please write to me at [steepertanwethought@hotmail.com](mailto:steepertanwethought@hotmail.com) or go the old fashioned, snail mail charm: Georgia Letter/PO Box 416/Canterbury/Victoria, Australia/3126

Dear Punk,

Hi. Normally I don't respond to bad reviews about my 'zine and I usually hate it when others write in and cry and whine about how everybody doesn't dig their bitchin' 'zine or record, but something was said in the review for my 'zine *Self Annihilation* that really gets under my skin. In the review, it was stated that, "the editors, apparently, still have some issues to work out." ARRRRGGGHHHH!!!!!! Isn't this a punk rock 'zine'? Isn't punk rock supposed to be kind of angry, even in some cases, kind of bitter. I mean I have no problem with positive punks or anybody who likes to keep an optimistic outlook on life, but one of the things that attracts me to punk culture, is that it seems like a good forum to act out depression, anger, rage, bitterness, which is what I do in my 'zine. I don't know, somehow I got the impression that my 'zine was neither accepted as kosher, nor conforms, nor is acceptable, to punk rock values and traditions. I just want my little 'zine to conform as much to your ideals as possible and I wish that somebody would show me the way. I am lost like a sheep and I need someone to show me the way. Please show me the way. Please tell me how to be just like all the other punks. I want to conform.

—Joecabdriver/2400 Eleen/Six Lakes, MI; [joecabdriver\\_2000@yahoo.com](mailto:joecabdriver_2000@yahoo.com)

*HeartattaCk,*

Punk Rock is a scam. It's the soundtrack of a new hippie generation. It's a vehicle for kids to think they are rebelling & to think they can inflict change. Meanwhile there exists an overwhelming majority of punk kids who have no interests in sociopolitical awareness or activism—the very thing punk rock is supposed to be rooted in & intrinsically based around. They are a legion of do-nothing, good-for-nothing, know-nothings. Whatever its reality, punk rock has been twisted into a massive stereotype. The scene & the movement has become a corporate trend brand name. It may as well have it's own official logo. Manufactured anger through major label advertising. Some rebellion. (Yeah, yeah, I know not ALL punk falls under this sway & I assure you, my hat is off to the indies who walk the walk & talk the talk of the hallowed & revered

DIY ethic/aesthetic)... I'm not even gonna get into an international punk rock, intricate/complex comparison/breakdown of sorts as to whether or not credibility rests more with the Europeans, North Americans, South Americans etc, etc, blahblahblah. I'll leave that for you to debate on your own. For now, I'll stick with generalities.

Ask an average punk kid his thoughts on globalization or a relative state of the world & they'll stare at you dumbfounded like a deer caught in headlights. Yet, these kids will allegedly rail against society & 'the system' and call for Anarchy of which their concept is seriously flawed, convoluted & wrong. Anarchy at this stage in North America & for a Western world is outmoded thinking. Spray painting an 'A' with a circle around it is no longer a protest when it's been reduced to nothing more than a meaningless catchphrase (further imposed by media quick-cut, flash imagery of demonstrations having degenerated into police battles, riots & violence, the purpose of which always shows a one-sided misconception of Anarchy being nothing more than mindless chaos & mayhem—to which many a kid more than happily buys into). That 'A' may just as well stand for 'Apathy' as it most CERTAINLY is not going to smash the Government or bring down any State.

Punk Rock at this stage means you're more destined to be controlled & predictable in adult life. If only these NOFX & Blink 182 moron fans could grasp their head around this concept. So much of the music is designed to (horror of horrors) make you 'sell out' without realizing it. (excessive following has a way of leading to burn out & switch. Think about it...) And why not? So many bands eventually 'bail' anyway, so it only stands to reason the fans will also in time - like lemmings, sheep & the herd of bovine they are. This mindlessness means punk rock is a living death wish because it becomes the very thing it is meant to be against - conformity. We end up destroying ourselves with bitterness, jadedness & resentment. (Do I sound like any of these 3 negatives? Would you believe me if I told you I'm not?) For old & for new. For arrogance & conceit. For factions & splinter groups. For diatribe replacing dialogue. For mistrust, misunderstanding & misrepresentation. Something is always offsetting at the expense of another. It's no wonder backlash is inevitable.

Punk rock for youth should inspire a desire for betterment (preaching aside). It should make you want to accomplish goals & achieve levels of success. And yet, I can't help but finger point at 'stupid punk' (however you regard such a term) that seems geared for retards & otherwise stands for no purpose at all. (Nobodys and Guttermouth anyone?) With any such luck, this 'dumbing down' will collapse from within but then again idiocy has a way of prevailing so it essentially boils down to preference & choice and weaving between the bad swirling among the good.

It's funny how MTV and Hot Topic have used mainstream deception by infiltrating the underground only to co-opt it & sell it back as repackaged rebellion. It's no wonder the Korn-kiddie mall punks (hopped up on Pennywise's "Fuck Authority" in there discmans) are corporate lackies who haven't a clue. Not too many 14 & 15yr olds are at a mind set to throw a brick at

Nike. Or Coca-Cola. Or McDonalds. Or Wal-Mart. Or Microsoft. But don't get me wrong, I don't expect life to be lived 24-7 marching in the streets under banners & shouting slogans. There are a great many things wrong in the world & the older we get in seeing how it all works, we still have to make concessions with such evils. That is just the inevitability of survival & existence in adulthood. We grow older & realize that life entails mature responsibilities and failure in such realization amounts to repercussion & consequences.

But I can't help but get a little annoyed at times. Sure, music & fashion is the basis of sub-culture but as the band Intensity wrote 'NOT' foundation for social change. It bothers me that personal definition has come about as the result of individualist consumption (good 'ole capitalism) and as a result, hairstyles, clothes, piercings & tattoos seem to matter more & more in definition. Too much emphasis is placed on look rather than content. (So many young Dead Kennedys fans growing among us & it astounds me how few seem to understand where Jello was coming from. So many Refused fans coming outta the woodwork to say they were down from day one & it astounds me that they don't realize Dennis with INC is still on the same wavelength albeit with an obvious different sound).

Tara MacDonald said it best in writing "Punk is tough as nails, strong, unique & brash. Punk is a state of mind and not a dress code or fashion. But alas, if that were only the case." Indeed, Tara. The ideal has now become one in which we search & destroy on missions to oust the so-called 'poser'. She also wrote, "There are as many off-shoots to punk as there are different people." Agreed. At some point we are ALL going to be thought of as a poser in the eyes of someone else becuz in their reasoning of finding fault with us, we won't fit THEIR overall image of how/what 'punk' means to them & in their context of the 'scene'. But again I'm bothered. I like to think that I subscribe to a plain & simple philosophy of 'live & let live' but seriously, the last thing I want/need to put up with is some young, ignoramus kid invalidating what I've loved & listened to for more than their actual age, merely becuz Sum 41 rocks their world. Some diaper-filler once said to me, (verbatim) "7 Seconds are just cranks & Los Crudos were nothing." My laughter was all the more side-splitting when it was revealed he was never familiar with the aforementioned bands' music to begin with. I guess it was just something he heard from people. So much for speaking on actual listening experience. Does it come as any shock that my laughter was also my middle-fingered 'go fuck yourself' response?

Okay, I'm getting myself just a tad bit angry. About as visible as a hairline fracture. In all honesty, I have no solutions to offer and no miraculous suggestion to bridge any widening gaps to make punk a sunny utopia, shangri-la bliss, where we all are accepted & can do away with petty, vindictive bickering. (What a lovely emo dream paradise it would be though huh? If you close your eyes hard enough & really try & picture the positivity, I'll bet you a donut you can hear the faint sound of Braid looming. Or if you are screamo, the dissonance of destruction that is Locust, tears it all down). Shit, I'm rambling



# TOP 10 LISTS

on about Jesus Christ knows what. God, I don't even know what I'm talking about anymore or even what I set off to get across. Now is a time to let you in on a secret of sorts—uncertainty has always been one of my stronger points.

But wait... here's the funny part (as I try to get back on track here & fiddle with a Good Clean Fun disc)—I like punk. I really like hardcore. For all my outward criticism, I am a hypocrite. My words are that of a shyster. It doesn't even matter that I don't call myself a 'punk.' So where do I see this leaving you in a visible future having been a fan? I can see a nice bland house in middlesquat Suburbia; 2 cars & 2 door garage; white picket fence; pet dog that autographs the neighbors lawn; & wonderful smiley wife with lovely hooters. Once in a blue moon you'll break out the faded Born Against shirt as a faint reminder of 'back in the day' (ahh, the memories to put a smile on anyone's face. You better believe the Assfactor 4 records & 7"s are still in play as well). The family will be rounded out by 2 bratty kids. He'll ('Junior') eventually fly a mohawk & she'll ('Peaches') no doubt wear fishnets. Both will start on The Ramones & want piercings and the cycle will repeat itself. Ha ha ha. That's right everyone, welcome to the machine. "I mean it, MAAANNNN."

Hmm.. I just re-read this. My sincere apologies if this comes off as too male-centric & female exclusive. Get in touch. Would love to hear from you. Toodles Noodles, snoochie boochies & all sorts of related, nonsense, silly closing remarks n' stuff.

—Hamish  
hamurai@hotmail.com

HeartattaCk,

I am a 23 year old female, involved in punk since I was 13. When I was 19, I started to drift away from it, and I didn't even buy any (punk) records until a month ago. After 4 years out of the loop, it felt regressive, but nice, like an embrace from the parent who stopped hugging you as you grew up.

Anyway, a lot of my observations about punk and concerns for my own life were reflected by your over 30 panel—OB's isolation from society's effect on his love life (mine is a mix of other factors, but I think even most people in the larger "real world" have these limitations, like general old age, real old age like being 70, being sick or disabled, having a minority religion, etc.). Because of this, I do not exclusively date punks.

Matt Average's sense that life is larger than punk (and my sense that there are wonderful things that may be unrelated to or even disagreeable with punk—like Felix Havoc's comment on the practicality of insurance, owning a home, etc.) Also, Felix's observation of what is "old" in the real world vs. what is "old" in punk—the last time I went to a show (Atom & His Package), I was older than most of the people there, and I'm only 23. I can imagine that distressing feeling compounded by 7 more years. But at the same time, in my 4 years away from punk, and I heard in the real world was that I'm still a baby. It was all very affirming.

—Kristy Chan; Cape Coral, FL

P.S. Glad to see Lisa Oglesby is still writing. I love you!

## Marianne Hofstetter

music: the sound of my wet farts at dawn  
• OMA HANS—Trapperfieber LP • COBRA KAI—Complete Recordings LP • THE MAHKATO—7" and Andy Malcolm for hooking me up with it • TRAGEDY—new stuff • WEAVING THE DEATHBAG—7" • books: The Crimson Petal And The White by Michel Faber • Big Trouble by Dave Barry • tv: "The Wire" (thanks Kent!) • "The Heat Is On," "Bargain Hunt," "Changing Rooms" (BBC) • life in general: lusting after Herr Dobers

## Fil Baird

CIRCLE TAKES THE SQUARE—CD, split w/PG.99, and live • CITY OF CATERPILLAR—demo and live recordings LP • Dance of Days by Mark Andersen and Mark Jenkins • CALVARY—Outnumbered is Outflanked LP • LA FRACTION—Aussi Long Sera Le Chemin LP • developing another self-destructive crush • MAN AFRAID—everything • Q FACTOR—7" • MOSS ICON—Mahpiia Luta 7" • Dan Fontaine for discarding his old records, I probably forgot to say thanx!

## Chuck Franco

ROTTEN SOUND—Murder Works CD • PIG DESTROYER—Prowler in the Yard • ACURSED—Life is the Longest Road to Hell LP • Regardless 'zine #2 • LESSER OF TWO—live, War Circus CD, and great fuckin people. • The few grind bands that played hellfest (REDCHORD, ED GEIN, etc...) • KYLESA—LP • WORLD BURNS TO DEATH—7" • BALANCE OF TERROR—LP • Everyone that helped out on the UPHILL BATTLE US tour, all the kids, all the parties, new places, new faces. Thanks for taking me along guys!

## Chris Duprey

VITAMIN X—live • SUBMISSION HOLD—live • WHN?—all • SCHOLASTIC DETH—live + eps • Rain of Gold by Victor Villasenor • A Culture of Make Believe by Derrick Jensen • Homage to Catalonia by George Orwell • skateboarding • graffiti • learning and having fun

## Steve Snyder

Paping #6 • SUSIE IBARRA—Flower After Flower • Punkanot #2 • CounterPunch Newsletter • On Subbing #4 • PARKER/SCHLIPPENBACH/GUY/LOVENS/LYTTON—2x3=5 • HENRY KAISER—Wonderful Life • Forces In Motion: The Music and Thoughts of Anthony Braxton by Graham Lock • JAH WOBBLE AND EVAN PARKER—Passage To Hades • Ward Churchill

## Vincent Chung

THE GITS—Enter: The Conquering Chicken • DILLINGER FOUR—everything and live • NEKO CASE & HER BOYFRIENDS—The Virginian • BOBBY CONN—The Golden Age • CALVARY—LP • FUNERAL DINER—ep • DENALI—live • www.thinmint.org • Readymade #3 • Hit It or Quit It #16

## Jonathan Lee

CALVARY—Outnumbered is Outflanked LP • VICTIMS—Neverending LP • BURNING KITCHEN—everything • SIN DIOS—all the new split 7"s • DILLINGER FOUR—live vs Whiskey Jones • FUNERAL DINER—amazing people, great friends • PARTY OF HELICOPTERS—live • SICARI—live • BALANCE OF TERROR / STRAIGHT TO HELL—split 7" • INEPSY—7"

## Timothy Sheehan

I like both kinds of music: hardcore and emo-hardcore • E-150/ZANUSSI—7" • SEEIN' RED/THE NOW DENIAL—7" • ANTON BORDMAN—7" • DEL CIELO/SIN DESIRES MARIE—7" • RAMBO/CRUCIAL UNIT—7" • FONTERRISMO—7" • TO SEE YOU BROKEN—7" • KOBAYASHI—Disco LP • GREAT CLEARING OFF—Within this Inch, We Are Free 7" • INFECT—Estrepito 7" • Rain 2002 'zine

## Lisa Oglesby

SIN DIOS—Ingovernables LP • Probation Area • CIRCLE TAKES THE SQUARE—CD • PG. 99/MAJORITY RULE—split LP • BITCHIN'—The Night Life, The Tight Style LP • BALANCE OF TERROR/STRAIGHT TO HELL—split 7" • LA FRACTION—Aussi Long Sera La Chenun LP • RAMBO/CRUCIAL UNIT—Sea Of Steel Vol. 1 split 7" • MELT BANANA—666 6" • INFEST—No Man's Slave LP • CITY OF CATERPILLAR recorded stuff • CUT THE SHIT—7"

## Chris Crass

The organizing to create a Queer Space in Richmond, Virginia • Revolution in the Air: Sixties Radicals Turn to Lenin, Mao and Che by Max Elbaum • When Things Fall Apart: Heart Advice for Hard Times by Pema Chodron • Trans Liberation by Leslie Feinberg • "Monsoon Wedding" • "Blue Crush" • All About Love: New Visions by bell hooks • The University of Nevada Las Vegas Peace Coalition march • The Battle of Seattle: the new challenge to capitalist globalization edited by Eddie Yuen, George Katsiaficas and Daniel Burton Rose • The Transforming Columbus Day march





|||coptercrash

**CC007-the goodboy suit "within walls without windows" cd**

Formed in the fall of 2000 from the ashes of managra, bauer, and Died in his suit, Milwaukee, Wisconsin's thegoodboy suit write dark discordant music that is equal parts aggression and melody. recorded at Noise floor studios in Chicago with Mike Lust (Sweep the leg Johnny, the vida blue, Lustre king, this cdep clocks in at just under 30 minutes.

**CC008-transistor/transistor "put down the bible...7"**

the latest effort from new Hampshire's transistor transistor. three tight and fierce hardcore songs with enthusiasm, sincerity, and rock & roll sensibility

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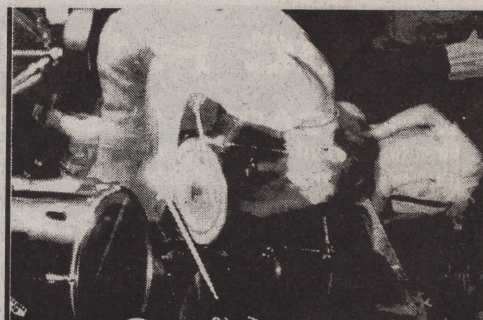
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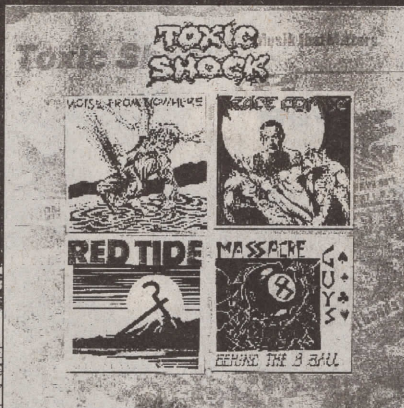
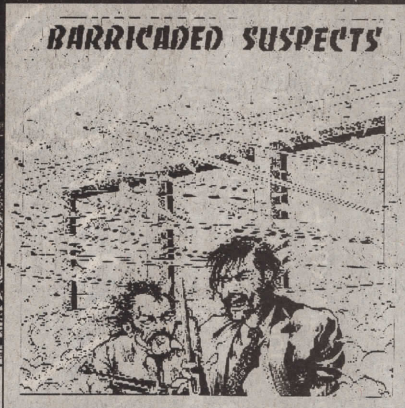
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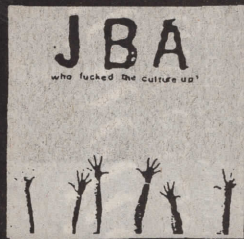
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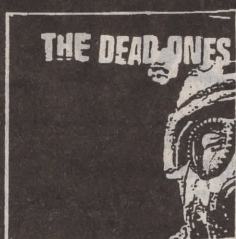
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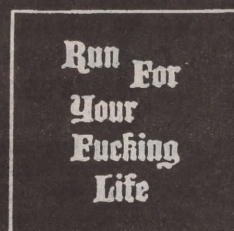
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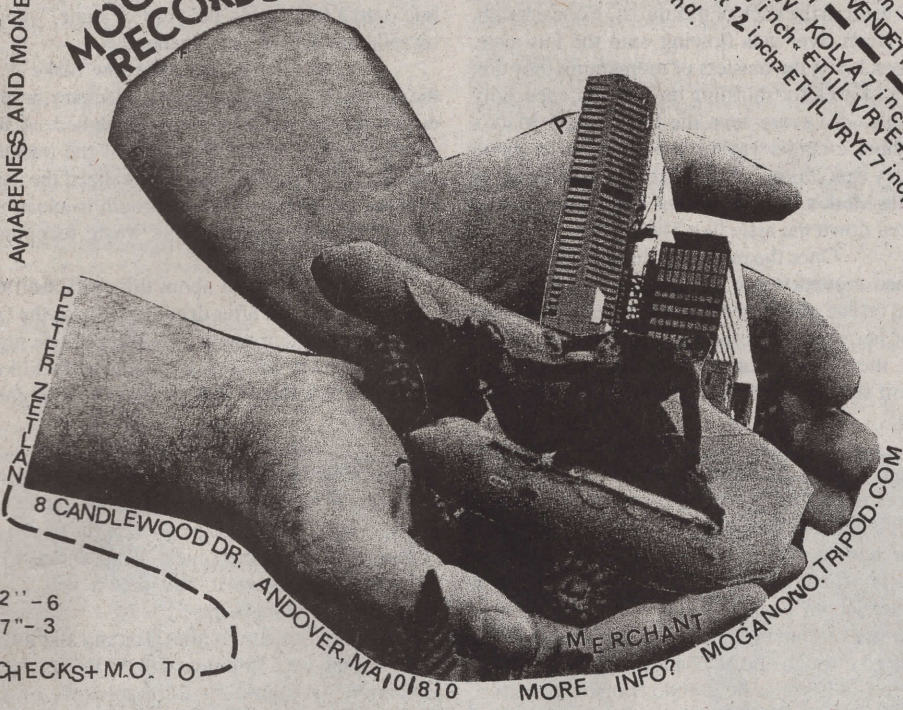
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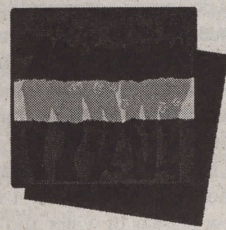
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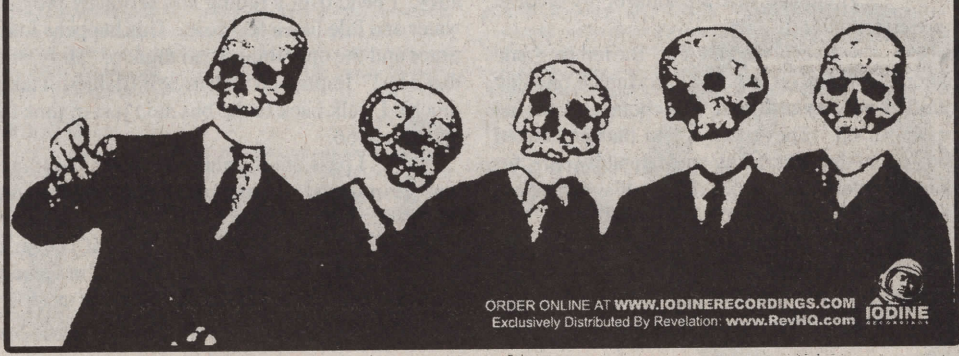
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The first time I *remember* vomiting was when I was seven. I'm pretty sure it had happened many times before, but my childish brain hadn't gelled until I stopped sucking on those lead painted Voltron toys—which I blame for my stunted growth, colorblindness, and my guilty indulgence for Servotron records.

Growing up, eating out was a rare occurrence for our family. When we did, it mainly centered around something that was cheap (McD's) and offered toys with their meals (McD's). Immigrant Southerners aren't necessarily known for their impeccable classy tastes. It was a special event, which meant the exotic flavors of pasta. More specifically, the dish consisted of shells, a white cream sauce, and probably some inedible decorative fruit on the side. I don't remember feeling sick. I hadn't had a fever or a change of appetite or even weird convulsions in my bowels. All I remember is that the white cream sauce was no longer in the ceramic bowl and instead was on my brother's plate directly across from me, dripping off the table and dotting the floor with pale green polkadots. I remember feeling completely amazed and ashamed. I marveled at the fact that *that* came out of me (a feeling I experienced again when I discovered another hobby right around puberty) but I kind of figured I was in for a scolding from my Mother when I got home.

In the following fifteen years, I only puked five times—all in relation to the stomach flu. A lot of folks barf as just a reaction to adverse external or internal environments and they're comfortable doing so. It always puzzled me as to how easily it came to others. Even when I started abusing my liver with various whiskey flavored poisons, it wasn't until the past year that spewing chunks would become a personal pastime.

Therefore, here are some of my favorite barfing stories:

+ Everyone had The Barfer in grade school. The Barfer was the unfortunate one that ralped everywhere and anywhere and for no reason at all. They always had that emaciated look about them: scrawny and delicately pale, for even mentioning the word "kittens!" would cause them to hurl a plate of bile onto the floor.

Hilary Thomas [name changed in fear of a libel suit] was the school Barfer. She rode the bus with a number of my close friends and they recounted one of the many stories of Mark

McManus [not his real name either]. He was a continual fuck-up who always sat in the back of the bus and accomplished some of the most amazing feats from my childhood memory.

One sweltering afternoon, Mark McManus leans over and whispers "Hey, watch this!" Then he begins to gag himself by jabbing his finger in the back of his throat. Soon enough, the green river was flowing onto the bus aisle. Buses, being the masters of momentum they are, have a knack for shuffling its contents, especially people. So every time the bus braked, Mark's upchuck crept its way towards the front to where Hilary was sitting. Children reeled back in horror while Mark's combination of Lunchables in bile oozed down the aisle like The Blob.

Once the projectile hit its target, Hilary turned around to see what the commotion was. As if on cue, she turned a deeper green and lurched over her seat. Unfortunately, for the rest of the bus, they had to deal with two large puddles of vomit sloshing back and forth for the rest of the ride.

+ While waiting for the Chicago #66 bus to go home, I heard someone call my name. It was my friend Phloe, who was waiting tables at this horrible hoochie bar called Liquid Kitty. [Chicagoans, this place is run by the same person who is behind Bar Thirteen, Iggy's, and Harry's Velvet Room Lounge. It's rumored that he's interested in buying our beloved Tuman's. If it does go through and he changes the bar to match the rest of his upscale pseudo fringe empire (i.e. he'd better not DARE take Los Crudos out of the jukebox), there is hell to be raised.]

Phloe invites me in for a few drinks. I walk in and see that my friend Cara is making the drinks. She works at Harry's and makes a pretty mean martini, so she knows how to shake that tin can. I sit at the bar amongst a horde of Happy Hour hacks who have loosened their ties and are constantly scanning the bar for an excuse to throw some brilliant line. Cara's making my Maker's and Cokes extremely strong and Phloe keeps coming back for shots of something "safe and sweet." I've also got a cavernous combination of cold and allergies. I'm trying to keep my phlegm lodged safely in my nasal cavity, since snorting into your drink is definitely not appealing around this crowd. I concentrate on my bourbon mixture and ignore the woman beside me trying to convince me it's her birthday and I should buy her a drink. It really is her birthday, but I really don't want to deal with the obligation.

In the bathroom, I'm ralping up my lunch. Three times and it feels great. I walk out, ask Cara for a few glasses of water and return to the bus stop. While waiting for the stop, I feel the urge again, so I get up and walk behind to an alley. I bend over a railing and seriously project water and bile like a fire hose. This happens four times and the only thing I can think of "Holy shit that's far!" Impressed with myself (it doesn't take much), I walk back to the bus stop just in time to catch the #66.

I pass out instantly on the bus heading west. For the next 30 minutes, I think of nothing but black, but it's comforting. I come to a few blocks past my stop, ironically in front of Tuman's Alcohol Abuse Center. I realize that I'm leaned over, my face nuzzled into the shoulder of an older woman. At least I didn't drool.

"Boy, watchu tryin' to do?!" she exclaims when my eyes pop open. I get up to get off and reply, "Oh. My bad! I'll sees you later" and exit onto the street. I stumble home, trying to look composed in case some of the neighborhood's cute indie rock girls were looking. On the way home, I find solace to expel more bile onto a tree and in the yard of some "yuppie hives" (as my brother calls them).

I get home and somehow make it up the stairs and into my apartment. I kick my brother out of my room and pass out on the bed. A few minutes later, I came to, reach for the trashcan and wretch three more times. I realized the mess I made, so I went to the bathroom to clean up. Twice more in the flushable waste receptacle there!

What's great about this story isn't the fact that I vomited after drinking. It was the fact that I vomited that much. 15 times in one night with no dinner! What really made me feel like a winner is that the next day, my cold was gone. Go team!

+ When *Saturday Night Live* skits portrayed vomiting, they had that tube connecting to the arm of one of the actors. The one that would just spew and spew and spew while the operators continually missed their cues! Those things were awesome! I'd have to say that it was Chris Farley's shining moment.

+ Like last column, Tommy and I were enjoying the cool summer twilight in the city of Evanston by pounding Leinenkugels on his girlfriend's front porch. I had engulfed two frozen pizzas and was working on some fries straight out of the oven. Tommy had gone to make some mudslides in the bathroom while I talked to Jean. When Tommy returned, my head got woozy, so I took some precautionary steps towards the barroom. Steps turned into longer strides and soon enough, I broke into a run down the hall. By the time I had opened the door to the bathroom, it was too late.

Chunks flew like I was belted in the stomach straight at the facing wall. Miraculously (or maybe the product of some well-planned physics on my side), the half-digested starch bounced off the wall and splashed neatly into the toilet. I thought about it for a second and then blamed it on luck. I took a few minutes to cordially clean my mess and returned to the slamming porch party to keep on drinking.

A few minutes later, Jean walks onto the porch and asks, "Why does it smell like pizza in the bathroom?"

+ In high school, I knew a crust punk who went by the name "Vomit." She beat the shit out of me when I went to her house to reclaim a Rocket From the Crypt CD. She liked them because they were a "harder ska band."

**It's time to answer some mail!**

Kent created *HeartattaCk* to establish a forum for hardcore kids to network, discuss politically leftist ideologies, and to read up on the newest fall-on-the-floor-and-cry-for-more bands. Well, that and then some, but it's pretty much what we see since *THE SCENE* is way more conservative than you'd like to admit.

As a buffer to let y'all know that I care, I place my e-mail at the end of every column so you digitized folk can interact with me, not knowing that you actually would. I figure that



since my column has little to do with political causes, has no mention of Orchid (in fact, I still have not even heard this band to this day), and probably crosses a lot of the unspoken borders in regards to what is punk and what is not, you'd skip over it and read a quality column like Sir Dave Coker's, who spoke some true words about irony in his last writing.

Surprisingly, a lot of you do read my column. It could be that I usually take up a ridiculous amount of space or maybe because mine has pictures. Even more surprisingly, some of you write me letters! The letters themselves hit a wide spectrum of topics from inquiries about my hit-or-miss scene gossip or how to separate their laundry so their white Charles Bronson shirts won't tint (if you have to ask, "Yes. All of my letters are from Dudes").

**Actual questions from FANBOYS.**  
**An interview with Mister Vincent Bertha Chung as performed by Mister Vincent Hung-like-a Chung compiled from recent letters I've gotten.**

HaC: Wow, what a coincidence! We have the same name!

VC: No shit!

HaC: So an infamous record label mogul recently called *HeartattaCk* the "Hall Monitor" of Hardcore because of your Punk Points chart in *HeartattaCk* #33. How do you feel about that?

VC: Whoever took that chart seriously should be kicked out of hardcore and have their membership revoked! Seriously, I tried to make it so unbelievable that it was hard to take literally, but some people did! Either there's some really gullible people out there (i.e. the people who bought that Baby Gopal record) or some motherfuckers are dense as hell (i.e. people who still stubbornly think that Duncan Barlow is capable of making good music).

HaC: I found the chart very amusing, quite a neat idea. I don't know/care about any of the people on the list but: #1) When did Dan Yemin write a poetry 'zine about 3<sup>rd</sup> wave ska? #2) Tell me more about coke lined diet shakes being thrown at The Locust.

VC: Let me give some credit to an old Raleigh, NC 'zine called *Jimmy's Dumbshit*. They made the same chart for Raleigh scenesters and it was a lot more scandalous than mine. #1) Dan Yemin did *not* write a poetry 'zine about third wave ska. He did, however, do his doctorate dissertation on the psychological effects of positive youth crew hardcore on the libidos of 15 year old boys. What started as a sociological experiment on adolescence soon turned into a study on homoeroticism in "teen music." #2) San Diego rockers don't do coke.

HaC & VC: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAH (snort)

VC: But I heard dieting is really big out there. It's that Tommy Lasorda influence migrating south.

HaC: All the Makeoutclub.com kids are wondering, what is PACIHL?

VC: [laughing] I'm not supposed to answer that!

HaC: Is it really an Internerd shittalking club full of grouchy old men?

VC: Kind of. Sorta. I don't know, that's what it seems like now—but there's ladies, too. Its history runs fairly deep and that knowledge is actually of no use to the punk rock public (raving

endlessly about Interpol is probably more productive, if that's any gauge on how ridiculous it all is). A few years ago in Boston, two fairly well-known bands had increasing tension with each other. One band was part of the straight edge tough guy revival, and the other was part of that whole post-Locust blast beat scene.

HaC: That's already a recipe for trouble.

VC: Totally. So, there were a couple of altercations and verbal fisticuffs between members of the two bands, including one major one that hospitalized a friend of mine. The kids who were into Portraits of Past made up a "crew" and began "recruiting" for this "cause." Soon enough, PACIHL found itself on the Internet (c'mon, this is Boston) and its name spread like black hair dye through Philly.

HaC: [laughing] Do you think that's where Paint it Black got their name?

VC: My question is, do you really think Andy Nelson is a Stones fan? That guy screams Beatles all the way. Maybe he shouldn't be in the band.

HaC: So who were the two bands?

VC: Impetus Inter and State of the Union.

HaC: Really?

VC: No.

HaC: So, that's it?

VC: I took out the dramatic parts. The car chases, the sacrificing of the Virgin, and the redundant shittalking—that's nothing but fodder for the gossip hounds. Soon after PACIHL hit the Internet, one of the members coded a messageboard and it eventually manifested itself to the digital quagmire it is now. Both bands have broken up and now some of them smoke up together. Now it's some kind of top secret Internetland with very little relation to the original cause. Hell, most of the original members have disowned their relation and moved onto better things, like meaningful relationships with significant others.

HaC: What do they talk about?

VC: Really, it's just another typical Internet messageboard. They're so preoccupied in keeping it "leak-free" that there's a huge fog of paranoia with small lucid moments about hardcore records and scandalous gossip about people they superficially know. Sometimes when you get a exclusive community like that, people start to turn on each other and the environment becomes pretty volatile. That's the only difference. The outsiders who care what goes on within PACIHL are the obsessively nosey people who perpetuate scene stupidity.

HaC: Like the kind of people who try and find sheet music transcriptions of The Rachel's when they can't even play a stringed instrument.

VC: Or those who wonder what Duncan Barlow's armpits smell like.

HaC: Why are we talking about Louisville? Are you really starting a band with Steve Aoki?

VC: No, but I'd like to think about gathering some of the "oriental" people in the punk scene and starting a band called The Yellow Epidemic.

HaC: But isn't there already The Red Scare?

VC: Yes, but it's two totally different things. Their name evokes the spread of Communism. Our gospel would center around the spread of Yellow Fever.

HaC: But Communism is a political theory and Yellow Fever is sexual Asian exoticism.

VC: Well, Communists and Asians like to get laid,

too. To quote the illustrious Mike Joyce: "Sex or no sex, everyone gets boners!"

HaC: What about other People of Color. Aren't you excluding them?

VC: Well, I'm friends with Forbes Graham, therefore I'm not racist.

HaC: What did you do to get a column in *HeartattaCk*?

VC: Man, you wouldn't believe the amount of sexing up I had to do! Why do people think this is such an esteemed position? I didn't get here because I knew people or had special connections in Goleta. They put in a call for submissions, I contributed, and now here I am. In the credits page, there's a blurb about submissions. If you want to submit, then you should. It's not like some special privilege reserved for the übercool.

HaC: How can you be so apolitical? By not addressing important political issues in your writing, you're just wasting space for someone else to get their voice out. You're only harming the movement with whimsical personal writing.

VC: How am I not political? Maybe I'm not directly addressing issues by regurgitating a fact sheet that you could buy with a Chokehold record, but I would hope some of my sarcasm could be taken as critical blows of how we run our punk rock microcosm. I'm just my own voice and I'm expressing it... I don't have any obligations to *HeartattaCk's* readership or even to the punk rock scene. If someone has a voice—like I said above, then use it. It's really simple. I don't know what movement you're discussing or what governmental structure you plan to overthrow, but it's certainly not going to help your cause by having a self-righteous slant in your step.

HaC: But the thing is, your columns don't fit in with *HeartattaCk's* other columnists.

VC: So what if I don't fit in? It's not like I have to keep this rigid formula of activist writing or talk about records all the time (two things which I actually kind of despise). I was asked on because of a piece I wrote on race and punk rock. If *HeartattaCk* brought me on and expected me to write about race every issue, wouldn't that considered tokenistic? I would be a one-dimensional character with one specific voice, and we've seen this with many columnists. Who needs another predictable parody? A fault behind any -phobia and -ism is the unwillingness to accept difference. By implying that one is fundamentally correct only sets the boundaries that you expect others to adhere to. I'm not saying we should be fluid and wishy-washy, but we could learn to stop enforcing our punk rock regime and maybe actually think that ravers who suck on glowsticks have brains of their own.

HaC: You think so?

VC: Well, not from experience, but I'm sure there's some out there.

HaC: Does Kent ever censor your writing?

VC: Never. The only person I deal with is Leslie, who is awesome because she likes *Bands on the Run*. I used to cross my fingers with each column submission thinking that something is going to offend someone and therefore it won't print. So far, it's all been good.

HaC: Do you have a 'zine of your own? Are any of your writings published elsewhere?

VC: While I don't have a 'zine of my own, I've been fooling around with projects here and there. Maybe something will surface one day.



Meanwhile, you can find me at *Punk Planet* doing 'zine reviews. I have an interview with Mimi Nguyen in the next *Media Reader*. I also trash bands every once in awhile in *Rocket Fuel* and *Slave*.

Readers! Before the rumor mill starts churning, while I talk and sing and whisper sweet nothings to myself constantly, I do NOT have a split personality. The ones above are indeed the same!

Sometimes I like to pretend that I have an endorsement contract:

1) I don't know if they just tour a lot, but I've seen Denali more times this year than I can count on my left hand. I want to give props to their soundperson. It's obvious that they've got a touring sound engineer because every time I've seen that band, the sound is completely amazing (compared to the other bands on the bill)—even in spaces that are known to have terrible sound. So, check it out when you get a chance.

2) John Benetti is a ketchup master. Check him out on television hawking Heinz ketchup and collecting that corporate cash. He's the guy in the tie getting impatient with his ketchup bottle while Carly Simon plays in the background.

Comments? Complaints? Cockteases? Drop me a line at [vincent@pacihi.com](mailto:vincent@pacihi.com).

## Matt Average

There's really not much in this world that makes one feel free. Yeah, there's your freedom of choice in what brands you'll spend your money on from a job you must have in order to even have a home to go to at the end of your shift. There's the freedom of choice at the ballot where "you can choose" which politician to vote for, when those options themselves have already been selected by a group of businessmen. One thing in particular that is quite free, and I'm talking mentally and physically liberating, is being on a bicycle. You're not contained in a car, sectioned off from the world around you as you peer through the tempered glass at scenes that pass you by like a movie. You're not in line at a gas station in some way funding Bush's war plans. You're not destroying the environment, etc., etc. Yes there are those political and social issues (one and the same?). But what really makes it all worth it is the feeling of the wind on your scalp, the rush of the air past your ears as you barrel down a hill, the ability to cut down some dead street in a breath.

When I lived in San Francisco my best friend Christopher and I used to go on all-night bike rides through out the city. The rides first started out as a small ride after our Saturday shift at Epicenter in the early spring of 1992. After we'd close up we'd head out to SOMA and pick up something for dinner at a deli on Folsom Street and ride over to what was left of the Embarcadero freeway from the earthquake in 1989. There was still a piece of on-ramp and a small section of the freeway over in the SOMA and financial district near the Greyhound bus station. We'd ride up there, eat dinner, talk politics, life, whatever and look at the city below us. For kicks we'd sometimes throw our empty bottles (Jolt Cola or

Snapple) at the limousines below. There's something about looking at a city with all the buildings with their scattered lights on various floors, darkened windows and how the lights from cars or street lamps make colors across the glass that fills one with a sense of endless possibility. I still get the same feeling when friends and I skate the quiet and empty streets downtown LA at night. But being with your best friend and on a bicycle at night when the streets are empty you feel like the city belongs to you. You feel invincible. The confidence you lack in the daylight is full blown and anything seems possible. It's incredible.

Towards the end of August '92 Christopher came up with the idea of riding our bikes for the entire night and hitting up certain points along the way. We'd leave from Epicenter and head over to the waterfront and follow the shoreline around through Fisherman's Wharf, Fort Mason, the Presidio, all the way to Ocean Beach and cut back down through Golden Gate Park and then on home. Like Los Angeles, empty streets in San Francisco are something out of the ordinary, and usually occur late at night. We set out from Epicenter around 8:30 at night gliding down Market Street to the Bay Bridge. There were a few cars crisscrossing the street to the clubs in North Beach and over on Folsom. Other than that the city was ours.

Our shadows would start behind us and race ahead in the street lights, and it seemed we couldn't pedal fast enough. Reaching the Bay Bridge, Christopher told me and the other participant in this historic event, Dave, about the labor struggles that occurred on the waterfront back in the '30s, and how when a couple of workers were shot dead by the police the union held a funeral so large that it shut the city down for the day and the cops were forced to stay away. There's a couple of buildings on the pier near the bridge that have some union graffiti in chalk from the late '60s and early '70s asking you to vote for various shop stewards and union reps. "Vote for Earl. Free donuts every Wednesday."

From the bridge we cruised along the waterfront into Fisherman's Wharf. The sounds of bad "blues" bands and cover bands come from the restaurants, people, cars and taxis fill the small streets. It was around this time that someone was going around and stabbing taxi drivers. We ride up alongside a cab and Christopher yells out, "He's got a knife!! He's got a knife!!" The cabbie, with a look of panic on his face, keeps turning around to see the people in the backseat and hitting the breaks. We laugh so hard we almost wreck our bikes. From there we hit the end of Van Ness and take the small roadway into Fort Mason. Parked along the road are cars and young couples sitting outside in the dark. Someone has their car stereo on playing "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath." I tell Dave and Christopher that Black Sabbath are one of the best bands to ever walk to the earth. Christopher replies "They suck!" A year later he's listening to 'em.

The ride through Fort Mason is short, and I forget to check out where the haunted buildings are. As we ride through the Marina, Christopher tells me about the post Gulf War parade and the counter demonstration that went down. Apparently some kid stood on the balcony of his home facing the street and was flipping the demonstrators off until someone in the crowd

threw something at him, sending him back inside. We ride over to Palace of Fine Arts which was built for the World's Fair in the '30s. In fact, the one you see today is not the original structure. It was left to ruin shortly after the fair until being restored to what you see now some years later. Along with the Presidio this is one of my favorite places on the entire planet. From there we head into the Presidio, which at the time was a military base that had been shut down a few years earlier. I think now it's being turned into a business park. Too bad.

A year later Christopher, Dave and I attempted the same ride on a week night. Except Dave eventually dropped off not even half way through. But not before he rode down the streets around the Palace of Fine Arts and keyed the parked cars (Volvo, BMW, Mercedes, etc.) in the road. And not before, as he whined about the cold, Christopher stated, "You need a hate. A hate to keep you warm at night." Anyway, the Presidio is dark. What street lights there are, are few and far between. Dave and I talk about the Geraldo special from 1988 where some chubby guy with sculpted eye brows and an Eddie Munster haircut claims to have been stationed at the base, and it was here he and a few others engaged in Satanic rituals. We ride into Fort Point which is the old military fort that I believe dates back to the Civil War, located at the bottom of Golden Gate Bridge. I don't care what anyone says, that place at night is creepy. Add the damp night air, the fog, and the quiet and you have a setting for a horror show. We stop just before the fort at this part where there's a decayed pier and slabs of concrete that go out into the Bay. You can see the city from here and it's an amazing sight. The sky was clear and the moon was incredibly against the lights of San Francisco and Berkeley and Oakland off in the distance. From there we head up the road that will take us over to the other side of Golden Gate Bridge. As we're coming up the hill I look at the tall trees, think of how dark it is and memories of Big Foot documentaries go through my mind. I kick it into gear and haul ass up the hill. On a later ride Christopher and I talk about how it would be cool to get a few people, dress up in clothes from the '20s or '30s, put on makeup that makes us look like ghosts and when night traffic comes by see if we could spook them.

There's a really great hill once you get out of the Presidio and over by Baker Beach. It runs along the coast, and it's right on the edge of a cliff. Once you hit the hill going down it's a fast smooth ride and the wind rushing past your ears blocks out all sound. It's amazing. Near the Legion of Honor we cut over to some foot trail and walk along the edge of land with the ocean down below. By this time it's probably about 2 in the morning. We find a bench along the path and sit there for a while looking over at the Golden Gate and the wall of fog coming in from the ocean. There's a tiny fishing boat heading out of the clear night sky of the bay and into this dense wall of fog. To this very day I can't even begin to describe all the thoughts that ran through my mind looking at this, but it is something I'll never forget. It all goes back to the feeling of invincibility and feeling like anything is possible. After a while we get back up and walk down some more until the trail is big enough to get back on the bikes. By this time a light rain has started, and as we head



towards Lands End we ride through a small group of people having a party. Once we hit Ocean Beach it's cold and we're all tired. The ride down through Golden Gate Park feels like it will never end. No one is talking by this point. It's about 5 in the morning at this point and all we want to do is get home and sleep. Around the time we get to the lower Haight Christopher and Dave split off to go home to the Mission and I head home to the Tenderloin.

Eventually I moved to the Mission and Christopher and I did more night rides, once over in the East Bay which was a little bizarre. But the first ride and the last one we did back in '94 were the two best. The second one was memorable for the fact we did it on a weekday and as we headed home to sleep the sun was coming up and people were getting in their cars or headed to the bus for work. I find doing these night rides gave me a different perspective of the city and a better understanding of it as well. I didn't really care much for LA until I started going around at night. I haven't done a night ride here yet. Maybe someday. But I do enjoy rolling the windows down, turning the radio on low and driving down Sunset Blvd on a weeknight around 1 or 2 in the morning. I see what this city was, is, and could have been. And somewhere in all of that I feel this city is mine and my friends. We just need believe in ourselves and take control of it.

Last issue I nowhere near said all I wanted to say about getting on in years in the punk scene. A few things some of the other columnists said I'd like to comment on, or add my own thoughts as well.

Felix mentioned people dropping out of the scene and wondered what it is that makes them do it. I have wondered as well, and just like him I'd like to have first crack at their record collection. But at the same time, a part of me is bummed out when friends of mine move on and leave punk behind. I miss staying up late after a show and talking about life, not about boring records.

Some of the other columnists mentioned how awkward they feel having to explain to others why at their age they are into something that is largely younger than they are. I still get a cheap kick out of telling the other parents the park my son plays at that I "sing" in a punk band, or the looks on their faces when they see me with a "Christianity is Stupid" shirt going down the slides with Henry.

I do know as I get older I'm less and less interested in the actual music and more interested in the ideas and the people behind them. Right now, at 33 I find myself reaching out to the broader world around me. Searching for new ideas and ideals for living. Checking out other forms of music that are more challenging than punk or hardcore. For the past couple years I've been discovering experimental and improvisational music. As I type this I'm listening to Tetsu Inoue. The disc is a collage of electronic noises cutting in and out. Somewhat ambient, but not entirely fluid in the ambient way of Brian Eno. One of the most inspiring things I've seen in the past years was during Tetsu's segment in the documentary "Modulations." They were discussing how artists achieved certain sounds. Tetsu, looking at the cameraman, smiles and

tosses a mic into the microwave oven behind him and turns it on. That to me, in some odd way, was pretty damn punk. I've also discovered there's some really good techno, drum & bass, and jungle music out there as well. Just like punk, the stuff that's floating around in the mainstream is garbage. But if you dig around you'll find some gems. I just dropped my grind collection at a local record shop and used the credit to check out some of the techno discs with interesting covers. I go by covers on these things. If it's somewhat minimal or abstract, it's generally a good sign.

Seems little "Naters" Wilson has called me out to name at least 10 good bands from the glorious Left Coast. Just ten? Well, let's start at the top of the coast and work down to sunny California. Starting on the north end of the Left we have Tragedy, Atrocious Madness, Harum-Scarum, Spitting Teeth, Capitalist Casualties, Born Dead, Holier Than Thou, Annihilation Time, Find Him And Kill Him, Bumbklaat, The Neighbors, Lack of Interest, and let's not forget that certain band that your band, John Browns Army, did that split with about a year ago. You know, the band who has pretty much made you rich for life! And we do appreciate the homes in north Santa Monica you helped us buy.

But seriously Nate, baby, why all this animosity towards your West Coast brothers and sisters? Who is it that calls and calls me during the winter time complaining, "I'm up to my ass in snow and sure could use some of that golden Californi sunshine?" Who is it that walks around with bleached blonde hair, Hawaiian print shirts, drinking fruity drinks, and as one ex-member from one of your band's told me, you've advised everyone out there in the East to address you as "Mr. California?" Well, buddy? Furthermore, we all know the real reason your sidekick, "Corduroy" McCoy, aka Ginger split back to New York. That little Mick Jagger wannabe was shaking in his snake skin boots when we asked him to move to Los Angeles!! The prospect of living in the cultural mecca of this great city was like staring into the face of God to the poor kid. It would have shattered his mind. Not to mention the art scene here would have called his bluff. So what if he can draw Tippy, as advertised in the TV Guide. That amateur shit don't fly out here. Don't even get me started on all his gibberish about how he has meetings with record execs here and there in our fair city believing that he can get the Oath signed to Warner Bros. As I understand it, the real reason the Oath skipped touring the West Coast the last time is because you guys are afraid of the iron fist of Kent McClard. Of all people to be afraid of!!! And Nate, let's not forget the years you lived in San Francisco with your sleeveless jean jacket, heshier hair and that really bad Death Angel speed metal band you sang for. Those operatic vocals were s'wheat!!

—Matt Average /PO Box 64666 /Los Angeles, CA 90064; engine98@earthlink.net

**Tara MacDonald**

"The music business is a cruel and shallow money trench, a long plastic hallway where thieves and pimps run free, and good men die like dogs. There's also a negative side."

—Hunter S. Thompson

I have a really good excuse.

I do, I swear.

I missed one of my *HeartattaCk* column deadlines because I had the hugest mental block when it came to punks over 30. I tried to interview Jord from Propagandi but he and the guys at the G7 Welcoming Committee were in Calgary for the G8 summit rockin out and playing soccer.

So, when that note didn't come into my e-mail inbox, I freaked, I sweated, I lost all ability to write. (I'm sorry Leslie.) Although I'm not that far away from 30 years of age, I really didn't have any grievances or qualms about continuing to punk on through early-to-mid life. I'm back now and I have a lot to tell you about. First off, an explanation for my disappearance.

In my home city of Vancouver, the scene is scarce and tight. There are groups of people who like certain kinds of music and when shows pop up associated with this kind of music, it's a definite that you will see some if not all of them out having a good time. In the same respect, the separation of said music genres within our scene is intense. As a promoter, say, if I was to book a band like Pinback, I know that the crowd will be reasonable but small. Most of the math rockers will be there with bells on, plus a smattering of indie group representatives. I try to span this grouping system by going to as many shows as possible. This is easier than it seems when you are actually promoting a whole musical variety of shows for a living. Take Cryptopsy and Candiria for example. There is no way I would have ever heard of either of these wicked bands if I hadn't of promoted the show. I liked it so much that I drove to Victoria for the show the next night! Who knew metal could be so cool (and fast and crazy and exhausting!). The same goes for my work ethic within this same community.

In the last month I have left my job as an indie promoter and joined a bigger company called SL Feldman. They are a management and booking agency in this city, representing a ton of artists. The break down of the company is actually quite amazing. Basically, it is a collective of people with ideas.

Some come in as straight up booking agents with a client roster of their own creation. Most people started as promoters or tour bookers from small corners of their homes. Others are managers working with one or more artists in a wide variety of musical styles jazz to folk to rock for example. Helping to build bands is the bottom line in this company because the business is the same for artist, agent and manager making enough dough to survive and prolong doing what you love to do. So, the company, when you break it down, helps people (like me) who are passionate about music, who can't imagine doing anything else with their lives but who also want to pay their rent and eat healthy food.

My ambitions to date revolve around a couple of things. I am a helper to many bands on various levels. For one band I may set up a CD release party and for another I might book a cross Canada club/all-age tour. It just depends on what areas people are looking to improve in their careers. This line of work constantly amazes me as I never would have guessed I would be doing something like this two years ago. But my passion



at this moment in time lies in a four-piece, punky-disco act from Victoria called Hot Hot Heat. I am currently their "helper" (I hate the word manager) extraordinaire and have put in some serious hours working alongside this band to make sure that they are happy and healthy and thoroughly rocking out hard. Who knew that having a band tour or setting up interviews would be so much work!

The guys are just finishing up a tour of Canada that saw them go from Victoria to Montreal and back. I was lucky enough to fly to Ontario to see them play a few shows, one in Ottawa at good old Zaphod Beeblebrox. I hung out a Zaphods at least three times a week to see bands that I knew and didn't when I lived there, so it was great to be back. Old smells, government buildings and humid factor two thousand were in effect—not forgetting the fancy and delightful sushi that Scallen and I scarfed down, of course. The show was amazing! Zaphods was packed on the grossly hot Monday night and people seemed to love the tunes although dancing is outlawed in Ontario (a tragedy for sure). Aside from all the experiences and lessons I have learned in the past nine months of working with Hot Hot Heat, three things have become so dreadfully and beautifully clear.

1) You have to love and respect the people that you work with. If the members of a band are carrying around huge egos they won't fit in the van for a two month tour and friends around the globe will cease to return your calls. Find good people and stick with them.

2) If the things that you do show no signs of complete happiness for yourself, get the hell out.

3) Hunter S. Thompson is the bomb and was no fool when he wrote the above mentioned quote. Music as a business can and may eventually lead you to a swift heave of the axe as your arm comes crashing down on all your precious music memorabilia. That said, I count my blessings on a daily basis and say short prayers at the side of my bed each night hoping that it will never end.

So, in addition to having the hugest mental block on the face of the earth, I have been so busy that the idea of sitting down in front of another computer at the end of a work day seemed surreal and lethargic. I hope you forgive me this one time. Another issue which I have been privately waffling over relates directly to the above story. Am I selling out by attaching myself to Feldman? I have talked to a lot of people about this issue, including the members of Hot Hot Heat who all stem from a very underground indie ideal.

Most people are surprised at first that the thought would ever enter my head. But, how can it not? How could moving on, advancing with more steam and a larger community to build upon be negative in the slightest?

The answer is that I'm not at all sure. If it is so perfect, then I wouldn't have those weird gut gnawings that I do from time to time throughout a work day. It breaks down to the whole thing being such a mish-mash of ideals and fine lines that most of the time I'm just not sure if I'm on the side that I'm supposed to be on (or am I supposed to be on a side at all?).

There is a good angle to this story of course.

I am booking three tours for local, unsigned indie acts right now and getting paid for it. I do have resources to answer the questions of bands when they call or write. I am available for anyone to bounce ideas off of or for contacts. I am here to make people feel good about what they are doing like someone does care that they are making music and working hard at it. I have referenced what I am doing right now to that of a narc... an undercover super spy working for the good guys. Although, as most of you know, there are good eggs working for the wrong chickens. So is life I guess.

On a parting note, I want to thank the young gentlemen who wrote me the nicest letter a month or so back. I would read it to all of you but I think the sender might feel a bit shy. I did write him back and even sent some mysterious Canadian music his way. I met one of my best friends in the whole world through a *HeartattaCk* column. He's the one who persuaded me to write my own column too, and although we have never met in person, we've kept up the friendship for close to 5 years now (crazy, hey?). Writing letters is a lost art that I hope we don't forget.

All the best... here's my new address: #3-925 Victoria Dr./Vancouver, BC/V5L 4G1/Canada; taramac@telus.net



I've seen some outrageous fashions come and go in my day, but seriously—powdered wigs? That just beats all. And, like those embarrassing pictures of your dad from the seventies where he's wearing the big collar and the platform shoes with the goldfish in them, the founding fathers of this great nation are stuck with

their look, busted, the evidence of their freaky fashion sense common knowledge, irrefutable. Your dad can hide the photo albums behind the mantle, but George Washington has to accept the repercussions of having dressed like Andre 3000 from Outkast every time you buy a Snickers bar, and when you get your change back there's a side-view on the quarter, too. Powdered wigs! What the fuck! You see those famous depictions of Washington crossing the Delaware, leg all propped up on the side of the boat like it's the monitor at a coliseum show and he's Adam Ant. I understand that war was primitive and barbarous then, back in those times, and I suppose we can count ourselves lucky that now world international regulatory bodies at least legislate the most excessive and horrifying fashion offenses when two nations clash.

Saddam Hussein is an evil man, that's why they named him after that town in the *Bible* where people were kicking it in unsavory ways, but even he wouldn't be caught dead out in public with fake teeth. Flavor Flav did it, and that, in combination with slanderous racial slurs against Jews, discredited Public Enemy. Of course, plenty of Arab leaders have slandered the Jews, and plenty of Israeli politicians have made outrageous

claims against Arabs, and our own bright bulb of a prez George Bush the senior proclaimed Saddam Hussein the moral equivalent of Hitler, which would seemingly be a slur to both Arabs and Jews in one economical sentence, and none of this seems to have discredited anyone's leadership credentials, so we're left with the conclusion that it is false teeth, exclusively, which indicate political preposterousness. And George Washington has the most famous false teeth in history, plus he wore that wig!

George Bush the junior is a much classier and well put-together President, outfit-wise. Admittedly, he doesn't exude charisma, exactly—when he monotones his way through a speech the delivery is wooden, though thankfully the chompers appear to be real, and he projects less the leadership vibe and more the I'm hung over and have to take a standardized test vibe. But it is not in speech-giving, policy-making, or any execution of actual presidential duties and obligations in which we find our boy really shining. Like myself, his *forté* seems to be cutting up on the job. A female reporter aboard Air Force One, asking Bush tough questions which he is not prepared to or does not want to answer, finds her camcorder snatched from her hand and turned on her by the prez, who begins interrogating her about who she's hooking up with in the press corps. "Is it *Newsweek* guy? Is that why you were holding hands?" he says, causing hilarious high-altitude hi-jinx. Referring to his own difficulties in Saddamization, or, ahem, that is to say, ramming his executive branch decisions through the congress, he quips: "a dictatorship would be a lot easier." The press reports this without comment, putting it forth as just another example of how the chief executive is a real card, a funny guy.

"Dictatorship would be a lot easier"—that is funny, actually, as an off-the-cuff wisecrack for a US president to make, and I feel pretty certain that it was ad-libbed. I can't imagine a sane person scripting it in advance. I find myself strangely warming to the guy. He seems like a guy you could hang out with. You'd let him buy you a beer. He's not the wooden-mouthed father figure of either the founding variety or his own might-as-well-have-worn-a-wig dad. No, this guy is Steve Martin in *The Jerk*, the lovable bungler made good. *Dictatorship would be easier*; yes, it's funny—but, wait, so why are we about to obliterate Iraq again? What are we defending and preserving, exactly? I agree that dictatorship would be easier—try getting four people to decide on a restaurant and then tell me that you still believe in the democratic process—but, I mean, isn't that kind of one of the principal ideas separating "us" from "them?" Maybe there's some differentiation being made here between "evil" dictatorships and "nice" dictatorships, i.e., you've got your "Saddam Hussein used weapons of mass destruction on his own people" argument, which I guess gives us the moral high ground in that we only use our weapons of mass destruction on other people's people. Still, with GW's record for executing American citizens while Governor of Texas, it's easy to imagine him jocularly one-lining, "using some weapons of mass destruction on my own people would be a lot easier," much to the assembled press corps' guys' mirth and amusement.



So what does it come down to? Best outfit? Fanciest tie? Nicest dentures? That's fine with me, since I've been arguing for years that global politics should be arranged more like beauty pageants. Imagine the number of human lives that would be spared. Plus, imagine Bush appealing to the U.N. Security Council to pass a resolution forcing Hussein to wear a rainbow clown wig during the swim suit competition. Imagine George Bush doing this in a powdered George Washington wig, a gigantic clock hung around his neck, courtesy of the Union of Atomic Scientists, counting down the minutes to midnight. Imagine the ratings.

Nate Wilson



Well, I think I've just figured out why I can't read Roman numerals and why my spelling is so bad. I blame it on the fucking '70s man! I was born in NYC in 1967, just a few months after my father was thrown into a Pennsylvania prison for not only resisting the draft, but

also burning his draft card, and ending up on the front page of the *New York Times* (good old Vietnam). The state decided to make an example of him. He spent two years of his life and the beginning of my childhood behind bars in a federal prison. When he finally was released he was a different man. We moved from the big city life of Manhattan, to a small town in South Western, NY called Spencer-Van Etten. Spencer was one of the few dry towns left in NY. You couldn't buy a drink anywhere in the town. That's the kind of town this was. Small, isolated and very reactionary. Rednecks everywhere.

There was only one store, one bank, and one gas station. The closest "city" was Ithaca, which was about forty miles away. I remember Denny's in Ithaca being called Sambo's back then. They used the artwork/advertising of a little black kid with big lips being chased by a tiger. These were the times I'm talking of. A very different time. I remember a lot of this as though it was yesterday. Of course some of it is foggy. I was just entering the first grade. My teacher was a big, older horse farmer woman who was completely scary (she carried around a yardstick, and wore cowboy boots). It was within the first week of that grade that this teacher (who's name escapes me now) made a comment to me about being the son of that draft dodging, hippy couple in the white house on Main Street. I was shocked even at 6 years old at the way this woman treated and spoke to me about my family, so I somehow mentioned it to my parents when I got home.

My father and mother I believe met with the teacher, and she pretty much refused to treat them decently. She also told them that I mumbled the pledge. I remember my father sitting down and talking to me... he told me "Nathan, if you don't want to stand for the pledge of allegiance, you don't need to. As a matter of fact you don't even need to say it. There are certain things in it that don't make sense, and that people don't agree on." He then went on to explain to me about how he had spent time in prison, and away from me and my mother, only because the

government thought what he had done by burning his draft card was wrong. He didn't think he got "justice for all." The next day in school when they asked us to stand for the pledge I remained seated. The principal's voice came over the loud speaker, and I still remained seated as everyone repeated after him in unison. The teacher made an issue of this immediately. She spoke directly to me in front of the class, she tried tugging on me, etc.

It took a long time before my parents learned of what was happening (probably when a report card came). They had to come in for a school meeting first with the teacher, then with the principal. This all went on for a long period of time. They were having board meetings about it, etc. I was quickly becoming the most hated kid in this very tiny town (or at very least the school). I was then transferred to another class, but it almost seemed too late, as I was failing in the other class so badly. Not only were many of the teachers disgusted with me and my family, but also some fellow students were warned by their parents to avoid me. It seriously took until about 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> grade before people finally dealt with me and actually tried to teach me. I was having problems with both mathematics and reading, and they were talking about holding me back a grade.

To me the reasons were simple. I had been ignored and basically not taught, or taught half assed since the day I made the decision to sit through the pledge of allegiance. This shows you the type of mentality that we were dealing with back then. Adults, grown people, were making a conscious decision to not teach me, due to my parents' political beliefs. Looking back it was a fucked up time, and I doubt many young people can even grasp or relate to this happening. The only thing that saved me was a pile of comic books in the remedial reading classroom that I started looking through. They basically excited me into learning to read.

The funny thing was, by the 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> grades, I had a few other students who now sat through the pledge with me, refusing to stand. One became a friend, Hogi Saunders. He looked different from the rest of us... a bit darker, just different. I never even thought to ask what Hogi's race was. It never seemed to matter.

I can be contacted at cryptocomx@aol.com or send you records and demos to me at Nathan Wilson/Gloom Records/ PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212



Okay, so first off, I originally had the idea to write this column when Kent told me that there was going to be a *HeartattaCk* "over 30" issue. It ended up that my column started the issue before. Then along comes the "over 30" issue and I completely forget to mention anything at all about being old. I guess that is what happens when you hit 30, your memory starts to fade.

Hardcore is definitely a youth

movement. The majority of people involved are under 25. It really is an anomaly for people to stick around longer than this. I think the reason for this is that when it all comes down music is simply entertainment. Most of us either lose interest in the rhetoric or crave something more. Sure there is a political aspect in hardcore. But the people who truly believe in political change are doing more than being in a band or a doing a record label. This should all be pretty obvious. A political band can play benefit shows. This is the only direct help that a band can give to a cause. Other than that, bands give inspiration. This can be great, but in and of itself, it is not directly challenging anything.

I still love hardcore at 30. I still feel like I am in touch with my youthful angst. I still play in a hardcore band. But at some point I felt like I had to back up my politics with more than music. That is why I am here at law school. But at the same time, I didn't feel the need to say goodbye to hardcore when my interests moved from purely hardcore. The people I hate are the ones who feel the need to make fun of the things that they used to believe in. (See, for example, ex-straightedgers and bands who sign to majors.) Losing the edge or signing to Sony is not the worst thing in the world. I know people who have done both. They aren't evil. But why start to blabber about how silly hardcore is just to try to cover your ass? I say shut the fuck up and try living by your ideals for a change. Remember that hardcore is not just music, but it is a lifestyle.

At the end of the last column I had just agreed to take the summer job at the Women Against Abuse Legal Center here in Philadelphia. I was excited to delve more into the work there that I was missing by only being there for three hours a week. There were three other interns there with me for the summer and we were on a sort of rotation. Two days a week I went to court. There are two courtrooms that handle protection from abuse cases in Philadelphia County. For those who didn't read the last column, to get a court order prohibiting someone from coming to your home or harassing you what you have to do is go down to the court where they issue a "temporary" order. At that time the court will schedule you a hearing to possibly make the order "permanent." On any given day in Philadelphia each of the two courts handles upwards of 40 cases. Maybe two of the 80 daily complainants have attorneys. WAALC has four attorneys. Obviously this leaves many people trying to get permanent orders without representation.

On the two days a week I was at court I would help the non-attorney "advocates" talk to all the complainants waiting for their turns in front of the judge. What I would do was get some background on their story, then inform them of their options and what was likely to go on in the courtroom. Basically walk them through the hearing and ask if they had any questions about the process.

After speaking to the complainant, I would then talk to the defendant. What I would do here is inform them of their options. They had three: (1) agree to the order; (2) fight it; and (3) ask for a continuance to get an attorney. I would gauge what was best for the complainant and push for that option with the defendant. Most often it was to get the defendant to agree to the



order. If the defendant agrees to the order, the complainant gets the same order that she would get from winning a full trial on the matter. The advantage to the defendant is that as long as he obeys the order and stays away for the required time period nothing will go on his permanent record.

You quickly develop a pretty good bullshit detector. People know the system. It looks good if you are the party in the relationship who files first. So there were a lot of instances where a man would run down to the court and file for an order after beating his girlfriend. This way when she goes to file an order the next day it looks like she is doing it in retaliation. I talked to probably 40 men over the course of the summer who had filed orders against their female significant others. I can remember exactly ONE that I believed.

The two judges that handled the cases were very different. I felt that both of them were fair, but in different ways. One was very by the book. You didn't walk into her courtroom until there was a break and you were very quiet when you were in there. The first day I was there I just sat in the back and observed. During a break she started asking me questions about the relevant law in the case she just heard. It was like being back in class. She had this sing-songy way of rattling off what she had to say to the parties. Since situations often repeated themselves from case to case she would say the same things each time. It was very strange, but I got used to it. She made sure both parties had their say and explained to them the basis for her decisions.

The other judge ran quite a different courtroom. It was a weird kind of controlled chaos. We would walk in and out of the courtroom at will to talk to the clerk or use the noisy copy machine. When a party would talk out of turn or a void the question, the judge would yell. He commonly told people to shut up and threatened them with arrest for contempt of court. But he was more open to legal arguments that were a bit more of a stretch of the law. I went in with one of our attorneys in a case where a woman was trying to get an order against her estranged husband. She was on oxygen. He would smoke in the house. Besides the general bad effects of smoking on anyone's health, the oxygen tank could actually blow up. The only problem is that, as far as I could tell by the hours of research I did, nobody anywhere in the United States had been granted an order because the defendant smoked. The judge seemed somewhat receptive to this argument, although the defendant ended up agreeing to the order so the case did not go to trial for the judge to make a decision.

One day in that courtroom the stenographer walked out with an issue of *Time* magazine with something on the cover about vegetarianism (maybe you saw the issue.) We were talking about it when the judge walked out to the bench. He immediately jumped in and we proceeded to discuss his theory that the human species evolved because of the growth in brain size brought about by eating meat. It kind of strange to argue with a judge in a courtroom as a first-year law student, but it was interesting. We kept arguing as the parties for the next case were brought in.

When I was not at court I was back at

the office. There was usually plenty to do. I continued to research and write short memos similar to what I did throughout the school year. Some were more technical, like how to challenge a master's decision, and some were more issue oriented, like the memo I did on duress. Basically duress is an excuse for committing an otherwise illegal act. If a woman strikes back at her abuser she can use the excuse that she was under duress. The question I had to answer was how recent does the act that put her in fear have to be for duress to be a valid excuse? Obviously if he just hit her she can defend herself. But what if his abuse happened an hour ago? Or yesterday? What if it was 10 years ago? I had to look up cases and try to find a consistent pattern for what the court had ruled so the attorney could go in front of the judge and say, "This is how it should be." What I found was surprisingly positive. If there is a continuing pattern of abuse, then the victim can be considered always under duress and her otherwise illegal actions can be excused at most any time.

I also got to work on an appellate brief. What happened here is that the defendant lost in court. The Pennsylvania statute says that if the parties are married or have a child together then the stay-away order will keep the abuser from coming to the house that he owns solely if the victim wishes to stay for the length of the order. The defendant appealed one of these orders claiming that the order was, among other things, an unconstitutional taking of his property. Along with another intern I wrote a brief analyzing prior case law to file with the appellate court to counter his arguments. I haven't heard yet if we won or not.

Basically my summer rocked. Going back to school in the fall is not something I was really looking forward to. But at least I should be able to ride my energy from the summer for a while.

Next time I'll talk about how different the second year of law school is and how I am trying to become involved with more non-school stuff during the school year. You can still email me at [storguso@law.upenn.edu](mailto:storguso@law.upenn.edu).

## Pitching at Inclines

With

Eric

XXX



I want to tell you a story that is all too common in these days of the "new normalcy." For those of you not in the know, the "new normalcy" is a term coined by the Vice President of the USA. It is meant to refer to the new way of thinking that Americans (pronounced 'Mercins by George W.)

need to adopt in these days of strife and war. The "new normalcy" is a heightened state of alert, a state of watching your neighbor (rather than watching out for your neighbor) and possibly most important, a state of understanding that if certain civil rights are discarded, so be it, because it's for the greater good of the nation.

This notion of the "new normalcy" sickens me.

In Pittsburgh, PA back on Feb. 1, a man named Getu Berhanu Tewolde was in the bus station on his way from D.C. to Denver to surprise his uncle. The scheduled stop in Pittsburgh has lasted until the day that I write this (in October) and unfortunately will probably last longer. You see, Getu is from Ethiopia. He is a legal immigrant. He is African and speaks with a heavy accent, so the events that followed the scheduled stop in Pittsburgh may be put in some sick, twisted context for you.

After re-boarding the bus, Getu accidentally bumped into a Greyhound bus manager in the aisle. The manager began yelling at Getu, even though he apologized, and demanded that he exit the bus. Getu did not exit, until the driver told him to. Once off the bus and into the station he was ordered to sit down. Getu remained standing, not sure of what was going on or why this was all happening. A few moments (about 5 minutes, according to witnesses) a City of Pittsburgh Police officer arrived, showed Getu no identification and did not identify himself as a Police Officer. The fuzz proceeded to tell Getu to sit, but, again, not knowing for sure if this guy was a cop, Getu refused. The gentleman officer of the law then attacked Getu. Getu started walking away from the cop and the officer. The cop went after Getu because our officer realized that Getu was carrying a weapon. That's right, in addition to the few pieces of Pita bread and the *Bible* that Getu brought along as his carry-on items, he also had his weapon... that is to say his pen. The officer went after Getu and got a hold of his pen and broke it in two, thus "disarming" Getu. With Getu unarmed the officer proceeded to BEAT Getu Berhanu Tewolde.

Fear not, this is America and you can't be arrested for nothing. The authorities were quick to make up a bunch of charges. These include "making terroristic threats," "causing and risking a catastrophe," and "aggravated and simple assault." The hysteria from the attacks on America came to my humble city that day. The Federal B.I. was called in to check everything out because of the "terroristic threat" non-sense. After investigating the feds decided that "The threat was very non-specific... It was very fragmented to say the least." The FBI determined that there was no reason to charge Getu. That wasn't good enough for the cowboys in the Pittsburgh City Police department. He was STILL arrested because of... get this... "the totality of the circumstances." Nice Orwellian double-speak there, huh?

I wish this horrible story was over here, but it keeps going on and on. Getu was placed in a Mental Health pod and coerced into taking psychiatric drugs. He was afraid that if he refused he would be beaten again, like the fascist cop did to him in the bus station. He was placed in SOLITARY confinement and DENIED lawyer visits. A MONTH later he still HAD NOT been given the Behavior Clinic Exam (without which



he could not be bailed out of jail). Finally, some people formed a group called The Free Getu Coalition and in conjunction with the ACLU slowly got things started. The simple assault charge was eventually dropped because the Greyhound manager who was supposedly assaulted by Getu never showed up in court. Getu got some free legal help, pro-bono, actually, and after that the "causing and risking a catastrophe" charge was dropped.

The remaining charges of making terroristic threats and aggravated assault are still pending and his trial is December 12th. He is fighting for his freedom.

The hysteria around anyone who is a "threat" is still pervasive in our culture. This man is a legal citizen! I am in no way implying that ANYONE deserves such treatment, but it is even more insane to reflect on the value the American culture supposedly places on immigrants who "do it the right and legal way." I guess beating and arresting and drugging legal citizens is just fine in the "new normalcy."

Obviously it's NOT ok. I am glad that groups like The Free Getu Coalition have formed to fight these injustices. The real tragedy is that this isn't an isolated case. There were 2 other cases similar to Getu's right here in Pittsburgh. Find out what's going on in your community and find out how you can help fight for the rights of our brothers and sisters who may be wrongly charged.

For more information on Getu Tewolde's case, check out [www.freegetu.org](http://www.freegetu.org) or email [info@freegetu.org](mailto:info@freegetu.org)

Keep fighting the good fight. It seems more important now than ever.

In Peace and Solidarity,  
Eric/PO Box 162/Turtle Creek, PA 15112;  
[xerixc@telerama.com](mailto:xerixc@telerama.com)

## Shittalking with OB

Say what you will about the failings of punk rock as revolution (and that number is legion), its one stunning success is that it provides a forum for social interaction and entertainment free from corporate comodification. For many years punk rock and, through it, the people I met at shows, were the be all and end all of my social life. Hollywood movies, television, glossy magazines, even professional sports and wrestling, were all but irrelevant in my world. And while it may have been a bit limiting, records, bands, hanging out, and most importantly, the hardcore show, were the focal points of my social life. I am always annoyed when punks preach that it is about more than music, it's not a social scene, neglecting that we have created a thriving scene that is for the most part free from the ever increasing corporate comodification of all aspects of life. While it may be difficult for me to eat, dress, work, or keep house free from big business, damned if I couldn't go out on a Friday night and have a frigging blast in somebody's basement and be assured that some big business wasn't getting my entertainment

dollar. However, in the city of Philadelphia, punk's biggest success nearly came to a crashing halt this summer.

For many years Philadelphia has possessed a strong independent music promotion scene, beginning with the venue Stalag 13 in the late 1990s. While there are many independent promoters in Philadelphia, first and foremost is Sean Agnew's R5 Productions. Agnew began promoting gigs in Stalag and occasionally (with bigger shows) at the First Unitarian Church hall. Agnew also booked at two University of Pennsylvania sponsored spaces, 4040 and the Rotunda, until the relationship went sour last year. After the closure of the Rotunda, R5 productions began to utilize the First Unitarian Church almost exclusively. After five years of successful booked all ages shows, Agnew had built a dedicated audience of hundreds of kids and young adults. Turnouts of 500+ punkers were not uncommon. Unfortunately it appears R5 productions nearly became a victim of its own success.

On July 12, I headed to Center City for an Explosion gig at the First Unitarian Church. In true scenesterrific fashion, I was arriving late. When I got to the church, there was no crowd outside. Strange, I thought, but perhaps it was an early show, and I had arrived not fashionably late, but too late all together. Instead I was greeted by a sign from the Philadelphia Department of License and Inspections stating that the First Unitarian Church must cease and desist from holding live entertainment immediately. Apparently it lacked the proper zoning to hold punk rock shows, dances, and the like. While this may have been true, it had been holding live entertainment (not limited to R5 productions) for years without so much as a complaint from anyone.

In the following weeks, shit just got weirder. As Agnew scrambled to try to find a larger venue for his upcoming gigs, he received another dose of bad news. La Taza, a small Old City bar where Agnew had just begun booking smaller shows, terminated their deal, stating that the bar was not making any money in the arrangement. Agnew pulled in some favors and moved some of his gigs back to The Rotunda. However his second gig there, a Ted Leo show, was stopped by L & I agents and uniformed Philadelphia Police Officers. While the Rotunda is a legal venue, L & I instead concerted their attack on R5 productions itself, saying the "company" lacked the proper permits and licenses to conduct business in the city. The agents carried print outs of R5 productions mailings and website content. It now seemed clear that someone was out to get Agnew personally.

Here it may be necessary to bring up a little background on The Philadelphia Department of License and Inspection. L & I is a complaint driven agency, meaning it really doesn't do shit without someone prodding it to do so. It also has a well deserved reputation for corruption (one of its leaders once received pay-offs in the form of lap dances and blow jobs, and four of its plumbing inspectors are currently on trial for taking bribes and kickbacks—or in their words, tips and lunch money—from the plumbers working in the city). It is also notorious for inactivity, especially if those seeking its help are not politically connected. I have witnessed neighborhood

meetings where residents were begging L & I to come out and do something about vacant houses, nuisance bars and the like, only to see these problems remain unremedied for years. And according to media reports (*The Philadelphia Inquirer*, WHYY) it was not the neighbors or neighborhood associations around the First Unitarian Church who were complaining. So whoever had sent L & I on this vendetta against R5 Productions (shutting down gigs in different parts of the city) would seem possess some major stroke.

While R5 had always been successful, in the months leading up to the first cancelled gig, it had, as the cliché goes, taken it to the next level. A sold out Orchid/Engine Down/Atom and His Package gig drew 500 plus to the First Union Church on a Monday night. A week before an R5 supported Hives gig at Transit's popular monthly Making Time party drew a thousand or more. When an independent promoter starts bringing in this amount of punkers (and their money), she/he is going to be noticed by the big boys in town. And in Philadelphia, which I am sure is similar to most cities, there is only one big boy. An entertainment company so big its CEO recently was named one of the most powerful men in music. A company whose dubious business tactics are so well known there is a web site devoted to them. A company who was plenty powerful enough to have L & I do its bidding. A company whose advertising dollars not one, but both Philadelphia Alternative weeklies, are so beholden to they would not touch the R5 story with a ten foot pole, even after it had been covered in Philadelphia's daily newspaper. A company that was well aware of other independent competition in town, and seemed to be having up and coming bands (Shai Hulud, the Dropkick Murphy's) that regularly played at this competitor's venue (the Trocadero) start to play its venues instead. A company that solicited bands that were to play the cancelled R5 production gigs to play at its venues instead. A company I will not mention by name for fear that they will sue this fanzine, me, or R5 Productions. Yeah, I wish I was kidding. So I must mention that while all the evidence points towards this company, they are in no way responsible for anything that happened this summer. Thus, while some may laugh that taking back entertainment is a revolutionary idea, especially when its 20 kids in a basement, it appears when that 20 becomes a 100 and then 500 and the basement becomes a VFW and then a church hall in center city, some people do notice and feel a bit threatened. And that is good. I am glad punk can be a threat to something after all.

Speaking of being a victim of its own success, let's talk about Love Park, Philadelphia's formerly world renowned skate spot. I say formerly because this summer Mayor Street suddenly got the idea that Love Park was a dump, and it needed sprucing up, especially with the new luxury apartment building opening on its border. And of course it was just a coincidence that a major campaign donor would get the contract. And get this, the million dollar make-over would only be temporary. Street was right, Love Park was a dump that had but two types of patrons, the homeless and the skaters. But it was a dump that brought the city tons of publicity (and money—if you subscribe to the line of thinking that ESPN's



X-Games came to Philadelphia partly because of Love's reputation). It was also arguably the only world famous place in Center City built in the last 200 years. In short it was a success, just like R5 productions, because young people took their own initiative to make something out of underutilized city spaces.

In one short month the City of Philadelphia had stamped out two successful spaces where the youth of the Delaware Valley had congregated for years. Whether it was planned or not, its actions had the effect of removing young people from Center City. While there were protests (Franklin's Paine for the skaters a letter writing campaign on behalf of R5 and the First Unitarian Church), ultimately young people don't vote and they certainly don't give large monetary gifts to politicians, and hence they don't mean shit. Unfortunately the city of Philadelphia seems to be sending a message to kids that they would rather see them hanging out on street corners than partaking of their self created charms of urban life. Chalk one up for the increasing role of Center City Philadelphia as a playground for suburban adults and visiting conventioners. Chalk one up for homogenization of culture. Chalk one up for peddling to the cash. Chalk one up for the bad guys.

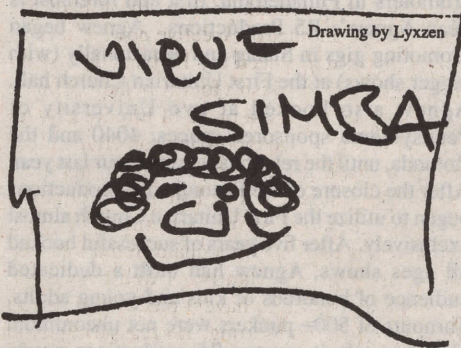
#### *Epilogue:*

R5 has found a new home, holding off hour gigs in a small South Street venue. It is looking for a permanent, legal Center City space, but faces an uphill battle as said space would ultimately have to be licensed by L & I. Reviews of Love Park's make-over are mixed. The City promised Center City skate park has not materialized, and no one is holding their breath. *Chalk one up for the good guys:*

Following my mother's advice, and I am sure to the dismay of many readers who thoroughly enjoy me taking the piss out of some bands, I am only going to say nice things this column. As from above it was a slow summer for shows in Philadelphia, but some good bands did manage to visit our town and the surrounds. San Francisco's Time in Malta rocked Pi Lam. Their new album is excellent, especially the CFD meets My Bloody Valentine last track. Strike Anywhere still hold the title as one of the best bands out there, I saw them three times and they did not disappoint. Locals Knives Out and Paint it Black continued to develop as potent hardcore acts. The world famous Pontani Sisters brought their burlesque extravaganza to Silk City, to the delight of the sparse Sunday evening crowd. But hands down the best show of summer was held the Hamilton Street Cafe in New Jersey. It's not everyday a jaded old man like myself likes three bands on a bill, let alone three bands that I never saw play before, but I must give props to Louisville's Black Widows, Iowa's Modern Life is War, and the Garden State's own, The Survivors, all of whom were excellent.

Contact me at: PO Box 19602/ Philadelphia, PA 19124; mtob708@hotmail.com  
*R5 Productions Legal Troubles:*  
 "Complaints close church rock show" July 23, 2002. *The Philadelphia Inquirer*  
*Unfair competition in music promotion:*  
<http://www.media-alliance.org/mediafile/21-3/clearchannellinks.html> [http://dir.salon.com/ent/clear\\_channel/2001/08/08/riverbend/index.html](http://dir.salon.com/ent/clear_channel/2001/08/08/riverbend/index.html)

[http://dir.salon.com/ent/clear\\_channel/2001/08/08/antitrust/index.html](http://dir.salon.com/ent/clear_channel/2001/08/08/antitrust/index.html) <http://archive.salon.com/ent/feature/2002/03/27/beltway/LovePark>: <http://www.brainsoap.com/archives/article.asp?ArtID=4243> <http://citypaper.net/articles/2002-08-15/slant.shtml> "Who owns Love Park" late summer Philadelphia Independent.



#### **Part one**

I wrote once about people who think I come in like a whirlwind and leave them the same way, taking a huge chunk of their heart and giving them nothing. I told of the man whom I was quite happy to hand all of my heart, feeling that he would take good care of it. He didn't.

I write now of a man that upon spending one evening with I gave a chunk of my heart without a second thought. A piece the size of the stone I now hold in the palm of my hand; a gift from him. Strange, how the symbolism of my heart was matched by his taking a stone, and placing it in my hand, curling my fingers tightly around it. Strange, how I'd already fallen in love a few hours earlier when he linked his arm in mine and pulled me away, saying "I'm stealing you." Yes you are.

Incredible that he knew that I needed a concrete object to hold. To feel at all times. So that when I awoke in the morning and felt it all must have been a dream, I had the object in my hand—almost saying "Yes, it was a dream, but it was also reality, for you have a souvenir from the dream in your waking life." So that one's confused and doesn't know whether it was a dream or a fantasy or whether dreams are reality during the time suspended between slumber and awake. A lovely confusion to feel as the stone is in my hand and I clutch it tightly and smile to the pillow.

I see the last bad boy for the first time in nine months. I hold in my hand the stone, a symbol of the newfound attachment, and I cope just fine. Not a tear in sight. Not a burial of emotion or denial. Just straight forward having my stomach in knots, talking myself out of it, being strong, holding tightly to my stone, and enjoying my day. At first his presence is hard to cope with. Pretty soon it's not so bad. Eventually I forget. The comfort of the stone in my hand, the physical reminder in my sweaty palm, for hours and hours, makes me feel just fine. Like everything is the way it should be.

Hours later I'm laying on the grass with this man who's been given a chunk of my heart, and the ex walks by. He's wearing winter clothes in the middle of summer. He's leaving, and I am happy so seem him go and close that chapter. The new story is just unfolding, and it's going to be the best one yet.

It's going to be about finally being understood. Finally being known in the way that I am meant to be known. Having someone who listens and hears me and responds to me the way I need. A person that gives me insightful, interesting, and worthwhile responses. A person whom believes anything is possible and inspires me to feel the same. A person whom looks at me like I'm sane and yet unique and intense and remarkable. A person who stole a huge chunk of my heart and I felt no urge to try to stop.

Later that night he gave me another stone. A smaller one this time. A birthstone. Hours of conversation followed this gift giving. By the end of the time spent together another exchange had taken place. The stone he had given me was firmly in my possession. Another piece of my heart firmly in his.

I wonder if the symbolism of this sharing is appropriate both ways. I wonder if I presented him with stones and rocks whether I'd be reciprocated with chunks of his heart. I don't know. I know that his heart is betrothed to another. I'm fine with that. I just hope that she treats it as well as I would. Were he to give me a mere smidgen of that heart I'd treasure it with all that I am.

I've never given anyone a piece of my heart before. I've given the whole thing away or kept it intact and inside. Never a piece given to someone, to keep for always. It represents both the growth in me and the nature of this man. He is unlike any other.

I have never been as impressed with someone upon first meeting as I am with this man. I can't explain why this is. I can just say that this is so.

He notices my ring within hours of being together. He makes an insightful comment about it. He touches it. For the first time in six years I'm okay with someone touching it whom isn't David. He was the only person allowed. Now someone else is allowed. Someone else is preferred. It's a powerful sign.

It's been weeks since we spoke and I smile when I think of him. The warmth never leaves me, despite the distance between us. So many reminders all around me. So little need for the reminders as he is within me.

Our secret, yes. But also something I must talk of. I must discuss how it makes me feel. I must understand the depth of this connection. I cannot keep it all inside for I will explode, the feelings are too big for that. They cannot be contained. Some things, of course, will remain secret. But the big picture—that must be worked through, expressed, understood.

The effect that this man has had upon my life is probably unknown to him. I expect he's oblivious in some ways and aware of others. I feel the changes all around me, both deep down inside and other, more practical manifestations. All are positive. He could not affect me any other way. This love could not impact my life in any other way.

Who knows what this friendship will bring to me in the future. But I am safe in the knowledge that it's already given me so much. And I have the warm, unstoppable feeling that the best is yet to come.

#### **Part two**

He strides purposefully in the dark,



throwing his bag to the ground as he swoops me into his arms, burying his face in my neck. We stand there, holding each other as tightly as we can, immersed for as long as possible. Knowing that his friends are behind him, probably looking awkwardly at each other as we hug far, far longer than is socially acceptable and neither care nor apologize. I hug the others with varying degrees of affection. I come back to him. I'll always come back to him.

Conversation in a room full of people, sharing things that should have been shared alone, but coping fine because the important thing is that he is here. Knowing it won't have to be this way for long. As soon as possible we sneak away, sitting at a table in the half-light, talking way into the night. Before we know it's light outside and people are coming and going and our time alone has ended. He takes my hand and says "There will be many nights like this." My worries fade along with my resolve.

Determined not to get hurt. Not to fall too hard too fast. Knowing that I've already fallen, but that this couldn't have been predicted and that I couldn't have prevented it even if I'd had forewarning. It was stronger than the both of us. I can recall each bump as I fell down the flight of steps. First his handshake and gaze. Uncomparable. Second his whispering "The British Lioness" as we walked towards the car. Heartstopping: though at the time I didn't know why. Third his comment on stealing me. Then I knew I was in trouble. Fourth when he asked me a question regarding ambition. Not because he asked, but because he of the look on his face and the way he listened like no other. Fifth when he commented on Mum's ring. I became scared. Sixth when he turned and laughed at something I said. There was bright fluorescent lighting and I was tired, but his laugh tugged on my heart. There is *nothing* that makes you feel that way—other than when the one you love is laughing. Tug tug, tug tug. I knew then.

Back to the present, for the first time, that time of falling in love was weeks ago now. Right now it's been a long night of conversation, revelations, hand holding and intense emotion. Secrets and passion. Resolve and patience.

Everything is going to be alright now. I have someone in my life who understands me. Someone whom I respect, value the opinion of, and know sees the world in a way unlike any other. Therefore it's worth asking him what he thinks and what he sees. And he shares it without fear now.

He doesn't have to tell me it's going to be alright. I know it will. I feel it will. So different to those whom had to appease and reassure me because I doubted them/us constantly. In retrospect it's unsurprising because my instincts were in fact correct and those people were not trustworthy. The doubt was the least that I needed to have. Should have trusted those instincts. Here it's different. My instincts and heart and head are all synchronized, knowing that this man is good for me. If anything my instincts take over, telling me that my heart and head may have doubts due to distance or other obstacles. But my instincts tell me it will all work out. I will be happy. I am happy.

I've never had a friend like this before. One that I think I might be able to trust. My heart

wants to already, as do my instincts. My head is telling me that it might happen, but that there's no rush. There's no rush. So I'm being patient and being good. I've only ever trusted one person, and he tried to destroy me. To trust another will be good for my mental and emotional health. But it can take a while. It can take as long as it needs.

When I think back to the gift of the stones I have another perspective now. I haven't asked him. I don't need to. Perhaps the reason he gave them to me wasn't for my benefit. Maybe he needed me to take a piece of him away with me. Maybe he was symbolizing something all of his own. He'll tell me, in his way, in his time. And I'll be waiting. I'll be listening. For now I wear the second stone around my neck, permanently with me on a chain, reminding me of his presence constantly. I don't need the reminder, but I like to have a piece of him with me, always. It's comforting. It's reassuring. And it's good to have him with me on both the inside and the outside. It's just good to have him with me.

### Part 3

Of course I'm scared. I don't want to be open my mailbox every day full of hope only to be disappointed. To pick up the phone to check for messages and just hear the dial tone. But what of the day when I am greeted with the beeps that someone has left a message? And what of the day when it is actually him? Involuntarily a sob courses through me, my eyes well with tears and I smile from ear to ear as I clutch both the phone and my chest. He called. The first proper phone call. The first conversation in lowered voices that would reveal the intimacy we share to anyone overhearing. That tone, you know the one, where you can just tell. You just know.

Definitions unnecessary; the situation understood. Appeasing the worries of my concerned friends whilst being simultaneously content yet a little sad. Warmth always with me, strength aplenty, but missing him causing blue days. Tomorrow will be better. Today just one of those days.

Is it worth it? Is the hope of there being a yellow envelope in my mailbox worth the disappointment of its emptiness? Yes. Is the love that I have in my life worth the ache in my heart to be near him? Yes. Is the knowledge that we will, at some point, be spending quality time together worth the yearning? Yes. Is it enough to be understood despite the distance and the constraints placed upon the relationship? Yes. Then why blue? Why?

Perhaps it's just fear. Just worry that there will never be a yellow letter there, or more beeps on the phone, or plans for a trip. Impatience and need to have that worry eased. In my heart I know there is no need. But experience has taught me not to trust my heart for it is often wrong. It is hard to place trust in another. Hard to take them for what they say. Hard to have faith in their constancy. Hard to believe in them.

But when I write that I can see the ridiculousness of today's mood. If there is anyone to trust the word of—it is him. If there is anyone to believe in, then he is that person. For he is the one.

And if I allow all the fucked-up relationships of my past to fuck with what I hold dearest now, then I am a fool. So, I will button

down the hatches, use my reserves of patience and faith, and hold on tight. My friend will not let me down. Not this one. Not this time. Not ever.

### Part 4

Is love worth it? Is the intimacy and the closeness and the passion and the feelings of one's heart soaring or melting or floating—all the things that love brings—worth it? Worth the pain when it goes wrong? Worth the time and energy invested into it? Worth the weight placed upon it? Yes. It HAS to be. For if one gives up the hope that *this time* there will be no downward slope. This time it will all be positive. This time there will be no pain. If one gives up that idea, then one might as well give up everything.

That's not to say that life is just about love. There is so much more. There are so many joys that can, and should, be experienced alone. So many books to read and movies to see and records to hear. So many foods to taste and flowers to smell. So many ambitions and goals. So many places and cultures to see and experience. So much water to swim in and grass to lie on and so many mountains to climb. But people, oh people... they can't be given up on.

To experience another person. To see them and hear them and listen to them and taste them and smell them. **This person.** To experience him *with* every sense. *In* every sense. It's incomparable. To run my hands up and down his arms he does the same to me, both gripping as if our lives depended upon it, whilst staring into each others' eyes and sharing secrets. This is life. This connection, this intense, unspoken bond, this power. This is what makes me feel more alive than anything else. This is worth any risk.

If he hurts me somewhere down the road I will cope for I am strong. If he disappoints me sometime in the near future I will bide my time and hope he will make amends. This one will not let me down. He knows better.

To think of the future when you want to swim in them and lie on them and climb with them. Experience them in a way that will be the best time of my life. I have three days stored in my head already. Just three days. But I know in my heart that there will be more. Or, at least, it's the most important wish I could make. The most important thing to me; that there will be more. Many, many more days of conversation and walking and late nights and five a.m. conversations at tables and intensity and understanding and this connection, that can't be described.

In writing of something and not capturing it perfectly one runs the risk of trivializing. That because I can't find words to explain how it feels when I stare into his eyes and place my hands over his cheekbones and his jaw and his mouth. When I sit at a table with him and he holds my hands, rubbing his finger tips back and forth over my palm; strong, strong strokes. When we hold each other tightly in what one would define as a hug, but is so, so much more. And I feel safe yet more in danger than ever before simultaneously. When my heart beats so loudly I'm surprised he doesn't comment. When I know he must see me tremble and is too kind to mention it. When it's obvious that this is bigger than either of us can explain, justify or understand. When we don't even want to—we



just want to experience it and each other to the fullest extent possible.

I never want it to be thought that I have ever felt like this before. I talk of love often as I feel it frequently. I fall in love at the drop of a hat; it's true. I'm a passionate woman and I love as often as I want, whomever I want. But this; this is different. I've only ever experienced something similar once. And I married him.

This time though, he looks at both eyes at once. That's a significant difference. There are too many differences to list. The freely given affection—which is more important than it is possible for me to verbalize. The reciprocation of attempts to communicate emotions and thoughts. The ability to discern feelings. Honesty. There's the biggest difference. There's the key. The key to understanding why it doesn't feel wrong? Or the key to my heart? Or both? Time will tell.

"You can tell me anything," he said to me. So I tell him everything. No, not the same thing, but almost. And I tell all with the knowledge that there will be no judgment or alteration of his regard for me. Just empathy and understanding and interesting, enlightening responses. Liberating. Liberated. It's been years of silence. A light at the end of my tunnel. A weight lifted. It's all going to be alright now.

#### Part 5

Disappointment. After weeks of his silence I am told by him that my outpouring made him uncomfortable. That my feelings are too strong. That I shouldn't use the "L" word. It's fucking bullshit and I'm angry.

Pushed into the role of "Crazy lady whom read more into it than there actually was." I won't accept that role. I interpreted his behavior, responded to his words [both written and spoken] and looked into his eyes. You can criticize me on many levels. But I am not a stupid woman. I know that tone of voice and that look in someone's eye and the way that they touch you and smell you. It's not simple platonic friendship. It's not pals. It's not buddies. It's intensity and it's romance—like it or not.

But it's all a matter of definition anyway... what's "too much?" What is a relationship? A friendship? Platonic? Romance? To me friendships are relationships. Relationships are friendships. Sometimes a friend whom I have no sex with is far more romantic than with one I do. A new friend—one that you make time for and send letters to and telephone for late night conversations... there's little more romantic than that. But when definitions differ or aren't explained then behaviour can be easily misinterpreted.

I won't apologize for falling in love with a married man. I wanted friendship and love from him. And I offered it back in an unlimited fashion. If the intensity of my feelings scares him.. then there's nothing I can do about it. But one has to wonder if it's not more the intensity of his feelings that are the scary thing. Someone whom you have little or no feelings for being in love with you when you don't reciprocate the feelings isn't scary or intense—it's annoying and somewhat sad. It doesn't make you fearful.

But if I allow myself to go down that path—wonder why my feelings scare him, I run the risk of rationalizing it all to an extent whereby

I'll convince myself that he didn't just tell me to back off. That it's all okay. When it's really not. It's really not going to be alright now.

The idea that I might have finally found someone who would listen and understand... it wasn't true. That this person could meet my intensity head on, stand his ground, and face me. Not going to happen. Maybe it could, but it's not going to. He's choosing not to, for whatever reason.

I never regret taking a chance on a person. Life's too short for regrets most of the time. In fact the only time I ever regret anything is when I spend TOO long on something or someone rather than cutting my losses and knowing when to walk away. So, I know I did the right thing with this man. I followed my heart and my head and my instincts... but unfortunately so did he... and their paths are different.

He says we must carry on writing... but of course I'll never be able to communicate so openly with him. Once told that my writing makes someone uncomfortable, for whatever reason, makes me unable to communicate much of anything anymore. Don't know what future there is for a friendship with limits set.

Relationships and friendships.... All most people want is to be understood. Is it really that hard? Is it really that hard for me to find someone that I like enough that is bright enough and deep enough for me to tell all my history to that will stick around? Really? It seems impossible. All I want is a friend. One that will listen to everything, from start to finish, and take it all on the chin and listen and learn and remember.

So much to tell and no-one to tell it to. It's a sad state of affairs.

I had three relationships last year. This year I just lost my heart to a married man... but was fine with it, because I was simply so happy to have a friend whom I can talk to, really talk to, in a way that I find impossible with most people I know. And now, it seems, as though that is ruined, because of the depth of my feelings. Or because I verbalized them.

Once again, I'm left feeling like it's bullshit. It's all just bullshit. I was retarded to feel the way I did. I shouldn't have allowed this to happen. I've been crying all evening, and I'll be crying again over this man. Shall I look on the bright side? Let's be brave...

Another step in the right direction. He's honest and blunt and doesn't have secrets. He stands up to me and tells me what he thinks/feels, even if it sometimes takes him a long time. He's not a narcissistic fuckwit and he is a good, good person. My taste in men is moving up in the world.

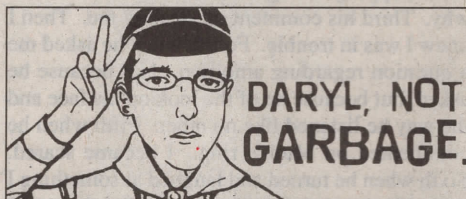
One day I'll get it right. One day I'll be in love with the right person. One day I'll have a friendship that lasts past the initial passion. I've no intention of tuning it down. Trying not to be so intense. I am who I am. Hiding it just leads to getting more hurt as it is bound to come out further down the line and then there's longer/stronger attachments to be coped with losing. I lay it all out on the table. I am who I am and if I'm too intense and I cause fear... then they aren't the person whom should be with me. I need to be with someone whom embraces my intensity. Embraces and celebrates.

My ex-husband did that. He's the only man whom ever has. Even now I still dream of him. Four years on and the loss still has its legacy. Pain hides in little corners of one's heart... just slipping out when everything else is fine, to remind one of its presence. Nearly four years and I still miss him.

Well, tonight I dealt with a large chunk of pain. And I survived it well. I'm actually proud of myself. There was some sobbing, a smattering of self-pity, a couple of reaching out phone calls [the hardest thing for me] to reliable friends [thanks Joe and Daisy] and a stern self-pep-talk.

I'll be okay. I'll be just fine. I was happy before I met this man. And I'll be happy again. But I want the ecstatic, which he brought with him. It's been weeks now that I've been subtly working on recuperating... as his silence wasn't a coincidence... I knew there was trouble ahead. I'll take a little while longer to nurse this heart of mine, and then I'll be sure to be emotionally healthy once more.

But will I be on the lookout for a special connection? Will I allow anything to happen even if I were to meet someone amazing? I don't know. Maybe that'll take a little longer. Right now it's the last thing I ever want to do again. But, I know, deep down in my reserves of optimism and faith, that one can't give up on people. If I give up on people I'd be giving up on myself. And I will never, ever do that.



Over a year ago I finished school. I finished off two years which left me with a Master's Degree in Visual Arts. Upon completing school I looked for basically any job I could get my hands on. This process was fairly painless and led me to a full-time job in art supply store. So what is someone with a Master's Degree doing working a shitty wage slave, retail job, you ask? I admit, to asking myself that exact question every day before heading to work.

From the very beginning I knew I was selling myself short, working at a job a trained monkey could do. Yet it was a quick solution and offered a regular pay check if nothing else. Soon the tedium of full-time work set in and things around me got pretty disgusting. After coming home from work I didn't feel like doing much of anything and basically sat around for a bit before going to bed. After dealing with the same thing every day I just wanted to retreat during any free time I had. Day after day of customers treating me like dirt wore thin real fast.

After a bit of time I picked up a part-time teaching job and scaled back my hours at the art supply store. For some reason I told myself this would be better, that working part-time would give me more time to do the things I really wanted to. I also believed working part-time would make the job seem less horrible and the damage done to my world-view would quickly repair itself. This, however, did not happen. I still come home after my shift feeling like the world is an awful place and humans are basically scum. I don't want



to think this way, but when people bark orders at you as though you are sub-human, and demand you to spoon-feed them all day, it's hard to think otherwise. The massive consumption alone is depressing enough, let alone dealing with mean people. I often wonder how much of this stuff is thrown out the next day or left on the shelf for years only to wind up in the landfill. All I have to do is look at the pile of art supplies I have accumulated over so many years to get that answer.

It's funny when you get a job in a place that seems semi-cool thinking that the clientele might be more progressive and interesting, but turn out to be just as asshole as any other service industry job. If nothing, this job has taught me to pay more attention to my spending habits and how I treat other people working in similar positions. After a while, of this kind of job people seem to develop some kind of callous of the soul which allows them to keep doing the same thing for great stretches of time. While a job may be shitty and boring, it's also familiar and pretty dependable. The allure of a bi-weekly pay check and certainty of such pay check is often enough to keep one in their place. Add the dulled sense of ambition that comes with the job and you figure out a way to feel more or less comfortable with your lot in life.

The comfort you tell yourself you feel and the undesirability of looking for something new makes quitting a crap job rather daunting, but at a certain point you have to ask who is more stupid, your boss for treating you like dirt or you for taking it. I decided to take the path of uncertainty and give my notice. You hold on until you hit bottom figuring your job will get better because it can't really get worse, but then it does. It gets much worse, and the crappy job suddenly becomes a career in the blink of an eye. Seeing the manager's lifelessness after serving 20 years doing the same thing I have for only a year is incentive enough to give notice. So where is all this going anyway? Well, I'd like to say here, in print that this will be the last of such jobs I will have. The unfortunate thing is these jobs are pretty easy to get and do the trick in a pinch.

From the first day at the job I knew that something was wrong. That actually accepting this job clearly demonstrated a real lack of self-esteem. But this job is also symptomatic of a much larger problem facing hoards of art school graduates all over the place. A lot of people who are serious about making art wind up at art school thinking it will help them further their careers. I believe this is true on some levels, but the real story is pretty complicated. In utilitarian terms, getting a degree in visual arts is pretty useless. The arts attract a lot of dreamers; people who want to look at things differently, talk about things differently, and continually learn from one another. This is all good and I could argue at length about the value of art, but a big problem is that all of these *higher* pursuits don't mesh that well with commerce.

If what you are really looking for is practical advice on how to survive in this world as an artist, I would suggest you don't bother going to university. This is the thing, and it's a huge oversight on the part of academia, university won't teach you how to take slides, how to apply for shows or grants, how to write up a proposal or set up your own studio. This inevitably leads

to so many people stumbling their way through complicated processes, and everyone making the same mistakes, and everyone trying to keep their information as secret as possible to cut down on the competition. I assume this is no small mistake or omission on behalf of the educators or universities. If you don't give people the tools they really need to survive they eventually settle for something else which makes the market more open for those willing to stick it out, or those who are already established. In an attempt at maintaining academic purity or something you wind up with a lot of smart folks working in crappy retail jobs so they can pay rent.

I've decided that I've had enough of being treated like garbage, wasting my time at a place where I really wouldn't care if someone walked out the front door with an armload of goods. I'm tired of everyone's demands and attempts (and successes) at dividing the people I work with. I'm tired of feeling like I have nothing more to offer, of feeling like any day I could show up at work with a bomb strapped to my chest, of watching my ambition and dreams walk right out the door past me. Change is scary, but it is also vital and what makes life interesting.

Talk to me.

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## Criss Crass

*Tools for White Guys who are Working for Social Change and other people socialized in a society based on domination (updated version)*

1. Practice noticing who's in the room at meetings—how many gender privileged men (biological men), how many women, how many transgendered people, how many white people, how many people of color, is it majority heterosexual, are there out queers, what are people's class backgrounds. Don't assume to know people, but also work at being more aware—listening to what people say and talking with people one on one who you work with.

2a. Count how many times you speak and keep track of how long you speak.

2b. Count how many times other people speak and keep track of how long they speak.

3. Be conscious of how often you are actively listening to what other people are saying as opposed to just waiting your turn thinking about what you'll say next. Keep a notebook so that you can write down your thoughts and then focus on what other people are saying. As a white guy who talks a lot, I've found it helpful to writing down my thoughts and wait to hear what others have to say (frequently others will be thinking something similar and then you can support their initiative).

4. Practice going to meetings or hanging out with people focused on listening and learning—not to get caught in the paralysis of whether or not you have anything useful to say, but acting from a place of valuing other people's knowledge and experiences.

5a. Pay attention to how many times you put ideas out to the group you work with.

5b. Notice how often you support other people's ideas for the group.

6. Practice supporting people by asking them to expand on ideas and get more in-depth.

7a. Think about whose work and what contributions to the group get recognized.

7b. Practice recognizing more people for the work they do and try to do it more often. This also includes men offering support to other men who aren't recognized and actively challenging competitive dynamics that men are socialized to act out with each other.

8. Practice asking more people what they think about events, ideas, actions, strategy and vision. White guys tend to talk amongst themselves and develop strong bonds that manifest in organizing. These informal support structures often help reinforce informal leadership structures as well. Asking people what they think and really listening is a core ingredient to healthy group dynamics, think about who you ask and who you really listen to. Developing respect and solidarity across race, class, gender and sexuality is complex and difficult, but absolutely critical—and liberating. Those most negatively impacted by systems of oppression have and will play leading roles in the struggle for collective liberation.

9. Be aware of how often you ask people to do something as opposed to asking other people "what needs to be done:" logistics, child care, making phone calls, cooking, providing emotional support and following up with people are often undervalued responsibilities performed by people who are gender oppressed (biological women and trans folks).

10. Struggle with the saying, "you will be needed in the movement when you realize that you are not needed in the movement."

11. Struggle with and work with the model of group leadership that says that the responsibility of leaders is to help develop more leaders, and think about what this means to you: how do you support others and what support do you need from others. This includes men providing emotional and political support to other men. How can men work to be allies to each other in the struggle to develop radical models of anti-racist, class conscious, pro-queer, feminist manhood that challenges strict binary gender roles and categories. This is also about struggling to recognize leadership roles while also redefining leadership as actively working to build power with others rather than power over others.

12. Remember that social change is a process, and that our individual transformation and individual liberation is intimately interconnected with social transformation and social liberation. Life is profoundly complex and there are many contradictions. Remember that the path we travel is guided by love, dignity and respect—even when it brings us to tears and is difficult to navigate. As we struggle let us also love ourselves.

13. This list is not limited to white guys, nor is it intended to reduce all white guys into one category. This list is intended to disrupt patterns of domination which hurt our movement and hurt each other. White guys have a lot of work to do, but if we white guys support and challenge each other, while also building trust and compassion we can heal ourselves in the process.



14. Day-to-day patterns of domination are the glue that maintain systems of domination. The struggle against capitalism, white supremacy, patriarchy, heterosexism and the state, is also the struggle towards collective liberation.

15. No one is free until we are all free.

Thanks and love to my comrades in the Bay Area gender privileged men's group of the Ruckus Society and the men's group of the Challenging White Supremacy Collective. Love and respect to the women who have and continue to push me, in particular Nilou Mostoufi, April Sullivan and Johnna Bossuot.

For more reading check out: On the Road to Healing: A Booklet For Men Against Sexism—PO Box 84171/Seattle, WA 98124; [plantingseeds@tao.ca](mailto:plantingseeds@tao.ca)

Frank Stapelfeldt



### The Streets will run Bright with Red:

*I sit down every few months to write my feelings and thoughts out, put them all together, and I have my column in HeartattaCk. The other day I got a nice e-mail from Erich that just told me he really enjoys reading my column, but for some reason Erich felt that I don't really tell all the graphic details of my surroundings. The truth of the matter is I do censor some of my own thoughts and feelings. What I do each and everyday is write notes of the days events so I can pick and choose the things I would like to write about. But then I give it a week, sometimes a month or so before I get to those notes and then those notes become my columns. I find that by doing this I can look at all angles and not just the view I saw...because most of the time I am upset or angry about my dealings at work. So I take a step back before putting any pen to paper or, for this matter, finger to key. For the last few days, however, now all I can think about is the fact that I think I hold back a lot. In my last few columns I have spoken about how I keep the people close to*

*me at bay by not telling them everything and how these columns help me, where in truth, I am holding back in these columns, too. So I am going to try and give you the most honest column to date by telling you the thoughts and feelings of one 16-hour day at work. Thank you Erich for the insight and friendly conversation; and Erich... the Giants are better than the Browns... always have been.*

September 19<sup>th</sup>, 2002 08:30: My eyes open, I search for my alarm clock, quickly turn it off and let out a big sigh. I have just started another day with 16 hours of work ahead of me. I shave, shower and run out my door. On the drive to work I listen to the new Hope Conspiracy CD and do my routine battle with traffic. I love to drive so I make my way enjoying my music and pretending that I am in some sort of racing game with the other drivers... I really love driving. All this changes when I get to the Pennsylvania Avenue exit on the Belt Parkway. I know I have just made a left-hand exit into HELL. My defenses go up—I have just a few more minutes before I pull up in front of my station and begin my day.

09:45: I walk into the station with my normal bravado and swagger. I usually tease just about everyone I see to get some smiles to start the day. I go to the locker room and change into my snazzy FDNY uniform and stroll into the Lieutenant's office to bother him as I get my radio and keys for my ambulance. I don't care for the Lieutenants that work from 0600-1400 (tour 2). So I do my best to annoy them I find the best way to do this is to point out how poorly run Tour 2 is. I work Tour 3 and we are by far the tightest ship in the business. We work the hardest and have the most fun. Even our Captain will only come in on Tour 3, which just goes to show you the dislike for Tour 2. Tour 1 works the overnights—they are good people and look out for us when it comes time for us to get off. Tour 3 and Tour 1 get along very well. I don't think anyone gets along with Tour 2.

10:00: I am logged onto the 911 system and ready to save lives... but first I need some breakfast. Today I am working with Napoli. He is a great kid, full of smiles and a lot of laughs. He is only out of the Academy a month or 2 so he is a "Newbie" or "Rookie." We get some food and find a street corner to go sit on and wait till we get dispatched. It is a little after 10am and the hookers are already out "sucking dick" for a dollar and then running to buy crack and heroin. The Methadone Clinic is busy churning out the "orange elixir." All the while, Napoli and I just sit talking about what's going on around us. We see the drug deals going on we see the hookers "turning tricks." But we also see the kids that are supposed to be in school hanging out and causing trouble. We see the junkies crawling out of their abandoned buildings in search of the new hit or a temporary fix at the Methadone Clinic. One drive through this place and you know it's a big "cesspool of humanity."

Most of the morning is filled up with bullshit calls. People call 911 for the most inane shit. Can you believe people call 911 for toothaches or my favorite one of the month:

Frank, "What's going on Hun, why am I here?" ...Citizen "My landlord evicted me!" ... Frank "So you called 911?" ...Citizen "Yeah! I am

injured!"...Frank "He evicted you—he didn't assault you?" ...Citizen "No, he didn't assault me but he kicked me out!" ...Frank "Did you pay your rent?" ...Citizen "No, and then he kicked me out!" ...Frank "So, by him kicking you out of the apartment you got injured?" ...Citizen "Yes, he hurt my feelings and I want to sue him!"

This is why I pay high taxes. This is where my money goes. By her calling 911 she activated numerous agencies. She claimed to 911 that she was terribly hurt so they sent 2 cops, 2 EMTs, 2 paramedics, and 6 firefighters... all because her feelings were hurt. All she had to do was pay her rent like everyone else and her precious feelings would not have been hurt. This is what makes the day hard.

After 3 or 4 assignments filled with bullshit we get called to Ashford St./Livonia Avenue for a Cardiac Condition. We arrive at the assigned corner, which is a train station. There we find a 25 y/o female who has had a cough for a few days and needs to go to the doctor. She had taken the train home from Manhattan and while on the train she forgot she didn't have cab money to go to the doctor. So she told the police on the train that she was having chest pains. The cops asked for an ambulance to respond and, lucky us got the job. So we pack her up in the ambulance and I tell Napoli to let me know when he is ready for me to leave for the hospital. As I shut the door I hear a loud BANG. I look up and I see a young guy stumbling into the street I then hear BANG... BANG and I see 2 shots tear through this guy, one bullet taking off a finger. He drops face first to the ground. I tell Napoli to hold on and keep his head down. I run to the guy on the ground as the two cops cover me. I see he has 2 entrance wounds in his back and he is missing his middle finger on his right hand. I know he has been hit at least 3 times.

Napoli jumps out of the truck to help me. Napoli is taken back by the whole thing, this all happened thirty feet in front of our faces. I pick up my radio to call for help "39D I have a 36 y/o male shot 3-4 times, I need 1 ALS another BLS to handle the stable patient, PD is on scene and more are on the way." We have a police officer with our original patient while we take care of the guy who is shot. He has 2 large entrance wounds to his lower back and an obvious missing left middle finger. I cut his clothing off, seal up the wounds and immobilize his neck and roll him over onto a long backboard to immobilize his back. When we roll him over and he tells us "I can't feel my legs." We place him on oxygen and start to seal up the wounds on his front. He has no true exit wounds; he was hit with a large caliber gun so he should have large exit wounds. Instead he has small exit wounds and they are all over the place. The bullet must have hit bone and fragmented the bone so bone pieces blasted out of his abdomen. He also has one bullet lodged in his shoulder that must be the bullet that took off his finger. We seal him up good, and by now 39Victor is on scene with us. I tell Napoli to stay with our original patient till the other unit gets there. 39V and myself go to the hospital, and this guy is going down quickly. He is going into shock despite his wounds being sealed up. He is bleeding into his abdomen and he needs surgery really bad. Well we get him to the hospital and find out that the bullets fragmented vertebrae L1,



L2 and L3, and those were bone fragments that tore through his abdomen.

Napoli walks through the door with our original patient and we all can not believe what has just happened. This is the second time I have seen someone shot right before my eyes. It stuns you a little bit; you kind of go over it in your head a few times before it really sinks in. These are the days where you know you are all too close to a world that most people never see. Now I am left with the daunting task of cleaning the blood up out of the ambulance. We go back to the station and clean up the equipment and ambulance and that's when all the detectives start showing up to interview me. They question me for a few minutes, where I find out that this guy was a big shot with the Bloods. The adrenaline rush is over and its back to the daily grind.

14:00: Our next assignment we get dispatched to a seizure. We arrive on scene—a young guy comes to the door and tells us, "My baby's mom's uncle had a seizure! Get that piece of shit out of here!" We walk through the doors to an apartment that is littered with chicken bones and old cigarettes. Three children running around in diapers and bare feet. You would think that someone might at least clean up in the house, maybe have some self-respect. I am poor but my mother and father always made the best of things. We saved when we could and we always cleaned up after ourselves and kept the house as clean as we could. We walk through some rooms and come to a 46 y/o male postictal (the stage when the seizure stops). He tells us to "get the fuck out of my house!" I notice some heroin packets on his dresser so I check him out to make sure he didn't have the seizure from an overdose. He does his best to punch me in the face but I guess with that always happening I have a sixth sense and I dodged it. I back off of him he gets up off the bed and tries to walk out the door. His niece's boyfriend pushes him back into the room and tells him, "You ain't going to pull no shit today!"

The guy then proceeds to pull down his pants, squat over a wooden chair and shit all over the place. He sprayed shit all over the chair and then starts to piss on the floor. He takes two steps forward, squats again and fires out another poop rocket. He looks around the room a minute and then reached down and picked up half of a playing card... and wipes his ass with it. Content with himself, he lies back down and tells us again to leave. At this point we know we can't leave him so we call for extra help. While we wait he takes his bare hand and wipes his ass with it stopping only to bring his hand to his face and sniff his own shit. He wipes his hands off on his mattress and tells us we are not taking him to the hospital. Well the truth is this guy has a host of medical problems and needs to go to the hospital so we cover him up in sheets and cart him off to the hospital. In the back of the ambulance he wipes his ass and smears it all over the inside of our truck. We get inside the emergency room and he squats over yet another chair and shits right there for the entire world to see. Now I have to clean up this fucking animal's feces! While I was at this guy's house, the niece's boyfriend told me that he does this all the time. He doesn't use the bathroom... he just pisses and shits wherever he wants to, and that he is usually very violent. So this is normal, why let this be the norm? These

are the jobs that bring my blood to a boil, because those children are exposed these things and these things are considered okay and normal. So it's a vicious circle set up, if I work in the same place a few years from now those children will be in the back of my ambulance from some nonsense. I just don't get it. Where did I help on this call, what the hell did I do? I took this job to save lives and make a difference all I did was pick up human garbage and move it from point A to point B.

16:28: We finish cleaning all the shit out of the ambulance. The air is thick with the smell of bleach. I hear over the police radio that they are chasing a black male eastbound on Dumont Avenue. The male is being chased because he stabbed his mother in the throat. I know there is a park that connects Dumont and Blake Avenues. So I race off to the corner of Blake Ave./Miller Ave. I park my ambulance and watch this kid running right at me. So what to do? I think about my mother and how I could never imagine hurting her and with that in mind I lean my shoulder down and run right at the kid and blast that kid like I was a linebacker in the NFL. He didn't know what hit him. I felt like I did my part. I found out his mother died. She was eight and a half months pregnant and the unborn baby died with her. This kid was a known Blood member and was also found with a 22-caliber gun that was used in two other shootings. He stabbed his mother because she wouldn't give him money for Chinese food. Stabbed his own mother for a few dollars, killing not only her but his unborn sibling as well. He is 18 y/o and will be in jail for all his life if not most of it. Use that for gang recruitment. The cops thank me for helping out but again what did I do? I wasn't there to save his mother and I wasn't there to bring that baby into the world. All I did was effectively take a killer off the streets. I am not a cop nor do I wish to ever be one... but in that instance all I could think about was if you kill once you will kill again and I am so sick of death... I have to stop this kid.

17:08: "39B for the shot on Bradford St/Fulton St. One male shot multiple calls on this one." When you hear this it is usually a confirmed shot and a clusterfuck of a call. I tell Napoli everything I need him to be ready for. We have a male shot once to the head, once to the neck, once in the upper back, once in the right buttock and once through his right upper thigh that went through his leg through his scrotum and is lodged in his right upper thigh/pelvis. This boy is fucked up, he is not far off from traumatic arrest. Napoli listens to every word and direction I say. We do what we have to do and when we put him in the back of the ambulance he stops breathing. We start ventilating him so we can keep oxygen in his body. We grab some help from other EMT's on scene with us and run to the hospital. Enroute to the hospital we are intercepted by paramedics who jump onboard and intubate and start IV's on the kid. We get him to the hospital where he lived a few hours, he made it to surgery but his injuries were too bad and he later died from them. You never see this stuff on the news. I always wonder why this is the land that network news forgot. People get murdered in droves and you never see it on the news.

18:00: I am back at the station to switch

units and partners for another exciting 8 hours in East New York. You know it's funny, when you become an EMT this is the neighborhood that everyone jokes about getting sent to. I sort of forgot about that. Well anyway I am on 39D now. This is my favorite truck to work. I am working with Bowers for the next 8 hours. Bowers is much like me, we are both loud, and always cracking jokes. We love to work with each other, not only are we partners but we are friends outside of work. So we make the best of what we have and laugh all night long. It is also good to be close to your partner because you know they will have your back through anything. Bowers and I have a usual routine of getting on the truck and driving around playing tricks on other units. Tonight is no such luck as soon as we log onto the 911 system we get hit with a job.

We are sent to Stanley Avenue/Loring Avenue for a stab. Over the police radio we can hear that they do have someone down but that it is actually another shot. We jump out of the truck to find out we have a male shot in the stairwell of 1269 Loring Avenue. The funny thing about stairwells in the projects; they are usually filled with some of the most disgusting things. Usually you can find feces and urine all over the place. Household garbage is always thrown down into the stairwells too. All in all, the stairwells are not somewhere you want to be. Well we find this guy propped up against the wall gasping for air. He has been shot six times. Three times in the chest, twice in the belly and one right in the groin. Bowers and I both know that this kid is going to die. We pack him up and run with him. The medics meet us out in our ambulance and they intubate him just as he goes into arrest. He was pronounced dead 45 minutes after we got him into the ER. Once again I am washing the blood of another human being out the back of an ambulance. Bowers, Florant, Simpkins and myself talk about how there is no regard for life out here. I think a cop that was on scene said it best, "I am convinced that this place isn't Earth." I giggled when he said that. Every cop, firefighter, EMT or paramedic knows that this place is horrible. I have done my best to put myself in the place of all those that live here. It always comes back to the fact that you have to value life. It's not an economic issue it is a value of life issue. Unfortunately the people I encounter out here all place higher value on material possessions rather than a quality of life. Young males are proud that they have multiple children, and young girls are all too proud to get pregnant. Babies having babies and teaching each other that in order to get what you want you must kill.

This is the worst example of humanity that I can find locally. I wrote in another column that most people in the neighborhood live in public assistance. You see New York City Welfare provides you with housing. New York State then gives you Health Care and Food Stamps. You then supplement your income with drugs. Cause people... this is the ghetto of ghettos but everyone drives a very nice car and they have the flashiest clothing on. You can imagine how frustrating it is to see where your tax dollars are going. I know that no matter how much I try I cannot convey to you what this place is like. But it tests me everyday, I get so mad and upset some days but I don't let it change me. I see it happen to a lot of



co-workers. I see it in most of my black co-workers. They speak of disgusts and contempt for their own people. My friend Capers is a 6'3" 250lbs. black male with a heart of gold. One day I found him very upset and he said to me "I can't believe my grandparents fought so that these animals could be like this." Capers' grandparents were very active in the civil rights movement and he is made sick by what he deals with day in and out. I can't say I blame him. I would love it when I would be on a job with my late partner Andre. Sometimes people wouldn't talk to me because I was white and Andre would say, "I ain't your brother! Talk to that boy right now he is the only one that is going to save you tonight." He never let people play the race card with me. Andre would always tell people that, "If you work this job you don't see any color but red" most people would just look at him awkward but he meant we only see blood. I miss having him with me on jobs.

19:32: The night has slowed down. The area is saturated with police activity. The police helicopter is over head and seems like every street corner has a cop on it. Bowers and I relax for a little bit. I have to say we sat for at least an hour. Other units were busy doing jobs when we hear a few "pops" not too far from us. We then hear on Police radio a police officer yelling for back up that he just witnessed a shooting. "39D for the shot at 1275 Loring Avenue." Bowers and I know it's legit so we take off and find another young guy with his face completely blow off. This kid was shot point blank in the face his head looked like a deflated basketball. Another kid dead tonight, it's a murder scene so we can not do anything to the body until the detectives investigate it. This kid was shot up close as if it was an assassination. His body lay there with thick red blood all around him.

We pronounce him dead and wait to remove the body to the morgue. It's a slower night so we just sit around until they give us the okay. We just put the body in a body bag and off we go to the morgue. We get the body in the ambulance and we have to call a fire engine for a "wash down"—this is pretty grim. Basically a fire engine shows up and hooks up the hose and washes the blood off the street. It's just like a shrug of the shoulders as the blood floods the streets till it finds a sewer to drain into. Once you are at the morgue it's like a waiting game. You have to do paperwork and it usually takes upwards of 2 hours to get everything done. After we get out of the morgue I call home to tell my mom that I am ok. I tell her that it has been a busy night and we were actually on our way to a report of 4 males shot. Moms never like to hear these things but I let her know that the police are saying the call is bogus.

Bowers and I go back to where we sit and once again the night is pretty quiet. We can hear other units getting jobs over the radio. We all get our share of calls, but for some reason today has been all violent jobs. Bowers and I do some run of the mill sick jobs, typical bullshit sick jobs—"my baby's sick," "my belly hurts," and "my baby no cookie 2 days," you do them like you would any other job. In truth sometimes it's really easy, you pack them up in the ambulance, get some information from them and then you don't have to say another word to them. We just

walk them into the ER waiting room and have the nurse sign our paper. I don't play their bullshit game. I tell them that someone is dying somewhere because they are too lazy to take care of themselves.

In my 25—soon to be 26—years on this earth no one in my family or on my street has been in an ambulance. But out here ambulances are free taxis whenever needed. We are a "cabulance" if you will. "My baby is sick, she has a fever." Ok, "What is her temperature?" "I don't know, I don't have a thermometer." "How was she this afternoon when the doctor's office was open?" "I don't know I wasn't awake!" This is the bullshit! The hospitals are filled to the seams with bullshit. So much bullshit that they don't know what to do sometimes. Most people that don't feel well will give it a few days to get better or go see a doctor if it gets worse. Not out here... man, they call the second they fart wrong. If I wake up with a headache maybe I will sleep a bit longer or drink some juice and take a warm shower... Nope, they roll over and call 911. It's over abused and ridiculous.

00:28: Bowers and I hear over the radio reports of 3 males shot. 911 calls are being called in from multiple addresses so they have to send units to them all. Bowers and I are listening to the police radio so we know where the actual victims are. We are not assigned the job but we race over to the location and put ourselves flagged for the job. 39D, 39E, 44V, 44X, 39C and C39 are all on scene. 44V, Bowers and I have a 20y/o male shot once in the abdomen. 39E have a 13 y/o male shot in the arm and shoulder. 39C has a 17 y/o shot in the leg and buttocks. 44X has the grandmother of the 20 y/o having a heart attack. Our guy is in the worst shape; gunshots do strange things to your insides. When the bullet hits you it tumbles around inside so unless it exits from the body you don't know what it has torn through. I don't know how our guy made out. We got him to the hospital and he went to surgery. Bowers and I just get our paper signed and walk away. Bowers and I are burnt out now so we head back to the station. On our way back to the station we go past the scene to see yet another fire engine doing a wash down. Again a New York City Street runs bright with the red. I wash my hands, go home and my lie begins.

*"I want to tell you lies. I want to tell that little boy, his Mom will be just fine I want to tell that dad, we got his daughter out in time. I want to tell that wife, her husband will be home tonight I don't want to tell it like it is, I want to tell them lies. You didn't put their seat belts on, you feel you killed your kids I want to say you didn't ... but in a way, you did. You pound your fists into my chest, you're hurting so inside I want to say you'll be okay, I want to tell you lies. You left chemicals within his reach, and now it's in his eyes I want to say your son will see, not tell you he'll be blind. You ask me if he'll be okay, with pleading in your eyes I want to say that yes he will, I want to tell you lies. I can see you're crying, as your life goes up in smoke. If you'd maintained that smoke alarm, your children may have woke. Don't grab my arm and ask me if your family is alive. Don't make me tell you they're all dead, I want to tell you lies. I want to say she'll be okay, you didn't take her life. I hear you say you love her and you'd never hurt your*

*wife. You thought you didn't drink too much, you thought that you could drive. I don't want to say how wrong you were, I want to tell you lies. You only left her for a moment, it happens all the time. How could she have fell from there? You thought she couldn't climb. I want to say her neck's not broke, that she will be just fine. I don't want to say she's paralyzed, I want to tell you lies. I want to tell this teen, his buddies didn't die in vain, because he thought that it'd be cool, to try to beat that train. I don't want to tell him this will haunt him all his life, I want to say that he'll forget, I want to tell him lies. You left the cabinet open and your daughter found the gun. Now you want me to undo, the damage that's been done. You tell me she's your only child, you say she's only five. I don't want to say she won't see six, I want to tell you lies. He fell into the pool, when you just went to grab the phone. It was only for a second, that you left him there alone. If you let the darn phone ring, perhaps your boy would be alive. But I don't want to tell you that, I want to tell you lies. The fact that you were speeding, caused that car to overturn and we couldn't get them out of there, before the whole thing burned. Did they suffer? Yes, they suffered, as they slowly burned alive. But I don't want to say those words; I want to tell you lies. But I have to tell it like it is, until my shift is through and then the real lies begin, when I come home to you. You ask me how my day was, and I say it was just fine. I hope you understand, sometimes I have to tell you lies."*  
—Author unknown.

Did anyone know that Goodfellas took place in East New York?:

I have to tell you that not everyday is so filled with violence but far too often they are. Everyone shot this day were members of the Bloods. Recently the police broke up 5 gangs that controlled the Cypress Hill houses and surrounding areas. The gangs The Front Boys, The Rough Riders, The Little A-Team, The EU Boys, for Euclid Avenue, and an EU Boys off-shoot group, the FEUF Gang, for Fountain and Euclid Forever all the gangs were run La Cosa Nostra-style with captains, lieutenants, and enforcers just like the Mafia. The thought is that all the hits on the Bloods were in retaliation for the bust. Or they are a pre-emptive strike against the Bloods to make sure they do not try to take over the other areas controlled by the busted gangs. As far as we know all the guys hit played key roles in the Bloods' organization, with the exceptions of the 13 and 17 year olds.

After all this I still have to live a normal home life. I am still the same person that I was when I came onto this job, just a little older, a little wiser, and a whole lot less innocent. From a hardcore kids point of view I think most of us have an innocent view on things. We tackle global issues and worry about what picket sign to pick up next. Most people go unaware of the war in there own backyard. Not far over that fence people are dying.

I am not kidding you did anyone know that the movie Goodfellas (the story of Henry Hill and the Mafia) with Ray Liota, Robert Deniro and Joe Pesci took place where I work? It's crazy how much the demographic has changed. The same crime organizations, just a different face to it. No one ever believes me when I tell them about the movie connection.



*If I could erect, a monument. To my inability:*

You see I love hardcore/punk. It's all I know it's who I am. But there was a time when everyone ran around with the PC witch trials, "new day... next boycott" I got turned off to just about everything that was going on. I know that in my band we did our best to piss off all the PC types. Murdock would come to town and play. We would be loud, in your face and call everyone out on there shit. Many a time people would flood out of the venue wanting to fight us. We never compromised what we had to say or what we felt and we still don't. Some bands say when you cease to be effective you should break up. Murdock has taken a back seat to many things these days. Work, school, and for some of us marriage but we still feel that we need to keep playing. We need to keep making music together, 5 friends against the world. We have a need to be under people's skin. We are like bad pennies, we keep coming back. Many people many not even know who we are but to some degree that's the way we like it. It sucks sometimes trying to get records out or trying to get shows. But we always like strolling into a town that doesn't know who we are and break down walls "Another familiar face takes its sorrowful place lined up on the opposing side. These numbered days may drag us down, but at least we'll know we tried." — Torches To Rome. I can not begin to tell you what an effect this music has had on me. If it's playing a show or going to see a band that I just love... I feel new, this never gets old to me. "At its base it would read 'I am sorry.'"

I love this life and I plan to do what I can with it. You are only as old as you feel and Hardcore keeps me feeling like I am thirteen years old. Feel alive with high fives and stage dives. I am going to "stay young until I die."

Frank Stapelfeldt/115 Elmwood Avenue/Staten Island, New York 10308-2637; pispinnox@aol.com

"LOVE IS STRONGER THEN DEATH...FOR THOSE I LOVE I WILL SACRIFICE" 09-11-01 BOX 55-8087 never forget our 343 brothers. We will not leave you behind.



Jonathan  
Lee

*Another Friend Lost (We Love You and Will Never Forget):*

You never think you're going to lose your friends or family—especially not by being murdered. It's just something so surreal that it never really crosses your mind and if it did it's just too unreasonable to register. But recently all of us in Memphis lost a great friend and a member of our community due to murder.

John Stambaugh was someone I met in

Junior High. He was this goofy and energetic kid, a few years younger than me, but was real interested in punk... probably the only other kid at my school that was. It took no time for us to become great friends. All through high school we were pretty close. We did 'zines together and I'd play him new records I'd gotten that I thought he'd enjoy. After a while he decided to start his own 'zine called *Cool Motif* that was full of his strange drawings and great sense of humor. We'd go to shows and dance, just having the best time—and long after High School I could at least count on that. But fuck, now I just don't know what to write.

I can go through story after story in my head and I've been doing that a lot... reliving the past, but it doesn't make this any more real. A week before his death, John had been at my house at a show I had done. He was there dancing like he always was, not giving a fuck if anyone else there thought he was silly. He was just John. A true and lovable individual despite all his human flaws... he was just this energy you enjoyed being around. It made you smile. It made you laugh. It made you forget about all the shit out there and someone had to stomp it out, take him away.

I had just a few months before lost my friend Thom and was learning to deal with that loss, but one morning while I was at work at the library I got that phone call and dialed more to follow it. I can't really remember what was said more than just how much I cried—how much I cried despite my office, my co-workers, my boss, my friends and family on the other end of that line. I left and did all I could do and that was nothing but be around the people I loved that loved John as well. If anything I've learned that's the best thing you can do—be around as many others that you can feeling the same way. At first it was terrible but you just couldn't help remembering how amazing John was and just laughing about things he had or would have said.

But nonetheless, John Stambaugh had been murdered at 2188 Young Ave. while delivering his last pizza of the evening on September 8<sup>th</sup>. The woman he had delivered to had found him hours later, slumped over his steering wheel, shot and dead, with the doors locked and the motor running. No amount of money could justify such a thing. No amount of crying was going to bring him back. And after his housemates had spent all night looking for him they had to find out on the news early that morning. We were helpless.

We decided to go out and do something though, to make sure people didn't forget John. The Cooper and Young Street Festival was coming up so Matt, Sam, Zach, Becky, and myself went and made stencils, bought spray paint, and went around the neighborhood putting up messages. I even made a stencil of John's face that we all put up with our messages. But we weren't the only ones. All sorts of people connected to John put

up banners and spray painted other messages along with putting up flyers and such. The media saw it and covered it extensively in the area, every news station, every paper had articles and pictures about John and his mysterious friends that would never forget him. After a while we also spread out and hit other areas of Memphis like the University.

The Memphis community then came together and rallied around John's death. In a months time \$25,000 dollars was donated for John's crime stoppers reward fund. And everyone was giving. Parents of friends, students at the University, paper readers who had never met John before in their lives. We even threw a benefit show for it with Against Me and Lucero. It was amazing. Still they have yet to find the shooter but they now have a few good leads.

At this point all we can do is remember and celebrate the wonderful being that was with us just a short time. Hold your friends close and celebrate the time you have with them. Life is short, maybe sometimes cheap, but always worth every moment we have. I love you John, we all do—thank you so much for being our friend.

#### **Dangers of Pizza Delivery:**

Pizza delivery has been a punk rock job in Memphis for as long as I can remember and I've never heard anyone coming away from it without some fucked up story. Working for pizza companies can be extremely dangerous especially due to certain ridiculous company policies:

- + All drivers must put the light up company logo on top of their vehicles. (Makes drivers easy and visible targets.)

- + No driver is allowed to carry any weapon or other protective devices, including firearms, knives, etc. (I'm not a big fan of weapons but drivers should have the right to protect themselves.)

- + After doing a few runs, drivers must return to the station and drop off money. Never carry more than 30 dollars on your person at any time. (If drivers are being robbed, they aren't being robbed for much, which may anger the robber and escalate the

situation.)

- + If a driver is robbed while on the job, the lost money will come out of his or her paycheck. (This is above all the worst. If drivers can do nothing to prevent such robberies, then penalizing them by docking already low wages is absolutely ridiculous.)

In today's postindustrial economy, it's low paid and sometimes dangerous service industry jobs that are keeping people and families a float. Fucked up policies that workers and sometimes franchise owners have no control over are endangering lives and lower the cost of labor while increasing the final corporate gain. Think about it, do something about it.

#### **United States vs the World and Itself:**

*First of all...*

Congress finally authorized an attack



on Iraq. They voted in majority for giving President Bush the broad authority he'd been seeking to use military force to "take out" Iraqi leader Saddam Hussein. "The resolution gives Bush the power to use American military force to enforce United Nations orders that Saddam dispose of his weapons of mass destruction. It encourages Bush to seek UN cooperation in such a campaign but does not require it." In a concession to Democrats, the resolution encourages that all diplomatic means be exhausted before force is used, and requires reports to Congress every 60 days once action is taken. Nonetheless these additions seem meaningless when you look at the wide latitude this resolution gives Bush, giving him the authority to not only launch full-scale bombings but also troops on Iraqi soil.

The United States is always at war. The capitalist system it champions, both creates and is fueled by war, especially in this globalized world we live in. The US government launched a war against terrorism though they are the most notorious terrorists in history. While they bombed Afghanistan "searching" for terrorists, we helped protect and harbor terrorists in Saudi Arabia where we have a large number of troops stationed at various US bases. In fact it's our large presence in Saudi Arabia, our protective policies of Israel, and our ongoing sanctions against Iraq that have led up to 9/11 along with angering not only the Muslim world, but the Global one as well.

Many government officials have said things about how this new resolution is the best way to protect American. This idea is of course ridiculous. Not but a month ago many officials were adamantly against progressing a war in Iraq, possibly because of the extreme lack of support outside the States. Nonetheless the resolution was voted in right before election time, though many voters are opposed to the war as well. Strange contradictions? Remember this and every other policy/action in the Middle East revolves around oil and oil profits. Iraq was no match or threat against the US during the Gulf war and are even less so now.

Secondly...

The House overwhelmingly approved a compromised \$355.4 billion defense bill, a 11% defense hike, brimming with money for new weapons and granting President Bush most of the Pentagon buildup he requested following last year's terrorist attacks. The massive defense-spending package consists of one-sixth of the entire federal budget, cutting into all social programs including education, health care, and social security. This represents the absolute bipartisan support of a stronger military and an on going war. Remember that in the voter's booth this winter if you choose to be a part of the voting process.

The defense bill, for the new federal budget that started Oct. 1, represents a \$34 billion increase over last year. Bush sought \$367 billion originally but Democrats questioned if all that was needed. But a simple cut of \$12 billion seems laughable in the long run. Included in the bill was money for a 4.1 percent pay raise for military personnel, two more AEGIS destroyers, a new nuclear attack submarine, and nearly all of the \$7.4 billion Bush requested to keep developing a national missile defense system. This national

missile defense system is no different from the Star Wars program of the Reagan era. The simple fact is missile defense back then had been proven simply not to work and even with modern advances, considered impossible without unlimited spending cost.

Many supporters of the bill spoke briefly about a bonus boost in the economy. The truth is there is no such thing as a war time economy anymore. The majority of money invested in the warmachine is in products that are disposable, not reusable. Cluster bombs, patriot missiles, and warheads are all high-tech, made by machines, and do not create jobs. The money is spent with no possible direct return in any way. The only economic boost such spending creates is for corporations that make weapons fighting over large and expensive government contracts. So corporate America, no longer pulling much money back to the states due to their overseas production, sees any possible profits.

But still...

There has been huge protests world wide about the impending war. Thousands have come out to marches and demonstrations all over England and Italy. Many added in anti-war messages during the actions in Washington DC. Localized groups have done small gathering all over the United States. On October 6th, the first anniversary of the bombing of Afghanistan, Not In Our Name organized nationwide protests against the war in Iraq. Demonstrations were seen in communities large and small, ranging from tens of thousands of people in Central Park, NYC, to one hundreds of people in small cities. Some counts have included 85,000 people demonstrating during that weekend. Voices In The Wilderness are doing informational tours around the US informing people about issues related to Iraq.

I just don't know what the future holds for us, for all of us across the world, whose lives will be changed by global warfare. I can only hope for the best and expect the worst—the world is an ugly place and yet I still see beauty and hope...

NEVER FUCKING GIVE UP! Love is tireless... resistance unbreakable...

New address/contact info: Jonathan Lee/PO Box 3678/Memphis, TN 38173-0678; Diymemphis@aol.com; 901-529-8003



girlfriends and break hearts. You make people cynical and untrusting. You make people crazy. The next time I see you out at the bar, San

Francisco, there is gonna be trouble—and I don't care how many of your friends are there.

San Francisco, you have ruined my life.

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The Play List: 59 Times the Pain—Calling the Public, Against Me—Reinventing Axl Rose, The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—In Person at Carnegie Hall

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davecoker@slavemagazine.com

## Rahula Janowski

In my ideal world people share with each other. I do mean resources, like food, and shelter, and access and power, but I mean a lot more. I mean the sort of sharing where you show another person who you are, what you're really about, who is underneath the shell, the front, the facade. The sort of sharing that is also intense honesty, and that is associated with exposure and vulnerability in our screwed up society (our sub cultures aren't exempt).

I'm thinking about sharing because I spent part of the day reading a 'zine a friend of mine made, a 'zine that shares with such open intensity that it makes me cry; a 'zine that deals with some of the stuff most of us hide really deep, deeply enough that we can know someone long and well and not know these parts. The 'zine is mainly about gender identity and sexuality, and in addition to making me want to say thank you, it also makes me want to share about gender identity and sexuality. That's one of the great things about sharing; being shared with makes most people want to share, and the great thing about 'zines—really good 'zines spawn more 'zines.

Unless your sexuality and your gender identity match your biology and societally proscribed roles, sharing such things is scary. People die for it; for sharing, or showing, exposing who they are. And many people don't die from it but they suffer. We could fill a whole page with the crappy things we've come up with to call people whose gender and sexual identities aren't what they're "supposed" to be; but we won't, will we? We're all better trained than that; but many of us still walk around with prejudices and stereotypes and expectations around gender and sexuality, even those of us who don't fit in the approved boxes, even those of us who still haven't figured out which box is ours.

Earlier in my pregnancy, Jeff and I decided we would find out the biological gender of our baby when we got an ultrasound. At least one of our friends challenged us on this; she seemed to feel that by finding out early we would somehow be more likely to lock into prescribed gender roles, be more likely to dress our baby all in blue or all in pink. She talked about how it's a challenge to not refer to a child she knows as "he" or "she." Yeah, it is a challenge because the only other common pronoun our language has is "it," and that's another term that has been used to dehumanize gender queers and gender outlaws. We felt that we wanted to do everything we could to bond with this baby ahead of time. The loss of



our son is still fresh in our minds. And when this baby is born, we will all know what her biological gender is, and we will use the accepted pronoun. And I am convinced that that is not enough to automatically lock her into a gender role.

At one point I said that if people wanted to know our baby's gender, they'd have to change her diaper. Kind of a dual effect—challenging the importance of knowing if a baby is a boy or girl, while encouraging (coercing) our friends into lending a hand. More recently, after reading some Leslie Finberg, I came up with the idea of answering queries about our baby's gender by saying, "Our baby is biologically female, but we're going to have to wait until she's a bit older to find out what her gender expression is."

And of course we are not going to dress our baby like a mini Barbie or Strawberry Shortcake (anyone remember her?), and of course we are going to raise her to be strong in herself. I got a book called Things Will Be Different For My Daughter, written by mainstream feminists; it covers how to make her a strong woman but certainly doesn't cover how to raise her to feel comfortable determining and expressing her own gender identity and sexuality. But refusing to allow her to wear pink, if she so chooses, will not do that either. Refusing to acknowledge that she is biologically female won't do that either. I'm pretty convinced that the major way kids learn is by observation. The examples set by me, and by Jeff, and by other adults in our life, will teach our daughter far more about gender expression, roles, and sexuality than any artificially constructed behaviors, or clever comebacks to annoying questions (which I may still do, for fun and to make little statements where I can).

And sharing is part of this, too. I hope that as my child grows, we continue to have people of many genders and expressions in our lives, and I hope that they will share with her. I hope that she will feel unafraid to ask someone if they're a girl or boy, and why? I fantasize about my daughter being the one in the playground who explains to all the other preschoolers that you don't have to be a boy or a girl based on your genitalia, but that it's entirely up to you, and you can be both, or neither. Ah, yes, imagine the angry phone calls from distraught parents, and the opportunity for teaching moments that will give me! But as much as she can learn from our gender queer friends, her primary examples of gender expression are likely to be her parents.

So for me this brings up the question, do I need to figure out my gender identity and sexuality right now, real quick, before my daughter gets to be old enough to ask questions? Because I am one of those people who just can't find a box to get into. On the surface I'm sure this makes little sense to most who know me and my partner. My days of androgyny are gone, gone with my gaunt and underfed body (nothing like curves to blow your ambiguity). I'm more het than not. I even have long hair now; and hell, I'm having a baby, with a man who I've been in a primary relationship with for over five years. Pretty straightforward, eh? But every time I think I have finally figured out my sexual preference, I go and hook up with someone who doesn't match it. Every time I figure out my gender identity, I hear a new definition or explanation which throws it all into question again. Through the examples

and writings of gender queers and gender outlaws, I've learned that who you fuck doesn't determine your gender identity, and your gender identity doesn't determine your sexuality or your preferences. I am comfortable with my biology; but I'm not comfortable with my gender role. It is not consistent with my proscribed gender role for me to assert myself loudly and confidently, to argue with men, to ignore and disrespect older men. I am just not impressed by the guys; and with a few notable exceptions, have a deep, general and overarching dislike of men. I'm not femme. But I'm not really butch either, and I question that binary construction (and the idea that only queer folks are butch or femme; so called straight people are various too...). It could be said that what I'm talking about is traditional feminism; the right of women to be tough, "ball busters," I believe was one term used. But I feel more comfortable with the idea that this is not a feminist assertion but a challenge to gender roles. I am biologically female, AND my gender identity is female, but what does that say about my nature or how I should act? Nothing.

I have been warned repeatedly that our daughter may well CHOOSE to wear pink and be femmie; that she may want Barbies. If I am serious about allowing her to explore and determine, and then express, her own unique gender identity, that means that pink is also okay (and I will have to hide my unease). Even though I am far from having figured out all of my own gender issues, I hope that my example of female, but not femme or girly or ladylike, is as useful as the variety expressed by my friends and community. And sharing comes in here as well—sharing my struggles and thoughts, when she is old enough to understand; showing by example that in addition to it being absolutely ok to have a gender identity and or a sexuality that "doesn't match" your biology, it is also okay to just not be sure, and to question and explore and change your own identity.

So for me two things will probably be different when this issue hits the press. The U.S. will have most likely declared war on Iraq (as if we'd ever stopped warring on Iraq), and my baby will probably have been born. It's an interesting juxtaposition. Nobody has said to me, "How can you bring a child into this world?" but people have said, "Wow, I could never bring a child into this world..." which I think is a sort of sideways way of asking, what are you thinking?

My partner and I got pregnant on purpose. We talked about it, considered it, and decided. We are not polyannas, we are probably a bit more cynical and gloomy than your average person, and we are very aware of how fucked up the world is. Nonetheless, that was never really a part of our decision. The factors we weighed were more along the lines of are we stable enough? Can we afford a baby right now? Have we finished grieving our son, or grieved enough to be ready for another pregnancy? I think that the world has always (all through history) been on the verge of destruction. And in the long view, it's pretty quick, 1500 years or so isn't much in the life of a planet; our rush to destruction is lightening fast on a planetary scale. But there could be another two, five, ten generations of humans surviving on this planet. There could even be some sort of a change... revolution even,

two or five or ten generations out. It feels to me that to say, we can't have children because the world is fucked, is to say, I give up, there is no hope. And even though I often feel pretty hopeless, pretty nihilistic, I look at the choices I've made and I realize I do have hope. I have hope that my daughter and others of her generation might be able to make the difference that my generation has not yet made.

I wonder if my daughter will ever live in a peaceful world. I hope so; but I'm skeptical. Her father and I never have; born into the cold war, every day of my life we have been perched on the brink of destruction. And yet, there have been wonderful times in my life, there has been beauty and love and learning and fun. Even though the world is getting weirder and scarier, even though things may be harder for my daughter, I don't doubt that she too will find love, and beauty, and wonder and learning and fun in her life.

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## Crimethinc. ©\$!

Despite all our proclamations to the contrary, revolution was still a mere concept for us, a fantasy future—the social revolution, when we would put into practice at last all those abstractions about transforming life; the personal revolution, when we would finally love ourselves as we were and live life like it really was ending one minute at a time. Calling for mass actions in the name of total liberation, we still hesitated to speak to one another about our dearest dreams; defacing diet billboards, decrying patriarchal propaganda, we still put off coming to terms with our own bodies, still wondered if it wouldn't be easier just to lose that weight than somehow persuade ourselves it was beautiful. All those declarations, those fables of revolution—perhaps they were just stuff and nonsense: such concepts spring from the psychological needs of those who trade in them at least as much as from any insight into what is desirable or possible. Looking at the concepts we created, the revolution we spoke of, it seems we needed to be in unreciprocated love with some apocalyptic event (just as many of us were, not coincidentally, with people) at least as much as we actually needed or expected one. This longing suffused everything with meaning, but it also made everything bearable—when we'd once felt, and still continued to insist, that it was all unbearable.

We had found ways of surviving, after all: we, who prided ourselves on our intransigence, who had lived through moments when it seemed the old order was truly crumbling and had pledged ourselves to defend and extend these or die trying, we too found ways to bide time and lose ourselves in routine, albeit a routine of resistance. We developed our own rituals to commemorate the ghosts of insurrections past, and slowly, famished for something tangible to live on, came to mistake these formalities for liberation itself.

Meanwhile, whether we were paying attention or not, little sparks of revolution



continued to shoot through the lives of the civilians around us. Yes, revolution: the electricity would go out on a street, and neighbors who had never met would find themselves marveling at the stars together. Revolution: a child would witness, for the first time, exultant crowds filling the streets after his favorite team won a football game; and for that precious hour, as strangers embraced like fast friends and benches were torn from bus stops to feed bonfires, his world was suffused with a magic possibility that seemed as natural as it was new. Revolution: a couple would fall deeply in love, into the kind of love that makes everything that came before seem like a mere shadow of living—and, peering into one another's eyes one morning until the solipsism dropped away and the fact of another's thinking, feeling existence became almost palpable, would suddenly be gripped by the wild idea that in an alternate world one might look out across the rooftops and feel that grateful for everyone's existence.

To those who were not fortunate or unfortunate enough to be counted in our ranks, who felt repressed from all sides at once in a way they couldn't even begin to articulate, to whom these restraints seemed to be forces of nature—to these people, as it once had to us, revolution manifested itself above all as a shaking off of reality, a system shock, a cleansing chaos. For those who had lived their whole lives under the burdens of toil, police, self-recrimination, it seemed the aftereffects of this repression could only be escaped by means of a transfiguring experience: perhaps one had to awaken, as the more privileged among us had been lucky enough to, under different constellations, surrounded by beautiful foreigners, to feel ready to revel, risk, revolt. But there were not enough foreign lands to accommodate all the individuals who needed this experience, nor ways to get them there: we would have to conjure them here, somehow, on domestic soil.

Pondering how to accomplish this, I began to suspect that the culture we revolutionaries had developed was not so revolutionary after all, that there might be more liberation going on during one of those power outages than there was in a hundred of our spokescouncil meetings. We had worked so hard to develop ways of interacting freely, had refined a complex system of cultural norms and models of conduct—all this, in order to be free of the old ones! Yet our anarchist protocol could feel as alienating as any other. Perhaps what we needed most was not new mores so much as more volatile situations, seeds which could contain any number of starting points. If someone could create a situation no one could believe, it might do a lot more to create anarchy than any activism by-the-numbers. If someone could do so in an infectious way—well then! Perhaps capital-R Revolution after all!

That revolution is, in fact, taking place today—it is always taking place, though it usually has little to do with our rhetoric. It is simply the rupture point, the fault line running through every society. It is the threshold over which people pass into believing in miracles, for lack of a better word—and, in that state of grace, find themselves able to enact them, to change things that were immutable before. Sooner or later, they return from across that frontier, even if they arrive as

“committed lifelong activists”—and all the worse, really, for a people to be burdened with a class of activists who no longer honestly believe in miracles! One must be a real romantic, a maniac who trusts in fairy tales more than reality, to remain long beyond that horizon, let alone expect the world to join her there. But that—believing in the unbelievable—is what it will take for our dreams to come true, is what makes such dreams possible at all.

So we would-be revolutionaries, if we would be revolutionaries, must find those fault lines in ourselves and trace them to the corresponding fissures in our civilization. And—more than that—we must live in such a way that miracles are not unthinkable for us. We have everything to learn from the family that experiences an unfamiliar pleasure in responding to a sudden crisis, or the dropout who discovers that pure sailing free joy that human beings are capable of—that is our birthright and should be where the dead stares on the subwaybound daytoilers' faces are. That some yet persist from one day to the next, believing in miracles in a world that denies all magic and mystery, is itself the greatest of miracles: and proof that we can, in fact, do anything.

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This is a rejected draft from a new project we just completed, a free paper entitled “Fighting For Our Lives” which, in language much more specific and straightforward than the self-indulgent ramblings above, endeavors to introduce the basic concepts of anarchy—mutual aid, direct action, self-determination—to a broad audience. Anarchy, that is, not anarchism—this isn't about the bearded guys, it's about what is already anarchic in everyday human life... and could be more so, with a little push! This paper is intended to be more accessible than *Harbinger* (or your average class war pamphlet, for that matter), and to be distributed as thoroughly as the fucking corporate propaganda it exists to combat. Accordingly, it's free from us in any quantity: go to [www.crimethinc.com](http://www.crimethinc.com) to make a request by email, or write us at CrimethInc, Far East/PO Box 1963/Olympia, WA 98507/USA. Please do get a heap of them to give away in your area, if that sort of thing sounds exciting to you. Donations to cover postage always help. You can also find a selection of poster designs and so on at that website to use in street decorations to counter the media monopoly of the Bush Administration's terror war in your community. We'll have more ammunition for the struggle available shortly, probably before this hits print.

Always trying to smash out of the existing paradigm, your friendly neighborhood action group (C.W.C. Labor Union of the Unemployed, Local 522).

## Casey Boland

*Some things happen that make you feel like you're getting old*

1.

We sat around the massive maple table, a view of the city just past the window. A blizzard

of documents accumulated in front of us like snowdrifts in Alaska. Suzanne typed away at a speed only a course in typing could nurture. She sat in front of us at her computer, a phone headset wrapped tight across her short black hair, very au courant in the business world. I had no clue what her role in this madness was. I had no real clue as to what my function was in this office on the eighth floor of a Walnut Street high-rise. Oh yeah, my girlfriend was next to me making the final arrangement on purchasing a house.

The entire situation barely hinted at the enormity of what occurred. I sat there, bored and yawning, hoping to swallow down some breaths of air-conditioned air to juice the endorphins and wake myself up. To no avail. She took care of everything, signed the forms, made the small talk. I smiled dumbly and thought about reading or playing music or something. Chris arrived. He was the realtor, the proud taker of my girlfriend's money for his company's part in publicizing the house and... well, ya got me on what else they did worth the \$7,000 they received. But Chris was jovial. He reminded me of my uncle: diminutive, witty, comical, the dictionary definition of Irish.

Chris extended a hand. “Nice to meet you,” he beamed. I responded in kind. He went around the room, joking and making snide comments. I smirked and chortled along, feigning amusement. It was a tough job, putting on this normal guy front when inside I felt like I was from another planet.

Then it hit like a fist to the groin: I am involved in the purchasing of a house. An entire house, four walls (well, lots of walls), a roof, basement, attic, mortgage, water bill. What the hell was I doing here?

One hour later and the keys were placed in the hand of my girlfriend. She plunked down a sizable chunk of life savings and received a 30-year mortgage. Christ, 30 years. I haven't even been alive for 30 years. Could I see myself 56 years old and living in a fixer-upper in the middle of West Philly? These were troubling thoughts.

We drove straight to the house. Inside, the rooms laughed at us. They knew just how much toil lay ahead. What would follow would be a month of non-stop construction work; I'm talking serious manual labor: dry wall, demolition, painting, plumbing, electricity, the fucking works. It caused me to eschew any desire of ever entering the ranks of the blue-collar worker. Boland Electric? Not any time soon. And dry wall? Think hours trying desperately to affix a long, heavy slab of 1/2 inch gypsum wall board to the ceiling joists as insulation falls like snow into your eyes, the 2 inch dry wall screws fall down or go crooked, and the muscles just plain give out. Then there is the spackling and taping. And then my friend we have the hours of joy associated with sanding and you haven't known the meaning of shit until you've enjoyed the fun of sanding. Then you lather on some more joint compound. And then sand a-fucking-gain. Sounds like a party, eh?

Five months later and two bathrooms remain to be completed. The exterior walls need repainting. Steve's gotta deal with the ex-kitchen on the third floor (complete with unusable stove and sink). The porch and its roof near collapse. Who knows if the heating system works (autumn



and winter loom ominously). At least we semi-repaired one exterior wall to keep the birds and squirrels out. But it is our house, well, her house. 2.

"Alright, everybody smile big." He aimed the camera at us, firing off shots like a machine gun. He got us from different angles. We maintained the same pose. It felt ridiculous but amusing. How often could any still shot capture the five of us together in tuxedos (or really nice dress clothes in my case)? "We're gonna have to put this one on the cover of our next LP," someone joked. Then it hit me like a root canal without novocaine: the drummer of my band was getting married, hitched, tying the knot, a guy my age.

Somewhere along the dark and lonely road of life, some Homo Sapiens deem it necessary to find a mate. Sometimes such species choose to consummate their romantic relationship in a state/religion-sanctioned marriage. Now I'm not one to knock any such methods of fortifying a relationship. But I never experienced my friends getting taking the plunge—people my age.

We endured the photographer and returned to the reception. The smiling groom's wife's immense family dominated the dance floor. If anyone tells you that Filipinos don't know how to party, you tell them they're dead wrong. Especially middle-aged and elderly Filipinos, cuz man, they were tearing up the dance floor like it was going out of business. The cover band rocked out the hits of the '50s through the '90s and the hips were 'a swiveling. Me, being the outgoing dude I am, remained glued to my seat. Sure, my girlfriend tried to coax me out, to dance along to Pink's "Get the Party Started," but I steadfastly resisted such entreaties. I just soaked in the atmosphere and mulled over the idea that hey, I'm of that age when marriage is considered undeniably plausible and pretty goddamn likely.

Soon the singer of the band (after attempting to uproot the wallflowers like me and toss us onto the dance floor... in vain of course) announced that it would be that special moment when the bride and groom dance. So we got to see the groom, the record label mogul and drummer virtuoso, slow dance to U2's "All I Want Is You." Not an entirely unacceptable tune for a wedding, I might add. True, Rattle and Hum is not one of our Irish heroes' finer moments. Anyone besides me see that movie? I mean, they made a fucking movie all about themselves. In that dreadful period when they were obsessed with classic R & B and blues. At age 13 I rented that flick and fell asleep through barely twenty minutes of it. Not that the Zooropa era was any better, with bug-eyed Bono and hipster-fied Edge (how can you not be a hipster when your name is The Edge? What kind of asshole calls himself The Edge anyway??? And he's not even straight edge, c'mon man!). Be that as it may, I watched as the groom slow danced as best he could.

Not one of us guys in there couldn't not be thinking: what if that was us? Marriage is still not something that interests me. Yet it's going on all around me. It seems like yesterday that my peers were passing notes in class and begging friends to tell friends of that special someone that we "like" them.

3.

"Dude, at my funeral there's gonna be

lots of girls man, you wait and see Case," Spoon joked. "Yeah," replied Jay, "All the elementary school girls." It was factually correct—Spoon did date a fair share of who were much younger than himself. Perhaps not in the single digits, but younger than his age. I chuckled. The two of these guys together always made for laughs, both being polar opposites. Yet they usually coalesced when it came down to it. We sat at the front in the funeral home, the casket not much more than twelve feet in front of us. Various rounds of whispering and sniffing echoed behind us. A quiet orchestral dirge played over the speakers arranged around the room.

Then I remembered that my brother lay in that casket.

It still didn't make a heck of a lot of sense. Vivid memories of that morning flew in and out of my head. My girlfriend waking me up, exclaiming "Your mom's on the phone. Bobby's dead." Me thinking 'Bobby? The electrician?' We never called my brother 'Bobby,' no, it was Bob. Bobby did work on installing our ceiling fan the day before. He was a thick robust man from South Philly. He wore a cast. "How'd ya get that?" my girlfriend asked. "Aw, ya know. Bar fight," he drawled in that South Philly accent words on paper will never adequately describe. That was Bobby.

But as I shook the sleep from my head, I knew that was not the Bobby my mom called about.

I looked at him, laying still in the coffin. He seemed uncomfortable. Pissed off. And that would be his style. I half imagined him hopping up and laughing, maybe shouting, "Ha ha—I fooled ya all. I'm still alive." Or him laying there in death and thinking "Fuck man, I don't want to be dead. And especially looking like shit!"

My pals Spoon and Arthur Vance joined me in support. I needed them. Not that the situation had really affected me yet. Shock still infected my system. "He can't really be dead," I kept thinking. He is 37. He works as a manager at a TGI Fridays. He travels around to see Phish. He has a great (though younger than me) girlfriend. He can't be dead.

I ran the story over in my head for the millionth time. My mom finding him in his room (he lived at home), sitting up in front of the computer. Him looking asleep. The police and detectives and paramedics and county coroner and the questions. The small blurb in the police blotter mentioning him by name and "suspected drug overdose." The empty room.

He was 37 years old. I was 26 years old. I felt suddenly so vulnerable and old. I felt like I was wasting every second. Every second he no longer had. Yet I knew that age was abstract and meaningless. I could die too that second and it wouldn't matter. What did matter was making the most out of every minute, every action, every exhale. I made a silent promise to my brother and myself not to squander any more of my life, least of all on fretting over age and the cruel dragging of time.

Sometimes heads of state do some seriously stupid shit

I plunked the time card into the machine. It was break time. And the break room at work boasts a TV, usually set to "Cops" or soap operas. Yet someone left it on CNN. It

broadcasted yet another report about Bush and Iraq. Two co-workers began commenting on what they saw. "Man, that guy's full 'a shit. I wouldn't go to war for him. Fuck that," the short guy with the mop spat. Another one sitting down concurred, "I hear that. He don't know what he is talkin' about. You hear what he says? He's a goddamn idiot." Then the other one stated, "Look, you know he knows bin Laden. They all sayin' 'Where's bin Laden?' Man, Bush has a direct line with bin Laden. They probably talkin' right now." Whatever the factualness is of that last point, my coworkers' discussion reinforces the fact that many people are not buying into Bush's desire for more war.

There's been a lot of tough talk lately from our beloved president against Iraq. There's been a healthy dose of tough talk from the heartier of our politicians since Bush the Senior opted to obliterate a few hundred thousand innocent people back in 1991. Where has all of this talk and barely acknowledged low-grade warfare gotten us all? Iraq is a nation on the verge of total collapse. The populace gasps its last breaths. The government exploits threats of U.S. aggression to serve their own ends. Sanctions stipulated by the UN (though with firm backing from the U.S.) have caused what several human rights agencies call in unequivocal terms a genocide. And now Baby Bush graces my TV every day and that newspaper I read at work and never buy each morning. He demands war, bloodshed, carnage, and serious asskicking, because what is America good for if not doling out some seriously ill asskicking? I flip on the radio in my car (the tape deck died—a true travesty) and hear predictable cookie cutter Man chest-beating dick-waving shock jocks slur "kick their ass and take their gas." But how many are asking why? Many, especially key players in power, that can affect if, when and where the bombs will drop. Yet the U.S. seems set on an unstoppable course towards war. It appears Bush can't decide if he wants "regime change" or weapons inspections. Yet we know what he really wants: to vicariously play Rambo as his boys go in guns ablazing.

Now I concede that the general readership of this fine publication either knows the facts about such political matters as Iraq or plain out don't give a fuck. If you've gotten this far, I suppose you have some interest or know me. Either way, let's look at the basics. I'm not Noam Chomsky and I don't write for *The Nation*, so I'll flesh out the details as best I can in my hackneyed, amateur fashion.

Iraq is a complicated and diverse situation. I can't even pretend to know all that much about it and I certainly cannot describe it all in a part of a column. People get PhDs and write volumes of books on topics like these. Many leftist writers comment on the sanctions, which are indeed horrifying in their impact on the lives of every Iraqi. What I want to tackle this time around is the issue of weapons inspectors and Iraq's alleged possession of weapons of mass destruction. The principal complaint of our president is supposed to be Hussein's ability to nuke the world. One would surmise then that if weapons inspectors were allowed to inspect, then the problem would be averted. The skeptical among us are quick to believe that Bush and the U.S. government has more on its mind than that.



Look at it like this: Osama is old news. No one really cares about him now. Maybe he's taking a sabbatical, maybe the U.S. killed him. Either way, ratings are slipping, approval polls dipping. Bush needs a new engine to revive hunger for war among the general populace (and even the government, since many politicians criticize Bush's position on Iraq). This brings us to that ever-loyal whipping boy Saddam. He's been a trusty punching bag since Bush's daddy sent in the troops back in '91. The U.S. has routinely bombed Iraq since, and the sanctions have done more to cause suffering and death on a scale little seen in the modern age. We don't usually hear about how Iraq was one of the most industrialized and advanced Middle Eastern countries prior to the Gulf War. Few can now rival it on a scale of degradation and despair. But again, this is grist for another column.

Let me first introduce you to my friends Scott Ritter, David Albright and their foe Dr. Khidir Hamza. When it comes to U.S. policy on Iraq, most of it is based on Hamza. Why is this dude you never heard of such a bigwig to policymakers down in DC? He was the alleged head of Iraq's nuclear weapons program (he claims this position, though many counter that he never held such a high role). In 1990 he retired and in '94 he defected to the greener pastures of the U.S. Hamza is the smoking gun for U.S. politicians: he says he saw firsthand the creation of these weapons, since he oversaw their construction.

Yet many contend the Doctor expounds on matters he possesses no knowledge about. Enter Ritter. He served as Chief UN weapons inspector as well as a U.S. Marine Intelligence Officer. Ritter asserts that Hamza is a "fraud." Having been to Iraq, Ritter maintains that Hamza lies about his information as well as his standing in the Iraqi intelligentsia. Other Iraqi defectors offer tales similar to Hamza's regarding weapons creation. Ritter responds that such stories are "crap." UN weapons inspector Terry Taylor clarifies this by stating defectors often exaggerate their amount of knowledge in order to obtain jobs and protection from the U.S. government.

David Albright is also a weapons inspector, but in no way related to that other

Albright. Hamza's former mentor was Albright (Dave, not Madeline). Albright remarks that his former mentoree exaggerates information and that his information is riddled with technical flaws.

The source of Iraqi defectors is usually the Iraqi National Congress. This was established in the early '90s with massive assistance from the CIA and a healthy cash injection from the U.S. State Department. Hence, the INC is the U.S.'s chief source of information, information conducive to and supportive of existing policy. Many criticize the INC as being nothing more than a front for the CIA. Essentially, detractors argue, the INC creates defectors to lavish upon the U.S. the good news it wants to hear.

Let us move next to this issue of the ousted weapons inspectors. Media opinion in the U.S. has it that Hussein threw out UNSCOM back in '98; this is what supposedly precipitated a U.S. assault upon Iraq in December of that year (which, we should recall, was right after Clinton neared impeachment for his extra-governmental liaisons with interns). Yet what we often do not hear or read of is the fact that the UN weapons inspectors were pulled out of Iraq by chief weapons inspector Richard Butler prior to Operation Desert Fox (who devises these catchy titles for military assaults anyway?). Voices in the Wilderness, a progressive group working to inhibit the U.S. push for the total annihilation of Iraq, states: "According to Butler's own records, his team of weapons inspectors made numerous unimpeded visits the week before the December bombing." Butler even admitted "taking cues" from the U.S. the week prior to the bombing.

This is all ignoring the fact that U.S. policy has been "regime change" since the Gulf War. Iraq is not oblivious. It knew the team of weapons inspectors would be staffed primarily with U.S. and British spies (the U.S. admits it used UNSCOM to spy though it previously denied this). The top aid to the Secretary General of the UN said, "The United Nations cannot be a party to an operation to overthrow one of its member states. In the most fundamental way, that is what's wrong with the UNSCOM operation."

This isn't to say Iraq did not attempt to circumvent weapons inspections. But most experts, analysts, and inspectors state that the Iraqi

government did comply in the destruction of its weapons. Ritter says, "The UN never found evidence that Iraq had either retained biological weapons associated with production equipment or was continuing work in the field." He also claims, "From a qualitative standpoint, Iraq has been disarmed. Iraq today possesses no meaningful weapons of mass destruction." Though Iraq may be able to theoretically manufacture chemical or biological weapons, it has no way to deploy them. Let's not forget the sanctions imposed on Iraq in the wake of the Gulf War. Not only can it not obtain materials necessary for such mobilization of weaponry, it can't get harmless items such as band aids, pencils, or rubber.

It is worth noting that the U.S. supplied Iraq with the bulk of its weapons, some of it right up to the day before invasion of Kuwait in 1990. The U.S. and Britain have been the prominent suppliers of bio-chemical weapons since the '80s. And in another curious aside, Bush enjoys speaking of Hussein's treatment of the Kurds. He apparently suffers from the convenient amnesia afflicting most of our politicians and obedient media personnel since Hussein began his gassing of the Kurds in the 80s. This was when, you will remember, Hussein was a trusted chum of the U.S. And that's not even mentioning continued U.S. support of Turkey, in spite of its ruthless oppression of the Turkish Kurd population.

Does Hussein pose a threat to the world? Most honest analysts will respond in the negative. Even Iraq's neighbors claim to feel no threat, including Kuwait. Saudi Arabia, the U.S.' Middle East minion, won't allow any attacks to be launched from within its borders. Yet Bush and his cronies know where their power lies. And it is not within their ability to negotiate peaceful resolutions to complicated problems. For more information, check out Voices in the Wilderness web site at [www.vitw.org](http://www.vitw.org). For more balanced coverage of the issue than you will find in the U.S. media, look into *The Guardian* ([www.guardian.co.uk](http://www.guardian.co.uk)).

As always, contact me at [rsch@earthlink.net](mailto:rsch@earthlink.net) or 1011 S 48<sup>th</sup>. St./Philly, PA 19143. Four new issues of *I Defy* are available. Sometimes I get ambitious.

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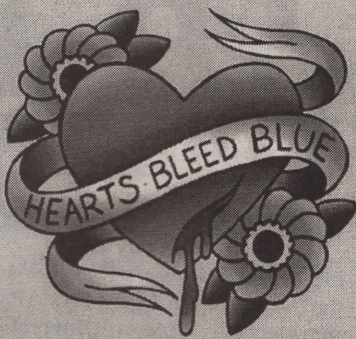
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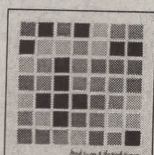


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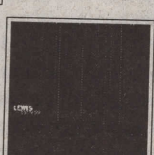
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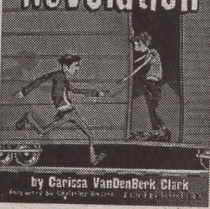
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# HARDCORE COMMUNIQUE #1:

*This interview began as an idea that grew out of my correspondence with Effizzul over the last few years. Through our sustained communication, I've gained a window on the hardcore scene he and his friends are active in, and even a vector of participation by proxy through writing for their 'zine.*

*We're so often bombarded with the criticism that hardcore is primarily the domain of middle-class White-boys; and while it is true that this is the case here in the US, this argument renders the presence of those outside this demographic invisible, their participation dismissed. And while males currently do seem to continue to dominate overall, a look outside of this nation's borders shows that punk and hardcore are very much thriving in all corners of the planet; not only Malaysia, but also Mexico, Brazil, Japan, Poland, Hong Kong, Russia, the Philippines, Singapore, Columbia, Peru, Chile, Venezuela, and many more places lacking significant numbers of the white-skinned or middle-classed.*

*The truth we would credit ourselves to recognize is that HC/Punk has taken on a life of its own outside our arbitrary definitions; it has found root in places of relative comfort, as well as become relevant as the urgent voice of those in places of struggle. It has moved beyond our hand, and if we of the "First World" fail to realize this, we risk missing out on much. There is as much to enjoy in as there is to learn from opportunities to network across lines of nation, language, and culture.*

*One of the strengths of punk in this arena is the ability to see others as peers, as humans, through punk; this is in contrast to the activist's tendency to objectify other cultures as potential causes to be worn as another part of their identity, and to fetishize other peoples for the "authenticity" they possess and potentially confer. However, the dark side of punk's strength here is the ease with which it becomes imperialist in nature; this is why we need to radicalize our communication with those outside our privilege.*

*The counterattacks against US interests abroad and domestic of the past two years have shown all but the most myopic that North American self-obsession financed on the backs of the rest of the globe has, to make a dry underestimation, some pretty serious consequences. The answers to "Why Do They Hate Us?" lie in the perspectives and experiences of those exploited directly or indirectly in our names; it's my experience that many of these folks are enthusiastic to reach out to us and let us know what's up. Can we Children of the Beast listen? Positif Terus!*

—Timothy Sheehan

**HaC:** What is your name and age? Also, if you would like, describe the projects you're involved in. How did you come to be involved in HC/Punk, and what keeps you interested? What role do you see for HC/Punk in your future?

**Ibrahim:** My name is Ibrahim and I'm twenty-six this year. I'm involved in editing the fanzine *Ganyang*. So far it has reached its fifth issue, and for those who are familiar with it, the main focus of my fanzine is covering the rare and obscure HC/Punk scene in Asia.

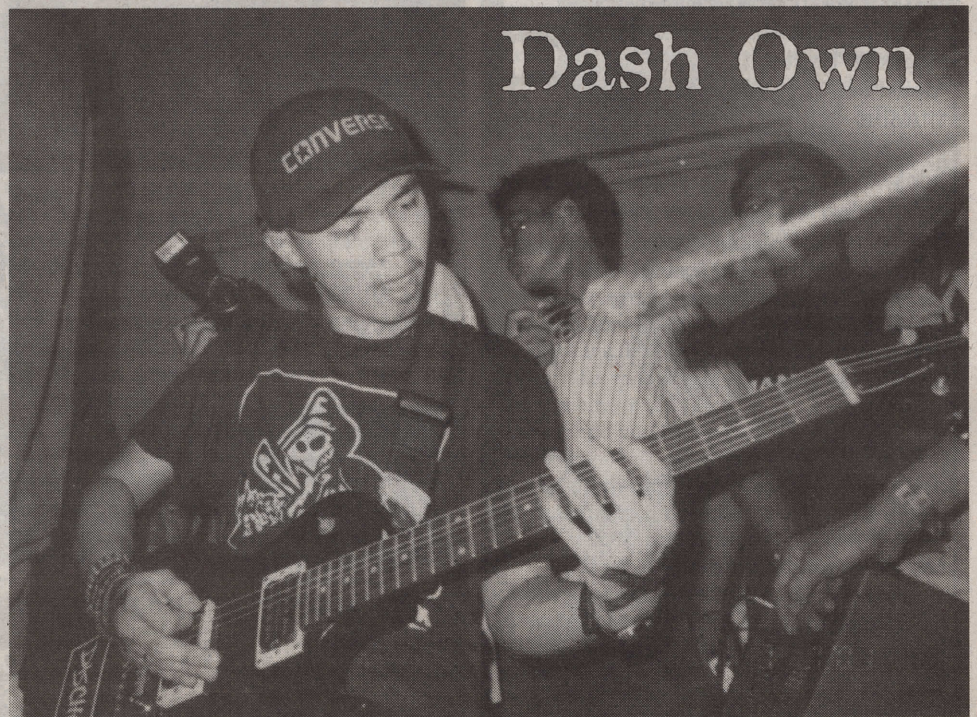
I came to be involved in HC/Punk in '92. As usual, it's all about friends who introduced me to this thing. Starting with an interest in the music and fashion, I began with some effort to dig up all the hidden parts day by day, and nowadays I feel that HC/Punk has really become something important to me. What keeps me still interested in this subculture is that the fundamental ideas that lie behind HC/Punk somehow suit my way of thinking, that I can generate my own ideas, and think independently and freely. I also see it as creating a non-conformist forum for issues that can't be raised through other channels, and that this continuous flow of idealism could create a better understanding for the world. If we can implement this method of analysis more consistently, HC/Punk could be transformed into a free network for the entire world and could become a channel for more of this analytical thinking, especially for the youth.

**Abira:** My name is Mohd Abira and people call

me Abira. My age is twenty-four. My active participation in the Malaysian HC/Punk movement is being co-editor of *Sadis* 'zine. Anyway, I am also helping on the *XSOBERX* collective 'zine project; a straight-edge-oriented project being done by the positive Malaysian HC/Punk youth.

My introduction to this counterculture is accidental; at first I just loved listening to heavy/noise music, which I assumed was underground music. But as time went by, I started to read more DIY HC/Punk-oriented publications (mostly done by local kids). I got interested to know more about the culture. The ideas behind the culture are what keep me involved in this subversive movement, and I believe that's what kept me active in it.

About my future in HC/Punk—I really can't predict. As times have changed so much, so have I, and so has my interpretation of my involvement in HC/Punk; I never want to be locked into something that will limit me. Frankly, I only adapt the few basic idea of HC/Punk that fit in with my own principles, and the way I counter my own life. There's too many ideologies being discussed in HC/Punk and I don't think that's a real solution. Therefore I conclude that HC/Punk is also not the solution. I don't know or really think about HC/Punk's potential in this Far-East country, but I like the basic ideas of HC/Punk, which have successfully resurrected an interest in me caring about the world. Some people might say this is a nihilistic movement, and is too





unrealistic for the "real world," but a global betterment of society is what we want to fight for.

**Ejoi:** My name is Effizzul, friends called me Ejoi, and I'm twenty-three years old. Currently, I'm the co-editor of *Sadis* 'zine, but it's going slow for now because Abira and me are concentrating our energy and commitment for some side projects

For me, if we talk about commitment, I think HC/Punk itself doesn't require those inside it to venture into a full time effort. For me, HC/Punk encourages one to have a normal life, and what lies inside punk itself is a momentum and paradigm with a conscious scenario that will evolve according to how we react to particular situations. I don't believe we should ignore the

with us...maybe you can start by respecting our potential to be better one day and deserve your attention with our 'zines, records, etc...

**Ejoi:** The one thing that annoys me with the attitudes of kids from privileged nations towards the small and obscure scenes like Malaysia is that they consider the scene from developing countries (such as Malaysia) identical to their own punk

# Malaysian Posi-Core

and also doing other important things life (Abira is currently studying while I'm on temporary work).

I was introduced to HC/Punk when I listened to the first album from the Malaysian punk rock heroes, Carburetor Dung. At first, I was only interested in the music, but my interest, perspective, and understanding towards HC/Punk changed when I started to read the once-a-week punk column called "Blasting Concept" written by Joe Kidd (the guitarist for Carburetor Dung) in a local tabloid, and the infamous local HC/Punk 'zine called *Sufferage* (RIP). Both publications, famous for its thoughtful, sincere, and engaging writing has shown me that HC/Punk is much more than music. It's shown me how HC/Punk is about questioning, understanding, and making positive change towards individuals' lives and the things around us. I've learned about the ethical values, the DIY concepts, and everything about HC/Punk through both publications and other HC/Punk literature. Since then, I've been interested and involved in the HC/Punk scene.

For me, HC/Punk plays an important part in my life: it teaches me to challenge the current ideas, customs, ways of life, and at the same time to be more conscious about my choices, and to be more aware and critical toward things that are happening around me. It is also a platform for me to express my ideas and opinions more freely. I think that is what HC/Punk is to my life, for now and for the future.

**HaC:** What sort of economic options are available to the average Malaysian youth, and what effect does a commitment to HC/Punk have on these options?

**Ibrahim:** For those who cannot place in the universities, there are many technical colleges, and colleges run by the private sector, the connection between these two factors strengthens the economic foundation in Malaysia greatly. But when we talk about employment, we should consider that Malaysia is a country that is still dependent on economic giants like the USA, the EU, and Japan. Our unemployment rate over here is just in between 5% to 10% per year, backed up by growth in several sectors, which requires a greater work force among Malaysians. Malaysia is a secure haven for job seekers, but almost everyone here is too choosy in which work they want to do, so it is not a big deal when you come to Malaysia and see there is a high percentage of foreign laborers here. Basically, the labor market is still influenced by what is happening in the above-mentioned countries. Malaysia is not like most modern nations where welfare allowance is given to the unemployed citizen. Here, if you don't work, it means that you cannot pay your bills.

whole of life, because the Asian Region is not like North America or Europe. Being employed is the only option here unless your father is a multi-billionaire like the Sultan of Brunei. One more thing, if you like to change the whole system from bad to good, you should get to it, and the only option here is to get involved.

**Ejoi:** Since the universal language of HC/Punk is English, added with its tendencies for intellectual and informative discussion of issues brought up in the scene, it somehow encourages kids in the Malaysian punk community to be more interested in education; thus it makes them interested in admitting themselves into universities, colleges, and other higher learning institutions to enrich themselves with more knowledge about issues that they came across in punk. Getting admitted into higher learning institutions in Malaysia is a step that can affect the future of individuals because it will open the door for better job opportunities for them when they finish their studies. So, personally, I can say that HC/Punk has a positive impact on the economic options for Malaysian youths...

**Abira:** We can be very active in the HC/Punk movement, but eventually we have to find a job that links us to capitalism or the government in order to fill our stomachs.

**HaC:** How do the racist and imperialist attitudes of kids from privileged nations and cultures manifest itself towards and/or within the Malaysian HC/Punk scene? What are some of the more productive relationships those of us from privileged nations can have with our counterparts in the rest of the world?

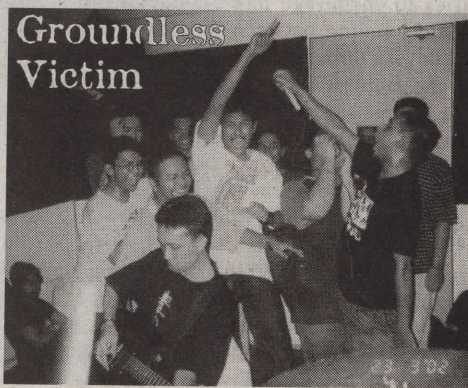
**Abira:** The American and European scenes influence us so much that most of us will "worship" all products from those places, be it literature or music. Everything that is coming from the privileged scenes—records, CDs, 'zines, etc—is considered "nice" and better than the local releases/products by most of us over here.

To be honest, I'm not too active anymore in communicating with foreign kids, but based on my experience, European kids are friendlier than American kids are. Sad but true! We, as a people from a third-world country, definitely lack in everything, especially the intellectual aspect of punk. We have a different culture, a different history compared with the scenes in the privileged countries, and therefore we were pretty late in our "mental/intellectual" development of HC/Punk. Maybe that is the reason why there is a lack of communication from the privileged scenes to the third world country punk scenes...

I'm not sure what those of you from privileged nations can do to help us build a better scene through the strengthening of relationships

scenes! Scenes all over the world are being shaped and influenced by the societies, lifestyles, political systems, culture, and economic structures of their own nations. So, there is no way that people from the privileged nations (i.e. US and Europe) can consider the HC/Punk scene outside their countries to be just the same as theirs—maybe the basic foundation is still the same, but every scene in every country is different in its own way. This is one of the things that I find important enough to need to be brought up and discussed by each of us.

Not only that, but the scenes in small and developing countries are also receiving little respect from the more privileged nations. Their understanding towards the small and obscure scenes is also shallow...it saddens me to read bad reviews and comments about releases from these scenes when the reviewers are just comparing the quality of the packaging, printing, and recording of the releases without trying to understand how much it takes for us to produce such things. At the very least, we deserve some word of support or encouragement rather than the bad and unnecessary comparisons with the releases from



the US and European scenes.

In talking about creating a more productive relationship between the privileged and the third world HC/Punk scenes, the most important aspect that should be given some attention, for starters, is a better understanding towards the small and obscure scenes all over the world by those in the privileged scenes. Through understanding, you can realize that we do have our own scenes; that our scenes are being shaped by our own identities, style, influences, political systems, culture, etc. With better understanding, the privileged punk scenes will better know what they can do to help the scenes in the developing and third world countries...

Other than that, we also need more space, more chances, and more help from the privileged kids introducing and promoting our



scene to a wider audience. With the large circulations that most 'zines from the US and Europe have, giving us some space would be a great help in introducing and promoting our scenes.

**Ibrahim:** If you're talking about punk being another form of imperialism for kids here, I say yes! From the cultural direction, I think some punks in the aforementioned nations have tried to set guidelines on how HC/Punk should be. I think what punk is today is only a gesture from and instinct of the Western mindset and there is no representation of Eastern values. Even though it has evolved globally, this mindset still lies inside many Western punks.

Other than that, the "punk" brought by big names (read: MTV) is making one conclusion: we should treat these privileged kids like rock stars, though I know that you guys hate to play that role. [Unfortunately, that's not always the case. —Ed] I'm not applying the earlier statement to the whole of Western punks—that's not my intention—my intention is to say that the whole world (especially the punk scene) could be together as one, not as "East" and "West." This is only a suggestion, but I think third world countries' HC/Punk media should be entering the developed countries' scenes in a larger volume, so that perspectives can be changed.

**Abira:** I read the slogan "Punk is communication!" in a Western 'zine...we did our part by making a bridge to you, and now it is your part to do what is necessary to actualize that goal.

**HaC:** In what ways do you see racism manifest itself in the Malaysian HC/Punk scene? What about nationalism? Homophobia?

**Ejoi:** Lucky enough for us here in Malaysia that the true HC/Punk scene is opposed to racism and tries to encourage more communication and understanding between the different races in Malaysia through their involvement with the scene. But just like the scenes in the Europe and the US, racism and blind nationalism do infiltrate the local punk scene through racist skinheads and "chaos-punks." These two "scenes" are promoting racist ideas about how Malays are the "supreme and master race" of Malaysia, how Malaysia "belongs to the Malay," and other racist and nationalist crap. Even though they are small in numbers, they pose a serious threat with their destructive ideologies to the scene and the multiracial society that we Malaysians have.

Homosexuality is still a controversial and a taboo issue in punk in Malaysia. People don't like to talk too much about it because it is related more with personal and individual choice, and it also has to do with the Malaysian Eastern lifestyle and culture where homosexuality is *not* a way of life, and it is not well accepted by most Malaysians. Homosexuality is more about personal or individual rights, and is a new issue that is being introduced in the local punk scene, so most of the kids here are not used to discussing it and have little knowledge of it. Even though homosexuality is a controversial and taboo in Malaysia, there are still no cases of homophobic attacks as far as I can remember...and I hope such mindless violence will not occur here.

**Ibrahim:** Maybe when we look at the context of racism inside the Malaysian punk scene, I would say the biggest example is that the scene is mostly dominated by the Malay (the racial majority in

Malaysia). I mean, it's hard to find other races such as the Chinese, Indian, or others involved in this so-called HC/Punk scene. If there are, it might be one or two kids, and this is the reality of the scene over here. Even though there is a group of Chinese kids who are actively involved in punk here, it is still less accepted. Maybe the music played by them is "weird" or not trendy among Malay-oriented HC/Punk scene (lo-fi rock and post-punk stuff), but lately I see that there is an effort to combine both scenes.

One more example is urban kids versus rural kids. There is some sort of division between the two; each has their egoism.

**Abira:** We always promote the basic idea of HC/Punk, which is the struggle against prejudice and discrimination—especially to the new kids. For sure, some kids cannot understand very well the whole idea of equality; especially equality on sexual tendencies and on nationality. Although the HC/Punk movement here is dominated by male Malay kids, it's not a problem and I think we don't face any problems concerning racism and sexism, because kids over here know that punk is opposing both elements. But nationalism and homophobia is a whole different thing. We are born as Eastern peoples, and of course we are raised with the so-called "Eastern cultures and traditions." It doesn't matter whether you are Malay, Chinese, Indian, or whatever: we are raised with and fed conservative values, where loyalty to leaders, race, and country is glorified so much. Loyalty to the old tradition is being glorified so much, and it's considered a sin to not have "blind loyalty."

Thanks to much discussion about global equality, independence, freedom, and peace that we fight for through HC/Punk, nationalism and homophobia are not as big an issue here today compared to three or four years ago when those issues were hot and being discussed by everybody in the scene. It seems that lot of the kids have opened their eyes and mentality to these issues, and at the same time have gained understanding about these issues after lots of discussions and exchange of opinions and ideas. The words "human rights" are prevailing, and the idea of respecting people's choices is being understood by the kids.

**Ejoi:** Speaking of racism and blind nationalism, I would like to take this opportunity to address something important in this interview. If any of



you out there are being contacted or trying to contact foreign individuals from another country, I hope that all of you can be more careful. Asked your friends and pen-pals if they know the people you contact or are trying to communicate with you. Sometimes the local racist labels and bands can filter into the positive scene abroad and exploit the network to fulfill their objectives (getting help

for distribution, trading stuff, etc). It is important for all of you to know who you communicate with so that you will not be exploited, do them favors, or be used by racist labels, bands, and individuals. Beware, and take note friends!

**HaC:** Can you talk about the status of gender equality in Malaysian society in general? In what ways is this challenged within the HC/Punk scene? In what ways is this status mirrored within the HC/Punk scene?

**Abira:** Today, it's not a rare sight to see women in the political arena, and to me that's a big achievement. Also, there are lots of women in professional sectors, like doctors, engineers, officers and so on. Recently, the Malaysian government has set up the *Kementerian Hal Ehwal Wanita*, or Ministry of Women's Affairs, to manage and upgrade the status of gender equality in Malaysia. The ministry is active in cooperating with and carrying out campaigns, workshops, and activities on issues like women's rights, domestic violence, sexual harassment in the workplace, child abuse, and the issues of single mothers and widows with some of the women-centered and feminist NGOs in Malaysia. Maybe I can simply say here that the status of gender equality in Malaysia is quite good.

The status of gender equality is mirrored in the local punk scene by the well-accepted welcome, support, and help to females who are active in the scene. Maybe society will give the middle finger to the girl who involves herself in HC/Punk because of their ignorance and prejudice, but overall women are always welcomed to be a part of the scene. I won't claim sexism doesn't exist in our scene, but generally women are well-accepted by the local HC/Punk scene.

**Ibrahim:** Women also have a very strong place in society and culture, where in some communities women have realized their role in decision-making. Since our independence, the ways of thinking among Malaysian women have been shaped through the moderate and liberal way of education, especially through higher learning and other institutions (in early '90s there was a survey that showed that the population of female students in Universities and Colleges is greater than that of male students), so I would like challenge the idea from people outside Malaysia that say we live in a male-dominated country. If we're talking about sexual harassment or domestic violence, it happens everywhere around the world—it happens in the so-called developed countries or the most liberal countries on earth.

**Ejoi:** Even though Malaysia is still a developing country, the consciousness among Malaysians about gender equality is high. Since the Malaysian Independence in 1957, through the important involvement of women in the struggle in the Independence movement and because of the liberal education system that has been introduced and practiced here since then, there is an awareness of women's rights and their part in society and in the development of Malaysia. Women are given fair opportunities just like their male counterpart in every aspect of life, such as in employment, education, and politics. There are also lots of NGOs and movements in Malaysia concentrating on women's issues, such as AWAM (All Women Action Society) and WAO (Women's Aid Organization) to name a few which I have



found to be important entities in the growing awareness and the betterment of gender equality in Malaysia.

On the other hand, the involvement of women in the local HC/Punk scene is still small. Since the scene is just being seen as a "music and fashion scene" by the public, it has given a negative perspective to the scene; thus it limits the involvement of our female friends that can empower the scene. We have a few strong female figures involved in the scene, and they really have an important impact; they have empowered the local scene through their ideas, opinions, and female perspective on many important and interesting issues. Hopefully, things will be better in the future and more women will be involved.

**HaC:** How much a part does religion play in the lives of kids in the Malaysian HC/Punk scene? What is the general attitude of the HC/Punk scene towards religion?

**Ejoi:** Like most of the developing countries all over the world, spiritual belief is still an important aspect of an individual's life. In Malaysia, most Malaysians are being exposed and educated with religion in the early stage of their life. So, most Malaysians (including kids in the HC/Punk scene) do have their spiritual beliefs and for some of them, it plays a big part in their life.

Even though religion plays an important part in the lives of most of the kids in Malaysia, somehow the HC/Punk scene over here is free from religious influences and dogmas! This situation is the result of what we have learned from the US scene and experiences from the past where some people in the local scene have tried to bring religious values into the scene. We have learned that both are different entities with clashing ideas, and trying to mix it will just create more confusion and unnecessary conflict. So, the local scene has learned from the easy and hard way how interference from religion in this open scene can create a lot of confusions and unnecessary conflicts.

Most of the kids in Malaysia HC/Punk scene understand that the scene is an open place where there are no "walls" such as race, religion, gender, etc. that should stop someone from being involved. From my personal point of view, there is nothing wrong if someone has a religion that they adhere to and at the same time she or he is active in the HC/Punk scene. As long as she or he

to people outside the scene that it is the place where people from different backgrounds, colors, religions, and cultures can mix together. This is what we must try to achieve and hopefully we can make it a reality...

**Abira:** One thing that you have to know about us is that the Malay, the dominant race here, are Muslim (most of us). As I stated above, our scene is dominated by Malay Muslim kids, including myself, where we learned and adapted so much with this new culture although we have been raised with our own religious beliefs and education. I can't speak for all Malay kids involved in this scene, but for me personally, I'm not looking for an alternative way of life with HC/Punk. I just apply the ideas of HC/Punk towards the basic principles that are already chiseled in my mind, and honestly, I can see a barrier between religion and HC/Punk. As I realized the contradiction between both entities, it was comfortable for me to keep both separate. I didn't mix religion with HC/Punk because it's too sensitive, and I assumed HC/Punk a secular thing.

Our HC/Punk view on religion is so liberal; it's personal choice and it is not a problem at all if you wanted to embrace the religion of your choice while active in the scene. Here you can be a Muslim, Christian, Buddhist, Hindu, atheist, etc. and be a HC/Punk kid at the same time. But we need to understand that HC/Punk cannot be mixed with religion! People have their own choices to be what they want to be and we are different from each other. So, most of the kids understand the situation this way and you can say that we have a nice scene where HC/Punk and religion is kept separate to avoid confusion.

**Ibrahim:** I would like to relate this comment with the above question. I would like to refer to the Felix Von Havoc's "Code 13 Asian Tour Report" which was published in *Maximum RockNRoll*. He said that he spotted a girl wearing a Muslim scarf during the Code 13 show in Kuala Lumpur. But the statement Felix seemed to make was that he was quite shocked with the phenomenon, that HC/Punk should be free from all spiritual belief. How about Hare Krishna, which is also a spiritual belief? For me, it's wrong to judge others by their outlook. Muslim scarf/veil is an identity for some here. It had been practiced by all before, so what right is there for those to label it as rigid or non-moderate? I would like to say that you guys are fascist and it just shows another form of racism inside your mindset. It seems that what had been portrayed by the majority group always should be used as guidelines and dogma in the worldwide HC/Punk scene. For me, I would like to see HC/Punk evolve within each society, and it should create structures to meet the positive needs of each society. To tell someone "that's wrong and that's right" based on the Western HC/Punk mindset is not a true concept of HC/Punk because it has gone beyond religious, cultural, and societal lines.

Religion will always be an important part of society in Malaysia. Here, we could see the diversity of spiritual beliefs and faith amidst the society, where respect plays an important part among the believers. Even though for most young kids over here, religion is not being practiced seriously, I could say that many values are still influenced by religious belief, which is usually inherited from their parents and the generation before. I myself still hold to the principles and

the beliefs of Islam in some aspects because it is something that I choose. For me, my spiritual belief is making me alive in the sense of soul searching, and HC/Punk idealism directs me in generating a whole frame of thinking. Maybe we could see some countries like in Latin America where Catholicism plays important part of their society so it is just like what we have here where major religion like Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity play important roles in Malaysian society. I mean, I'm proud of the differences and diversity of religion because it gives a space for me to evolve. So I could say that religion and HC/Punk idealism goes together for some people here.

**HaC:** What do you see as the most valuable aspect of HC/Punk, or what is the most valuable role it does or could fulfill in positively affecting the world or positively affecting individuals' lives?

**Abira:** The idea of self-autonomy is what I see



as the most valuable aspect of HC/Punk. This idea keeps me thinking and critical of my surroundings, and that leads to my caring for my community and the world as a whole. There's too much bitterness in this world, including in this small country that I live in and that's why I have to be sensitive to my surroundings. I always think critically and try to interpret things like the systems, social illness, cultures, global and local political issues the best I can so that I can have a better understanding of it, know how much it affects my life, and how I can counter and face it in the best possible way. I even critique my own self (the ways I think and act, my emotions, etc.), in hopes that I can improve myself day by day. HC/Punk actually teaches me to be myself, to be a dynamic and active-minded individual striving toward the achievement of self-autonomy. I love the idea of self-evolution, because as an individual who is interested in the idea of self-autonomy, I don't think so much about global revolution. Global revolution is a very catchy word, but self-evolution is much more effective and realistic to achieve. Change has to begin with individual first, and that's what I'm doing and encourage to others over here.

**Ibrahim:** The creation of an open forum for discussion among the kids is the important part of HC/Punk. In college I was involved in a so-called "thinking group," whose main activity was to generate discussion, and bring that to the larger campus. But during my involvement with the group, I found the weakness in it: only select individuals could pass the membership test, and



can separate the two and not try to mix it up, it is okay with me. If we want to make the HC/Punk scene as a place for people with no religion, it just creates a new wall in the scene because such action will make the scene just for the atheists and the free thinkers. I don't think that this is what we want for the scene. HC/Punk scene should be a place that has diversity. It should set an example



therefore the circle of thought created inside it is just the narrow perspective of those who fulfill the criteria. When I compare that group to the HC/Punk community, I think punk is more real because the kids come from different backgrounds and levels of education, so there is a diversity of perspectives.

I can see HC/Punk around the world associated with positive growth, although many of these ideas have existed long before we called it punk or HC idealism. But I believe through our growing concerns and positive-minded attitudes, we can be active in consolidating our principles and always seeking the truth. Honestly, I confess that punk is one of the best experiences that I have gone through in my life, but I would like to stress that HC/Punk should evolve according to the local surrounding and environment of each society, because we can not always understand what the real needs and interests of a group of people are. Maybe they would like to shape punk within themselves because the conflict is quite hard to be understood by people outside their worlds.

**Ejoi:** In my opinion, there are two most valuable aspects of HC/Punk: firstly, it encourages individuals to be more critical in regards to their choices and actions towards their surroundings, and at the same time try to better it; starting from the individual her or his self. Secondly, I can see punk as a place of learning, providing a platform for us to share and discuss our ideas and opinions, and also sharing our capability and talent that we have to help others who might need it, or want to learn from us, or want to share with us. That is what I find to be the most important role of punk in individuals' lives. Maybe it's not too realistic to talk about how HC/Punk can affect the world in a positive way, but for me if every individual in the scene can make a small positive change in their lives in one way or another, it will give positive effects to their surroundings, and it might create a positive change on a larger scale.

**HaC:** Do you see HC/Punk as a valid international movement, and if so, what are the results (both good and bad) of this internationalization?

**Abira:** Yes, I will say that HC/Punk can be a valid international movement. It created a new rebellious culture all around the world, but I'm not sure about its real impact... To say punk is a threat—maybe it's too early because of its fragile foundation, especially in third-world nations where we're still slaves... victims of Western imperialism, ignorance, passivity, and oppressive traditional values; greedy tyranny, and now globalization as a new neo-imperialist power. There is nothing wrong with HC/Punk being an international movement, but first we must fix the basic principles in punk itself, because when we deal with internationalization, that means it (HC/Punk) has to fix its basic principles so that it will be suitable for all peoples, regardless of their personal beliefs, skin color, gender, social background, or culture. To make HC/Punk relevant for the world is a big challenge. Eastern and Western, privileged and unprivileged countries are definitely different in lot of ways, and we only can deal with the basic ideas of HC/Punk. In practice it totally depends on the situation in each nation.

**Ejoi:** For me, HC/Punk can be a valid international movement, because it is connecting and unifying people all over the world with

different backgrounds, skin colors, cultures, and lifestyles to be involved in the scene/movement, and is promoting and encouraging understanding, exchanging of ideas, and at the same time trying to destroy the negative elements that can stop the building of a more unified world.

But the internationalization of the HC/Punk movement can also bring a negative impact to the scene itself. Like globalization, there will be the influences and the interference of the bigger scene from the privileged nations towards the small and obscure scenes from developing and poor countries. And what makes things worse is the unwillingness of the scenes from the privilege nations to understand and to see the scene from a wider, open, and different perspective. As the HC/Punk scene is open to different races and genders, it also must open itself to different (and positive) cultures, lifestyles, values, and ways of thinking.

Let there be diversity in the punk scene as long as the basic foundation of the scene is still positive. There is nothing wrong with diversity as long as there are no negative values being tolerated within the diversity of the scene.

**Ibrahim:** One of the main motives of *Ganyang* 'zine since its inception is to promote the obscure HC/Punk scenes. Through the last few years, I've



witnessed small scenes develop into quite big scenes like in Thailand, China, Hong Kong, Nepal, and Indonesia. Even though it is not valid through a mainstream channel (read: HC/Punk idealism, not the music) and community, punk has begun to put itself in line with other groups that promote international culture. But the best thing is that we don't need to have any membership or whatever. What we need is some courage and belief in it, so let's join forces as a conscious community.

From the Asian perspective, or any beginner scene, we can see that smaller and more isolated scenes are less likely to offer evolving musical directions than mimic big bands (e.g., NOFX, Sick of It All, Earth Crisis, Sex Pistols, or Green Day), this is because this is the only stuff that is accessible to most third world countries thanks to corporate entertainment giants like MTV, Channel V, or Universal Music, and the other factor is because music is not a part of the school curriculum in some countries—that is the case here. So for those who expect some sort of technical or revolutionary sounds, few of us can offer it. That's why only educated or Western-oriented kids know punk in Asia.

There is good and bad, I can't ignore it—maybe I could give few examples: a good side of the internalization of punk would be that it can generate a bridge of communication among the kids around the world, thus it can contribute to world peace (I really mean it!), and the bad side

of it is when the internationalization of punk will make the majority group the monopoly, and this mind-set encourages a new type of colonialism over the small scenes.

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Communicate:

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—Ibrahim Ngah Ahmad/43 Kg Dusun Hulu/32800 Parit/Perak D.R./Malaysia; asianpunk@excite.com

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Below are a few addresses worth checking out in the Malaysian HC/punk scene:

ASAS Distribution/LBKL 64, Batu 4, Jalan Gombak/53000 Kuala Lumpur/Malaysia; asas@excite.com

Broken Noise Distribution c/o Jimbo (Norhafizi)/No. 12, Jln. Lembah 24/Taman Desa Jaya/81100 Johor Bahru/Johor/Malaysia; http://diy-noise.tripod.com; brokenvision@hotmail.com

Ronin Distribution c/o Ahmad Shabri b. Mohd/B783, Kg. Banggol Limau/21200 Kuala Terengganu/Terengganu/Malaysia; ronindistro@hotmail.com

Community Coalition Collective and A/Mince Infoshop/Studio/6/1 Jalan Kampung Dalam/20200 Kuala Terengganu/Terengganu/Malaysia; comm\_coalition@yahoo.com

Sober (straightedge collective/label) c/o Ann/40c Lorong Bunga Raya 4B/Batu 9, 43200 Jln. Cheras/Selangor/Malaysia; soberdistro@yahoo.com

Unclogged (show booking in Kuala Lumpur) c/o Joe Kidd/14A Bukit Ceylon/50200 Kuala Lumpur/Malaysia; http://dungpeople.sevcom.com/unclogged/info.html; dungboy@rocketmail.com

Fastgame (Malaysia's best-known thrashcore outfit) c/o Kidd/No. 6 Jalan 8C/6/Taman Setapak Indah/53300 Kuala Lumpur/Malaysia; fxgxhc@yahoo.com

Detention 'Zine c/o Husni/Section 24, 502 Block 11/40000 Shah Alam/Selangor/Malaysia; insecure@hotmail.com

Embrace 'Zine (longest-running HC zine in Malaysia) c/o Saha/4A Lorong 6/Kg. Baru/86000 Kluang/Johor D.T. Malaysia; sahaembrace@hotmail.com

Emo-C Zine (new 'zine by two dedicated girls) c/o Rifhan bt. Rozi/Lot 108, Kg. Bukit Gasing/Seberang Marang/21600 Marang/Terengganu/Malaysia; mine\_less@hotmail.com



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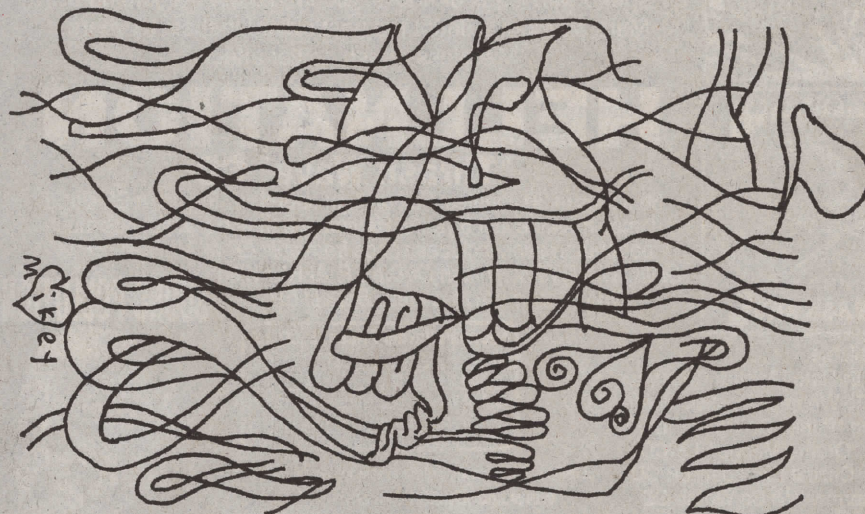
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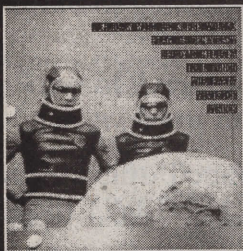
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#### BETWEEN RESISTANCE & COMMUNITY • VHS

This is a documentary about the DIY scene in Long Island, NY. It's about basement shows, touring bands, kickball and what DIY means to the kids there. It also follows three bands, The Insurgent, Latterman, and On the Might of Princes as they embark on their respective tours for the summer and the obstacles they run into. Part of the focus follows one band's departure from the DIY scene as they sign their life away to Revelation Records and how that affects the people who have supported them in the past. It's 44 minutes long and also features interviews and live footage of Porcelain Decay, Seven Days of Samsara, Sometimes Walking, Sometimes Running, and some Long Island scenesters. The lyrics are subtitled for most of the live footage, which is nice, but I think my favorite part of the video is at the very end where they have a little montage of bands that have played the two houses in the past year. I was afraid this was going to be really bad, but it wasn't. It's nice to see kids documenting what's going on around them and at least thinking about things other than just the music, and it's worth watching. FIL (Traffic Violation Records/PO Box 772/East Setauket, NY 11733)

#### 1905 • Voice CD

I was looking forward to this release. I got to review their demo a couple of issues ago and I liked it quite a bit. 1905 goes from gentle, melodic parts to harsh, aggressive hardcore with lots of screaming and (it seems to me) heartfelt emotions. They also have this male/female vocal thing going on and they're doing all they can with it. I personally prefer it when the woman screams her heart out, but I guess, it's the powerful shift of emotions and sounds that make this such an intriguing listen. Lyrically this is just excellent. "Just because I can't change everything doesn't mean I can't change anything." There you go, post that on your fridge (I'm not being cynical!). "A life that breaks more than it builds and leaves you bored and unfulfilled..." I could go on pulling out quotes, but I'm not going to. I suggest you buy the CD and do that yourself. MH (Exotic Fever Records/PO Box 297/College Park, MD 20741-0297)

#### 4 AM FATALITY • The Aggro-ated EP 7"

Las Vegas aggro-core in the vein of all those 625 styled bands that have been popping up lately. Not exactly breaking new ground here, but this is a welcome kick in the ass of all the pretty people who've been fucking hardcore in the bum hole these last few years. (I'm very much aware that I've just made anal sex seem like something vile and unacceptable and I want to apologize for that. The truth is that I've been aching to use the word(s) "bum hole" for a while and this is all I could come up with.) Oh what the hell. The point is that these guys here are playing aggressive old style hardcore with lyrics that make sense and that I can totally relate to. Good record, despite the thin recording. MH (Villain Records/PO Box 82172/Las Vegas, NV 89180-2172)

#### 77 POINTS OF HATE • Freaks 7"

This record starts off slow and heavy, then moves on to do exactly what it should... move, fast as fuck. This is Japanese hc, doing what it's supposed to... playing fast, playing slow, with wacky guitar solos and wah wah guitar effects all over the place... I like this 7", and I wish we got to play with these guys in Nipping. The music is all over the place. Vox are totally distorted. Only 4 songs? What, is Max losing it? NW (625 Thrashcore/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

#### ANTICHRIST • Damned Those Who... 7"

Antichrist is a political crust band from Poland playing music that is heavy and melodic. Given the area they come from, their identifications of political and social wrongs are backed by a reality that cannot be ignored. Everything about Antichrist is very real. You get beaten over the head with intensity while being lulled by the song structure. I like the way the wailing vocals layer over blasting drums and crunchy guitar. It is a very likeable record all around. Good for fans of heavy shit and those that can't quite commit to the hard core. LO (Dissonant Sound Industries/PO Box 2353/Portland, OR 97208)

#### APATIA • Manipulaja. Zniwolenie CD

Well the vox sound kinda like old Sick of it All. These guys are from Poland and play some okay punk hardcore. I guess they've been around since 1989. Cool they sing in Polish. The music is catchy and fast. NW (Trujaca Fala/PO Box 13/81 806 Sopot 6/Poland)

#### ARIA • As If Forever Really Exists CD

Metal is indulgent and boring. Some folk like it. I hate it. But to be fair, this will perhaps appeal to listeners of Converge, Legion, and some of those Nordic bands with the corpse paint. MA (Tribunal/PO Box 49322/Greensboro, NC 27419-1322)

#### A MODEST PROPOSAL • CD

This is some good stuff from Germany. This CD has lots of melodic parts with a touch of the Get Up Kids' style of songs structure here and there. A good recording and good cover art also make this a lovely CD. EB (Strange Fruit/Silcherstr. 31/3329 Kuchen/Germnay)

#### A MONTH OF SOMEDAYS • CD

Cute melodies in the vein of the Cap'n, The Promise Ring and Braid. As much as these 7 songs seem a little dated I have to say that these chaps are very, very good at this kind of low-fi ringer shirt emo. It's entirely possible that A Month of Somedays is made up of a bunch of Chicago all stars and I don't even know it. They sound like they've been doing this for a while, so who knows... MH (amonthofsomedays@hotmail.com)

#### ASOCIAL • How Could Hardcore be Any Worse? 7"

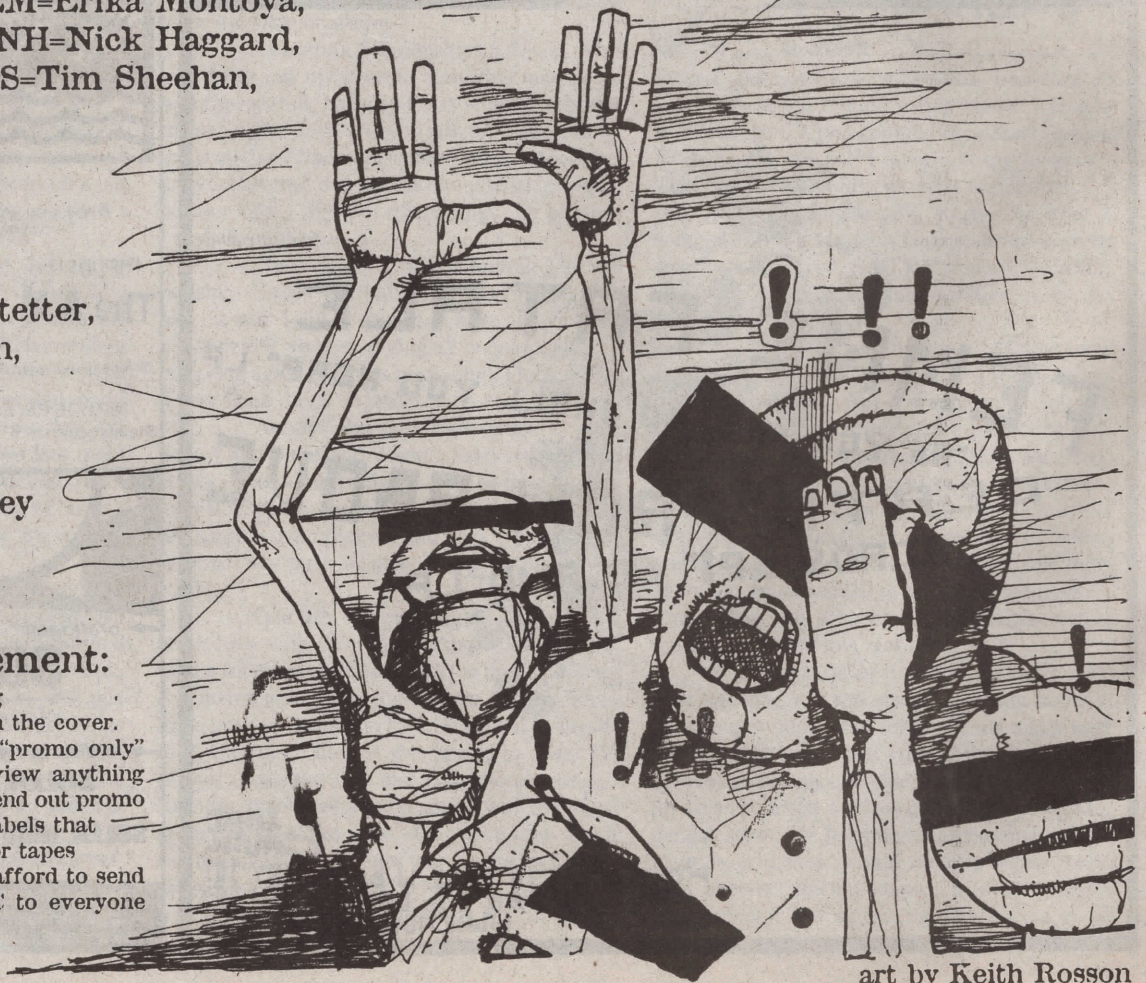
This is Asocial's 1982 demo, originally a split tape with Bedrovlers, and it's going to kick your ass. Blasting raw old-school Swedish thrash. 13 songs unrelenting and intense beginning to end. This is fucking hard core. DJ (T. Berggren/Telegatar 13/774 30 Avesta/Sweden)

# Record Reviews

NW=Nate Wilson, AH=Aaron Hall,  
JL=Jeff Larson, CF=Chuck Franco,  
RG=Ryan Gratzner, NG=Nic Gauthier,  
DJ=Danny Ornee, EM=Erika Montoya,  
SJS=Steve Snyder, NH=Nick Haggard,  
LO=Lisa Oglesby, TS=Tim Sheehan,  
KM=Kent McClard,  
MA=Matt Average,  
AH=Aaron Hall,  
JB=Jenn Bartlett,  
EB=Erik Bensberg,  
MH=Marianne Hofstetter,  
CU=Christian Unsinn,  
MO=Mikey Ott,  
BH=Brett Hall,  
FIL=Fil Baird,  
and CD=Chris Duprey

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art by Keith Rosson



#### A TRAITOR LIKE JUDAS • Poems For A Dead Man CD

This CDep holds five tracks of metal hardcore. A Traitor Like Judas has all the attributes people have come to expect in a metalcore band: fast guitars, double bass drums, and sickly deep vocals. They also toss in religious imagery and dramatic lyrics. Their songs are well played and generally good. LO (Benihana/Cyriaksring 57/38118 Braunschweig/Germany)

#### ACCORDION JUSTICE • Alive! At Budokan! CD

Whew! Oh man err.... Accordion violence is no fucking trend! 9 (or 10, it hard to say) songs of three piece punishing power violence led by a mad man and his accordion, fucking shit up the whole way! This is a live recording (apparently from the Budokan!) of some fun and hilarious stuff. I could be caught laughing at the pure ridiculousness and amusement of these dudes comments and songs. Man it must have been awesome to see this dude rockin the accordion and making up songs about dumpster diving, and accordion violence. There is even a cover (sort of) spoof of a certain classic song about how smoking ain't punk rock with the verse of: Some think smoking is punk, I think it is, I think it is time to be a chimney not a man. Oh shit watch out! Very interesting indeed, yes, yes... CF (Accordion Justice/PO Box 7095/Tampa, FL 33673)

#### AGAINST ME! • Crime CDep

Against Me! is simply brilliant. Their honest and raw songs of inspiration and frustration highlight some of the best personal and political DIY punk has evolved to. It is melodic, edgy, and straightforward. The songs on this CD are from the first 7", plus two bonus tracks from the same time and with a similar feel as the original songs. This recording has just two people enhancing the warm acoustic feel and highlighting the basic goodness of this band. LO (Plan It X Records/5810 W Willis Rd./Georgetown, IN 47122-9117)

#### THE AGE OF GIANTS • 7"

I was impressed by the moving and emotional nature of this record. Uses of clichéd emo soft-then-loud tones work well on this 7". Their songs are about errs of past generations and hope for the future as well as the pains of war. The Age Of Giants bring forth a feel somehow similar to Julia or 400 Years. Perhaps it is the desperate and urgent nature of the vocals that brings this comparison to mind. All the same, it is a lovely record. LO (1004 Buena Vista SE/Albuquerque, NM 87106)

#### AINA • Bipartite CD

In Europe, this CD came out on BCore Disc, and it's nice to see that a band from Spain got licensed to an American label. I think it's pretty fitting that Superbad Records hail from DC. Aina recorded their CD with J. Robbins at Inner Ear, and their music is sure to please all those folks into the latest Dischord stuff. Great layout, but unfortunately my copy didn't come with lyrics. CU (Superbad Records/PO Box 21313/Washington, DC 20009)

#### ALBERT FISH • Strongly Recommended CD

Albert Fish is a melodic street punk band from Portugal. They play punchy songs with a hefty dose of energy. Most of their songs are about taking control of your life and your community; basically making your world the way you want it to be, if you can. Albert Fish play their stuff well and do their best to get you moving. LO (Zerowork Records/Apartado 14133/1064-820 Lisboa/Portugal)

#### AN EMPTY MEMORY • Pg. 79 CD

An Empty Memory seems to be two bands in one. One band plays emo rock, mellow and soft with a lot of moving tempo changes and building emotional moments. The other half of them plays metal hardcore. They sometimes meet in the middle and other times they will go nearly a whole song on one end of the spectrum. An Empty Memory seems to be playing right from the gut, and that makes for a nice recording. LO (Digression Media/PO Box 4612/Middletown, RI 02848)

#### ANGER IN MOTION • Reverends and Rednecks 7"

These guys are from Australia, and play some really old sounding classic hardcore. Even the recording sounds old. This could have been released on Mystic Records in '83... that's how it sounds. Fast, aggressive punk that never lets up but has tons of hooks to it. Think MDC, Ill Repute or early RKL... fucking great! Total Nardcore dude. It would be nice to see more music like this come out. Fucking, if it's good and fast, Henk will find it and put it out. NW (Kangaroo Records/Middenweg 13/1098 AA Amsterdam/Holland)

#### ANNIHILATION TIME • CD

Annihilation Time is a semi-local band that wants to be Blast. There was a bunch of hype at their first couple shows where they unfortunately sounded like suck, and not Blast. However, in the year since, they have become much better. Indeed, they are getting closer and closer to Blast every day. The songs on this CD have a Blast feel and they are fronted by Black Flag-esque lyrics. Now, just about every bad bio in the world says the band sounds like Black Flag. Annihilation Time is not as great as the aforementioned bands, of course, but they do indeed play in a similar style. Hell, even the cover art is from Raymond Pettibon. Oh, and for the Nardcore fans out there, the singer of this band is Fred Hammer from *It's Alive* 'zine. LO (\$8 to Fred Hammer/PO Box 6326/Oxnard, CA 93031)

#### ASS-END OFFEND • 7"

Ass-End Offend plays hardcore punk in a traditional style. Parts of this sound remind me of some nineties hardcore, while other melodies seem to go back even further in time. The songs on here are strong and their lyrics help to reinforce that stance. Ideas of tracking through fingerprints, destructive interaction, embitterment, and work are all critiqued here. LO (917 Patrick Creek Rd./Kalispell, MT 59901)

#### ANTICHRIST • The Blind CD

This Polish unit lays down some really killer sounding HC. Dark and brooding, and with an excellent production, Antichrist delivers the goods. Screeching vocals spewing contempt for racism, social anxiety, state control and the usual gauntlet of life that would provoke one to write such lyrics about the inhuman nature of "the system." The music itself is very original and steers away from being predictable. Driving tones, excellent bass playing, and drumming with interesting fills and style. Some of this stuff is slow, some of it fast, regardless, the lyrics fit the darkness of the music and both complement each other well. Bands like this are why Poland has become synonymous with excellent Hardcore throughout the years. This CD contains 18 songs, tracks 14-18 are from the bands s/t 7". Good stuff. CF (Malarie/PO Box 153/75661 Roznov/Czech Republic)

#### ANTISCHISM • Antischism CD

This is a really great collection of songs. Antischism play intensified hardcore with a strong message. The dual vocal attack, crunching hardcore sound, and pure power cannot be ignored. Their energy leaps from the recording and the songs are put together so well you can't help but be absorbed. Going back and seeing all the songs together gives you a real appreciation of this band's ideology as well. The lyrics may be preaching to the converted, but I was impressed by the scope of issues and interesting way ideas were presented and criticized in these songs. As far as I can tell, this release has everything but the Still Life LP on it. All of it long out of print and highly sought over. LO (Prank/410892/San Francisco, CA 94141)

#### ANYWAY • Golf Club CD

This is hard to describe... At times it reminds me of The Yahmos in how it's chaotic but still catchy. However it's more rock n roll but it has that feel. The singer's voice sometimes stays really monotone, which makes me think of Ian Curtis a little. I could do without the harmonica that shows up on some of the songs; it seems totally out of place. The CD contains four bonus-tracks from previous released 7". This isn't bad but I can't say I would buy it. MO (Day After Records/Horska 20/352 01 As/Czech Republic)

#### ARTIMUS PYLE • 7"

5 songs. Desperate and frustrated tunes, growled at you as if by a rabid dog. Life in America, being ruled by the rich and the callous, your face down in shit. The reality of this is spewed at you with unflinching conviction. Welcome to the dark, harsh world of Artimus Pyle. It's not pleasant, but then, it isn't supposed to be. MH (Prank Records/PO Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

#### AS THE SUN SETS • 7744 CD

Woah doggie man, this is outta' sight! Tech ass metal hardcore with high pitched voKILLS and blazing ass guitars faster than warp speed, Oh yeah man, I'm in a stone groove!! And some trippppy noise stuff in between songs. This is a lot like Dillinger Escape Plan, but not shitty. Keep it BRRRRRRIITL... BAM. NG (Undecided Records/10695 Lake Parkway/Boca Raton, FL 33498)

#### AZTECTWOSTEP • 7"

This is some crazy shit, man. AztecTwoStep play fast hardcore with grindcore like vocals. It blazes by you before you can really hear it all, sounding more like a swarm of bees than a mass of instruments. Their lyrics cover a range of topics: they talk about the world, they talk about the scene, and they talk about whatever they can call out as inane. I am seriously surprised to hear such a harsh record from Immigrant Sun. This is way better than any of the stuff I remember them putting out before. Crazy Swedish punk, man. LO (Immigrant Sun/PO Box 150711/Brooklyn, NY 11215)

#### BAD MACHINE • Rip Your Heart CD

Oh, Bad Machine, you are so bad. Well, they aren't that bad. They aren't wicked bad and they aren't terribly bad either. They just fall somewhere in the middle. Bad Machine plays rock and roll with a heavy garage influence. I wasn't very into the sound, but I was amused by the band photos. One of the guys looks like Stevie Vaughn, which is pretty fitting. LO (Dead Beat Records/PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078)

#### BONES BRIGADE • 7"

Okay, tons of backwards baseball caps here... I like the melodic anthem-like leads that are happening here. They work with the fast paced music well. I know people are gonna think I'm crazy but the production and vox kind of remind me of Absolution. A bit more stripped down, but definitely has that influence. Fucking rad record... made my top 10 list on my web site a few months ago, so I was stoked to get to review this. More proof indeed that the east coast is where it's at for hardcore suckas... NW (Belief Crisis Records/PO Box 35374/Brighton, MA 02135)

#### BLOOD RED • Hostage CD

This is terrible. Boring emo-rock. I got sick of the singer after 1 track. Next! CD (Initial Records/PO Box 17131/Louisville, KY 40217)

#### BLUEBIRD • Black Presence CD

The band calls this a 'free form' recording, which left a bad taste in my mouth right from the start. I mean in some neighborhoods just using the phrase 'free form' can get you slapped clean across the face. But on to the music, well it's what happens when people do a lot of drugs I think. First thing you know you're doing it just for fun on the weekends then next thing you know you're writing 'stoner jams' with your friends and throwing around terms like 'free form.' It's got groovy bass lines under eerie organ and atmospheric overtones, some of it reminds me of The Doors. But let's be honest, these dudes ain't no Jim Morrison. MO (Dopeamine Records/PO Box 3221/Beverly, MA 01915)

#### BALANCE OF TERROR • A Better Tomorrow LP

BOT really fuckin go for it. This is some awesome old school style HC with a modern twist. What you got goin' here is some fast and aggressive HC that doesn't rely on fancy gimmicks, super low tunings, or metal bullshit. I really dig this band for a few reasons. They have a wide reach, what I mean is that I could imagine the crust punk types rockin out with the most hyperactive thrash kid in the same room as straight up hardcore kids (I hope). I did this experiment and it worked. I played this record for a cross section of friends and people like it. I think it's because the music is sincere. You can just tell by the way the music is played and especially the lyrics. These lyrics are some of the best. The majority are social political type writings and some more personal ones. The lyrics really work because they don't use boring clichés or empty sloganeering, just lyrics that paint an image that can be conveyed and processed, stick in your head and get you moving. "As the last bomb is dropped on the final day of our tragic history one person will reach out from the ruins towards the setting sun and ask in their dying breath who won all the yesterdays that never were all the tomorrows never to come." Great dual vocal attack over some excellent aggressive playing. Some bands that I want to listen to after this would be later Christ on Parade or Code 13. Give this a spin! CF (Paralogy/PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212)

#### BIG BUBBA • Fuck This Place CD

This CD has twelve quick punk songs. It is your basic hard style, played with a lot of aggression and "fuck you" attitude. Big Bubba have included a collage of themselves with this CD, but only the lyrics to four songs. For the rest, I am supposed to check their web site. That sucks, I will never do that. The lyrics they did offer up were all pissed. They delineate the problems of their town, lives, and world. It's not very good, which is too bad when you figure they have been a band for 8 years and this is their 3rd release. LO (\$7 to Jeremy Rossman c/o Repetitively Futile Records/PO Box 1311/Missoula, MT 59806)

#### BITCHIN' • The Night Life, The Tight Style CD

I really like this. Bitch' play super infectious hardcore rock with honest vocals and political lyrics. The dual female vocals oscillate from super tough to lightly introspective, this mixes well with the highs and lows the music goes through on this recording. I can't get enough of it. The other 7" from this band have sounded good, but I was mostly impressed by the range of ideas they address in these songs. It's so refreshing to have something easy on the ears, fun for the feet, and good for the brain. Bitchin' is totally bitchin'. LO (No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

#### BLACK INK BLOOD • CD

BIB play a sort of chaotic emo, there's a lot of switching off between quiet and more intense, louder parts. This sound can be hard to pull off, it's really easy to create some really awkward spots in a song when trying to make the transition from quiet to loud. BIB do a fair job, there are a few points where the transitions are a bit awkward, and some of the parts that are supposed to be intense just aren't. The bad spots are somewhat sparse though, and overall this is pretty decent. To make the obligatory comparison I'd have to drop the names Yaphet Kotto and Julia, though at some points there's a JR Ewing/screamo undercurrent. BH (Stephen Paul/9890 Caminito Munoz/San Diego, CA 92131)

#### THE BLACK LIPS • 7"

This is dirty rock n roll from the south. People seem to either really love or just fucking hate this band. In the last week I've heard both claims. I find it to be garage rock done pretty damn good, at moments it even sounds like The Stones. It's snotty and bratty, but still tight. The last song is my favorite. One thing I do think is weird though, is that the insert is on thicker glossier cardstock than the cover is, but whatever... Mike at The Electric Human Project is a sweet kid, so it's worth buying just for that reason alone. MO (www.electrichumanproject.com)

#### BLACK WIDOWS • Stops a Beating Heart CD

There are slim moments when this sounds like Born Against, but minus the fact that members of Born Against were: A) punks, and B) witty. Take that away and what do you got? In this case, not much. This just seems jock-y to me. I'm sure these dudes really can get the pit going. Maybe I'll slap on a 'wife beater' and meet em at the 'gig' bro. MO (Initial Records/PO Box 17131/Louisville, KY 40217)

#### THE BLACKOUTS • Everyday Is Sunday Evening CD

This CD ten jangly rock and roll songs. Somewhere between old Dinosaur Jr. and the Rolling Stones lay The Blackouts. This CD is incredibly listenable, but I can't tell you what most of the songs are about. It has an easygoing tempo as it bumps along down the road. LO (Lucid/665 Timber Hill Rd./Deerfield, IL 60015)

#### BLACKWALL HITCH • Milwaukee Burning 7"

Okay, well, this really isn't my thing, but I do think it's OK. Kind of reminds me of what was happening after the straightedge trends of the late '80's (this has more of an early '90's feel). More of a rockin hardcore kinda thing in the vein of Swiz or something. NW (3222 S 23<sup>rd</sup> St./Milwaukee, WI 53215)

#### BOOKS LIE • Empathy 7"

Three songs of mid-tempo hardcore plus an electronica song with what songs like a banjo being played over it. This is similar to the past outings of Books Lie, mid-tempo hardcore with a good amount of intensity to it. At times I want to compare them to Swiz, but they tend to be a bit more chaotic. The lyrics fall into the spot that exists somewhere between the personal and political. My only real complaint about this record is that it's too short, but then my band had the same problem so I should probably just shut up now. BH (Carmen Diablo Records/PO Box 13306/46080 Valencia/Spain)



### THE BOXES • CD

Black zebra print and pink unicorns... okay, that is pretty dang girly (even for an all girl band). The Boxes is a four piece who play flawless garage rock with all the sweet tones you might expect. Their songs are about cars, drugs, loves, and living bad. The insert doesn't have any lyrics, they opt for a picture of them in an alley instead, but the vocals are so clear and crisp you know the story already. LO (www.weartheboxes.com)

### BOOM BOOM KID • Okey Dokey Dok picture 12"

Vibrant colors and childlike drawings adorn this picture disc. The title track for this wacky record was a freaky thing that reminded me of Melt Banana. That made me pretty optimistic about being amused for the whole record. Though the rest of the LP isn't quite the same. Instead, most of it is melodic pop punk that sometimes sounds like mellow fifties rock and roll. Boom Boom Kid is infectious and I can see people being as stoked on them as they are the Fun People. The material for this LP was taken from a CD by the same name a couple of split CDEps. They pretty much made these for Boom Boom Kid's summer European tour, so I don't know if you can really get this record anymore. LO (Ugly Europe/Herbststr. 40-17/1160 Vienna/Austria)

### BOXING WATER • No Voice Will Go Unheard CD

Eleven songs of catchy punk with a slight bite fill this CD. Each tune has clearly defined parts, vocals, and guitar licks. Boxing Water plays a sound akin to big punk bands that appeal to the masses. They stay away from harshness and, even with the occasional barbed lyric, try to suck you in with a smooth rock instead. LO (Spent Records/444 Humphrey St. #50/ Swampscott, MA 01907)

### THE BROKEDOWNS • Let the Disappointment Begin CD

The title says it all... this is exactly like everything else one might hear on Mtv these days with the pop punk craze. It's boring and generic in a pop punk fashion. Not my cup of tea, can't see how it could be anyone's. Sorry guys. NW (Big Action Records/217 East King/Winona, MN 55987)

### BUCKET FULL OF TEETH • I, II, and III 7"

This is actually a review of three different 7"s by Bucket Full of Teeth, but since they all came out at once it makes more sense to review them as a set. Featuring the guitarist of Orchid, the original Orchid bass player, and the drummer from the Cancer Kids, Bucket Full of Teeth offer up an unrelenting torrent of frantic hardcore; a brutal and less arty version of Orchid; in truth I don't think this sounds anything like Orchid, though I do think many an Orchid fan will enjoy this. Each of the three records has a full EP's worth of material, while all three members have written text for one of the three 7"s, and when you put all three 7"s side by side they make one piece of continual art work. They all come on colored wax (I = yellow, II = pink, and III = green) and are limited edition of course. It is kind of a pain in the ass to flip all the 7"s over, but I guess a CD version is coming sometime soon. KM (Youth Attack Records/PO Box 220/Times Square Station/New York, NY 10108)

### BURMESE • 7"

Burmese are a noise outfit. One side of this record has a list set with four players: a singer, two bassists, and three people to play drums. Here the music tends to go all over the place. Burmese starts, makes a lot of distorted and heavy noise, and then just trails off. Each song seems to be done in that same structure. The only exception is a Black Flag cover that you can barely recognize. On the other side you find a studio recording by Burmese as a two-piece. This time just vocals, drums, and bass done by two. The material on this side of the records is very reminiscent of Godstomper. Longer songs and longer sections create a more distinctive sound for each track. LO (Scenester Credentials Records/PO Box 1275/Iowa City, IA 52240)

### CALIGARI • CD

7 tracks. Total wall of sound. It's like taking Orchid and turning up the heaviness 500%. This is harsh and dark, but it's not really metal, it's something new. Total jackhammer fucked up nail me into the ground mother listen to this mean ass mosh part emo hardcore. It's not easy listening I can tell you that much. MH (Init Records/PO Box 3432/Mankato, MN 56002)

### CALLING GINA CLARK • 5"

Ah, the 5". Such a great idea... It's collectable, it's cute, and for folks like myself it is COMPLETELY UNPLAYABLE! Heck, I tried three different record players and not one could even pick up a note. That is why 5"s, especially ones with giant 7"s labels like this one, suck. As much as they are special, they are just too damn difficult for me to really enjoy (when I can play them). This release is limited to a small number with these nice looking sewn bags and an insert in German and English. It seemed like it could be good. Determined to figure out something about this band, perhaps even just listen to MP3s of the 5" online, I went to their web site. Well, half of the web sites on the insert didn't work. I finally got the bands' site and read their description and some printed reviews of all their releases. Apparently this is a chaotic hardcore band that is pretty good. Even we gave their demo a great review. Well, I'll never know for sure... but at least I tried. LO (www.crucificados.de)

### CARRION • 7"

Carrion is a band whose influences seem to be both punk and old school metal. I'm sure this band would love it if I said they seemed to be basing themselves on '70s metal, but the fact is I can't shake how much the first song on the 7" sound like early Ink & Dagger. I'm sure they don't want to be compared to Ink & Dagger. Who does? Anyway, Carrion is a heavy band with a rock and roll vibe. The two songs on this 7" are bleak anthems played in a sludgy style. LO (McCarthyism Records/7209 25th Ave./Hyattsville, MD 20783)

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## THE CASSETTES • CD

You know what I hate more than anything in the world? Those damn Lookout Records ads with the blue teddy bears and pink stuff animals. Do you know the ones I'm talking about? The reason I mention it is because the art for this CD is reminiscent of that. And if I were six years old I'm sure this artwork would probably blow my mind, but I mean come on. As for the music, I'd say folkie Weezer, maybe? It's pretty bad. I don't usually like this kind of stuff unless it's really catchy and this is just jangly and almost painful to listen to. Buy it for your worst enemy, or an old ex girlfriend who you really hate. I'd take this to the local record store to sell used, but I'm kind of embarrassed to be seen with it. MO (Lovitt/PO Box 248/Arlington, VA 22210)

## CIRCLE TAKES THE SQUARE • CD

This might be one of the most amazing bands I've ever seen, if only just because of the sincerity with which they exhaust themselves each night. They seem to put everything they have into what they're doing and it's almost exhausting just to watch them try to stay on top of these chaotic songs they've written. One of them drops his guitar to whisper the lyrics into everyone's ears, as the drummer screams them into his snare and the other one is kicking her cord back into her pedal so she can keep playing bass. It's like they are constantly on the verge of falling apart, but somehow they keep it together. They play frantic and emotional hardcore punk (with male and female vocals) that is melodic at times and builds and seems to go all over the place in a short amount of time without being repetitive or over the top. This and their split w/Pg.99 are both worth finding. ("Bring the dance back!") FIL (www.hyperrealist.com)

## CRIMSON SWEET • Livin' In Strut CD

This isn't the sort of digs that I am supposed to enjoy. I mean Crimson Sweet reeks of decadent rock 'n' roll with nothing more going for it then the drive to succeed, but there is a certain quality that reminds of the Avengers; a sort of East Coast Avengers. I enjoy listening to this, though I doubt many *Heartatack* readers would enjoy this CD. Just something that appeals to that part of me that enjoys the Avengers or the Alley Cats as well as other late '70s rock that was somewhat punk influenced. KM (On/On Switch)

## CITY OF CATERPILLAR • CD

City Of Caterpillar falls into the ranks of the new DC sound being pushed out by Magic Bullet, but have an emotive hardcore edge that other bands of their peers do not. This is a typical Level Plane release in some ways—but in other ways the best release they have to date. With a sound that is incredibly modern City Of Caterpillar lunge forth, each song a crashing wave of sound. The soothed and soft parts play lightly on your ears, making way for the coming storm. The fusion of volumes and intensities is well done on this record; it picks you up and takes you with it. Great emotive hardcore for the modern age. LO (Level Plane Records/PO Box 4392/Philadelphia, PA 19118)

## CITY OF CATERPILLAR • demo and live recordings LP

This is the uglier side of City of Caterpillar, the sound of strained voices, jangling keys and broken bottles at the heart of this band. Born from the rotting corpse of Monotanashhfuck, City of Caterpillar picked up the pieces and recorded this demo in April, 2000. The other side is from a radio show they played in New York City later that December. (Unfortunately the first song was lost forever when the "DJ" forgot to press record.) I fucking love this record from the silk-screened heavy black cardboard cover and insert to the sound of the Zima bottle that wouldn't break. It captures all the little shit that the LP missed and it reminds me of how much fucking fun they are (and Monotanashhfuck was) to see play. FIL (Adagio 830 Records)

## CHARM CITY SUICIDES • The Worst CD

This is the CD version of the Charm City Suicides LP that came out on Verminscum Records. Charm City Suicides are a garage meets post-punk creation from Baltimore that combine many different eras of punk and rock to create an agitated and gravel quality sand-paper sound that can be rockin' and catchy, though low brow and butt ugly. Normally, I don't really like this sort of stuff, but Charm City Suicides has energy and a gritty determinism that seems to draw me in. The sound is rock based, but raw and agitated with moments of sonic boom or sick throw back to early punk styles; a mish mash that comes with a flare of stubbornness and pinnace. For some unknown reason I enjoy this. KM (Youth Attack Records/PO Box 220/Times Square Station/New York, NY 10108)

## COLD BLUE SKY • Black Sevens And Suicide Kings CD

The songs on this CD remind me a lot of Small Brown Bike. Cold Blue Sky put forth an emotional sound, full of melody and driving guitar, and then layer that under scratchy vocals. The vocals give it a desperate honesty that makes the whole recording raw, even though it is quite polished. These five songs are their second release. LO (8332 Kipling Ave./Woodbridge, ON/L4L 2A8/Canada)

## COLLIGERE • CD

Colligere plays hardcore with a driving force. Their songs layer intensity and melody, coming up with a harmonious noise. Their honest approach spans out to the lyrics as well. Mostly in Portuguese and some in English, these songs talk about the effects of the world on ourselves. They seek liberation, happiness, and truth. This is a very likeable record all around. LO (CP 1860/Curitiba-PR/80010-970/Brazil)

## COMMON INTEREST • As We Decay... 7"

These guys call themselves "youth crust," I call them "youth crap." It's fast, bad vocals, the music is ok... it's thrash... I guess. Fuck man, heard it a million times before. NUF SAID! NG (Room 101 Records/PO Box 1004/Windsor, CT 06095)

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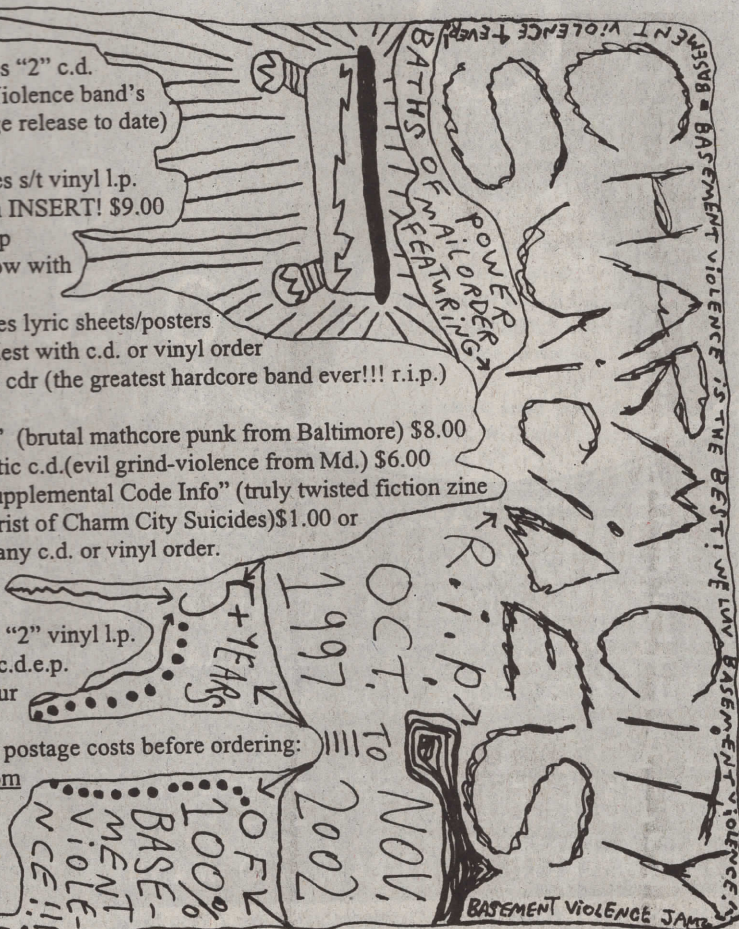
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**COMPLAIN • Make a Mistake 7"**

Max, the man behind 625, if nothing else, is consistent; he contributes much to the worldwide hardcore scene in his willingness to put his money on the line promoting great bands that would otherwise go unheard by our lazy and self-obsessed ears. Yet another example: Complain hail from Sapporo, and play thrashy hardcore falling closer to the Total Fury end of things than the Exclaim side. Quality songwriting and quality recording. My only issue is the lack of a lyric sheet. TS (625 Thrashcore/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142/www.625thrash.com)

**COLD BLUE SKY • Echo Of The Assassin CD**

Cold Blue Sky plays music in the vein of Hot Water Music. Lots of upbeat melodies with a crisp delivery and full sound throughout. The songs are personal, passionate, and emotional—but more professional than honest in many cases. It is nicely assembled EP. The groove it's in lends itself to extended play. LO (8332 Kipling Ave./Woodbridge, ON/L4L 2A8/Canada)

**CRAW • Bodies for Strontium 90 CD**

Hmm, let's see... from what I've heard these guys invented the "math rock" that a lot of metal core bands are doing right now, but you could have fooled me. This is stop and start hardcore with (now this is going to surprise you) off time drum beats and wailing guitar solos. But don't be fooled... this is nothing like Botch or Dillinger Escape Plan, the guy can not sing... AT ALL! His vocals basically destroy the music. This is one of those bands you either have heard about and love OR you buy their CD listen to it and cry because you just wasted 14 bucks on a piece of garbage. NG (Hydra Head Industries/PO Box 990248/Boston, MA 02199)

**CRESS • The Greed Machine And The Money Tree 2x12"**

The latest Cress release is a compilation of recent releases. These records include the Monument LP, From Violence To Consumerism 7", split 10" with Doom, and then some more songs that are unreleased thus far. I've heard the 7" and I never thought it was all that great, but listening to these songs together makes Cress sure seem great! The songs are inspired anarcho-crust with intense song writing throughout. They are smart and catchy. So much of this sound is based on punk bands of the past, but Cress keeps it fresh with modern sounds and random effects. This release comes in a nice gatefold jacket with a fold-out poster. LO (Skuld/Malmsheimerstr. 14/71272 Renningen/Germany)

**CRESTFALLEN • Streaks of Terror CD**

This is some heavy shit. They always kind of reminded me of what Pg.99 was like when they first started, especially the two singers. Now they have one of the kids from Pg.99 playing bass for them. They play a kind of epic hardcore with melodic build ups and metal-influenced chugga-chugga mosh parts, mixed in with a few blast beats and other grind influences that come with the territory of growing up around bands like Enemy Soil. Although most of these kids are so young that it was probably more like Pig Destroyer by then. The songs are complex and moody and at times they're woven together seamlessly, maintaining an atmosphere through the whole record. They have a lot of energy and are a lot of fun to watch. One of the few bands like this that I can handle. FIL (Magic Bullet/PO Box 6337/Woodbridge, VA 22195)

**CURIOSO • Isso Fica por sua Contra 7"**

Before I played this a friend of mine who has this says, "Oh, that's a really good record. It's very melodic." I just looked at him like, How can you say that with a straight face? Lo and behold, my friend is right. This is really good, and it's very melodic. Proof that there's still some worthwhile and very much tuneful punk rock being played out there in the world. It reminds me of the late 70s early 80s punk that combined pop into the music while still retaining the punk sound. Being from Japan, Curioso definitely have that sound and throw some early UK punk in there as well. Really good stuff and hopefully there's more to come. MA (Devour; ykdvr@zc4.so-net.ne.jp)

**DAUGHTERS • 7"**

Okay... this is a complete rip off of The Locust, Discordance Axis, Converge, and Arab on Radar... funny thing is these Providence boys pull it off better than any of the above bands in my opinion. Total arty math grind with bad lyrics on this one sided ep. I can see these guys signing to a hipster label like Youth Attack. NW (City of Hell Records/2 College St. #2065/Providence, RI 02903)

**DELORES CANTER • The Alpha Project EP CD**

Their first songs sucked me in because it sounded so much like Still Life. It has this honest and gentle appeal to it. The following songs move more into the newer emotional hardcore style, but keep much of the same personality. I really liked listening to this EP. The songs are all very personal, but the linear notes included explain enough to make each of them make sense for the listener. Delores Canter seems to be a band intent on expression, communication, and honesty. I respect that. LO (Schoolcraft/1529 W Farwell Ave. #1N/Chicago, IL 60626)

**DUMBSTRUCK • If It Ain't Broke... 7"**

Seven new songs from England's Dumbstruck. Five are originals, and two are cover tracks; "Break The Chains" by Deathwish, and "Pure Hate" by Poison Idea. All seven songs were recorded prior to the LP that was released on 625 Productions. Dumbstruck is ex-Ripcord, and these songs are great brutal ditties that hark back to the powerful songs that Ripcord was thrashing out in the early '90s. The vocal work is much better on this 7" than on the LP, and all in all these songs are better than the LP's material. The Dumbstruck LP wasn't really very good. I gave it a few listens, and was done with it. But these songs really are much better, and anyone that loved Ripcord should give this a listen even if you didn't like the LP. KM (Deranged Records/PO Box 543/Station P/Toronto, ON/M5S-2T1/Canada)



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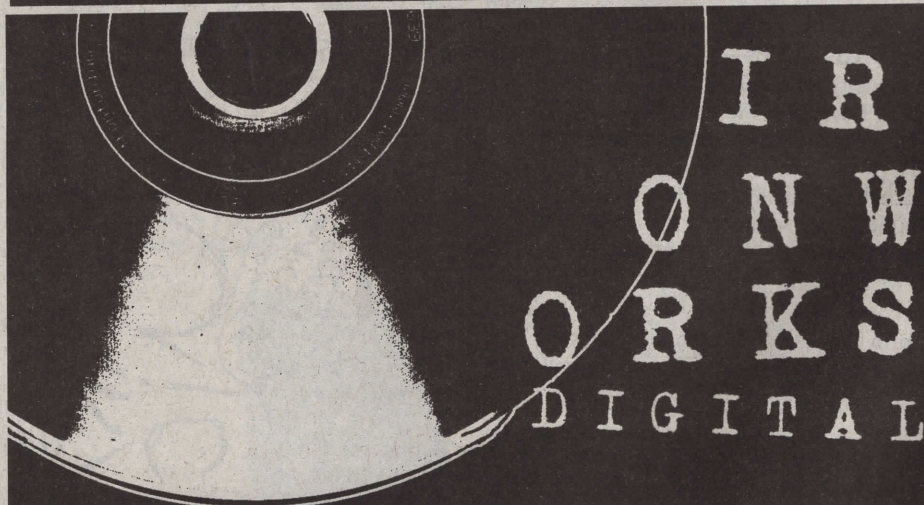
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## DEXTER CHUMLEY ATTACK • Death in Small Doses 7"

We have 10 songs here, with pretty over the top female vox. This is some pretty brutal grindy hardcore, from Cleveland, Ohio. Not really the kind of stuff I listen to much these days, but it's ok for what it is. This is total Hater of God type hc/metal. Fans of fast hc/metal will love it. NW (Rubber City Records/PO Box 8349/Akron, OH 44320)

## DAG NASTY • Minority Of One LP

Dave Smalley is a complete dip shit. Before the first Gulf War I saw Down By Law play numerous shows where Dave would make jokes about Saddam Hussein and generally encourage support for the war and our beloved troops. I am sure if I saw Dag Nasty play today Dave would again be making those same jokes and encouraging war with Iraq. I recently read an interview with Dave where he called *Maximum Rock n'roll* and *Punk Planet* extremist magazines. If you ask me Dave and Dag Nasty have about as much to do with punk and hardcore at this point as MTV does with the Olympics. This entire LP is filled with ridiculous songs, my favorite is Dag Nasty crying about people talking shit about them on the internet. Give me a break. Pathetic crap. KM (Revelation Records/PO Box 5232/Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232)

## DEBRIS • Ten2 LP

This is an interesting record. The sound is a highly melodic hardcore punk style that is pretty entertaining. It is driving and enthusiastic throughout. Though the real gem of this record is the lyrics. Debris has highly political, incendiary lyrics that address a whole row of social/political ills. After each song they give a good description of what it is about and how they feel about it. I really like the thorough approach of this record. LO (Autodafé Records c/o Nils Vosgrüne/Hoxfelder Weg 71/46325 Borken/Germany)

## DISGRUNTLED NATION • 7"

Disgruntled Nation plays hardcore in with a DIY sound. The recording is rough around the edges, making it all the more edgy and real. The songs themselves are alright. Most of them have good elements but, like any band, could stand to be tighter and perhaps a little more well defined. Plus, the recording is a little muddy. Their songs focus in on a medley of things that have pissed them off. Be it people that annoy them, small town society, corporate propaganda, or domestic violence, it will find its way under the microscope of this Disgruntled Nation. LO (Poisoned Candy Records/PO Box 9263/Missoula, MT 59807)

## DR. GREEN • Purvas CD

A nine song CD from this Lithuanian band. They play upbeat punk rock with lots of ska and reggae influences. Their lyrics are half in English and half in their native tongue. The songs I could read were descriptive stories of situations that relate to greater issues. Many of the songs have a quality similar to The Clash, especially with their smooth tones and guitar hooks. The more ska influenced tracks are like a party that cannot be contained. The energy on this recording is high. LO (PO Box 790/LT-2050 Vilnius/Lithuania)

## ECHO IS YOUR LOVE • 8 Hours CD

The name of this band is fitting for their sound since it has the same haunting quality an echo might. The songs on here are post hardcore, and they are pushing at the envelope of sound. Most of them are sweet and sticky, with an ethereal quality you can't shake. The quirky guitar squeaks and droning rhythms work well with the sugary female vocals. LO (Stickfigure/PO Box 55462/Atlanta, GA 30308)

## ED GIEN • CD

Spooky, grinding metalcore for you to kill yourself to. Have fun! CD (Hanging Like A Hex c/o Ryan Canavan/201 Maple Ln/North Syracuse, NY 13212)

## THE ED KEMPER TRIO • How to Win a Sword Fight CD

Technically proficient math rock which takes its clue from a bunch of those Touch And Go bands. Headly music that only ever gets really going when the vocals set in. This definitely has its virtues, but I couldn't get into it at all. MH (Yawn Records/PO Box 35854/Tulsa, OK 74153)

## ENDSTAND • Never Fall Into Silence CD

This band is one of my favorites. These good looking Finnish guys play hard rockin tunes with a full sound, inspiring lyrics, and good hearts. The music on this CD reminds me of fun days listening to Avail and Face to Face (yes, I just said it, so take away my fucking Discharge patch you fuck!). The music isn't necessarily hard-core but melodic type punk played with tension and angst. This band will get you shaking your hips and throwing your fist up in the air. The lyrics are really honest and inspiring, they talk about how we should never give up on sight of our dreams and trying to change our crazy world. If you like the 7" and the 10" you will definitely love this CD. It really hits a spot in me that I feel whenever bands play the music that they love. You can tell by tunes throughout! CF (Day After/PO Box 153/35201 AS/Czech Republic)

## ELEMAE • Sleeping With Adrenaline 7"

Two songs. "Science Kit" is an indie pop ditty with heavy chords to give it some weight. "Sleeping With Adrenaline" takes a stricter melodic route. The sound is very produced and due to that, I think, loses some of the edge that would make it interesting. LO (Ignition Records/I Chandos Rd./Turnbridge Wells, Kent/TN1 2NY/UK)

## EVERGREEN • 7"

Is this a bootleg? I'm not sure but I'm pretty sure it is. Either way it's great, it includes the songs "250 Dollar Loser," "Bullyrag," and "Forced Feed Ed." Fans of The Hated will eat this up, as am I. Great record, buy it if you can find it. MO (no address)

## EDEN MAINE • The Treachery Pact CD

Eden Maine plays super intense metalcore in the vein of Converge or Botch. Every inch of this CD is tough. (Especially the Puddenhead cover art.) I like their use of harmonious and wicked vocals together. They give the melodic parts that extra something a metal CD needs in order to impress me at this point. Their songs pass quickly; apparently Eden Maine is a fan of the "get-in and get-out" method of musical assault. I prefer bands like this to get to the point rather than coming up with 20 minute operas. LO (Ignition Records/I Chandos Rd./Turnbridge Wells, Kent/TN1 2NY/United Kingdom)

## EDITOR • Game Over CD

I am seriously thinking about suing these guys for stealing 45 minutes of my time. 14 songs of bad heavy metal. Awful. CU (Strilek Records/Safarikova 14/56802 Svitavy/Czech Republic)

## ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN TRAITORS • Discography CD

Encyclopedia Of American Traitors existed in a time before screamo, but today I can't think of a better way to describe them. They play heavy and intense chaotic hardcore with scratchy vocals. It is an urgent, driving sound; one that does not apologize or try to soften. It is an undying rhythm of desperate communication. Their songs and their message deal with labor struggle and the importance of uprising. It is nice to see a retrospective for this band. LO (Shove c/o Manuel Piazenza/Via Don Minzoni 3/15100 Alessandria/Italy)

## END ON END • Why Evolve When We Can Go Sideways? CD

12 tracks. With a name like that I was expecting a more disheveled emo sound. Not to say that End On End's music lacks emotion, but what they're playing has more of a straight forward hardcore feel than expected. Think bands like Torches To Rome and Knives Out. The lyrics are critical of modern society and push for more of an anti-consumerist, pro-independent attitude in people. Great new band which I would recommend wholeheartedly. My only complaint is—and it's a small one—that overall the vocals could be a little more varied. They pretty much have the same unrelenting aggressive kick throughout the entire recording except for their fantastic last song "Have you ever heard of Victor Jara" when he tones it down a little bit. But I'm totally nit-picking. This is a great record. MH (Substandard Records/PO Box 310/Berkeley, CA 94701)

## ENDMONSTER • LP

Endmonster is here to deliver an arty hardcore album, full of lyrical and musical hooks. Their songs freak out and then come back into the fold. The tones stay somewhat mellow, but the intensity does not. At times it is smooth, at times it is just on the verge of explosion. Quirky computer blimps mix with traditional sounds in many songs. Endmonster is for people interested in post hardcore emotional stuff with a heavy freak vibe. It is an interesting record in its vagueness and fresh style. LO (Narshardaa Records c/o Springer/Wolfbergredder 9/24113 Molfsee/Germany)

## EVEREST • The Road Less Traveled CD

I am really surprised to see that JTTP puts out a CD like this one. No metal at all. Seriously, not even a bit of metal. This German band plays melodic hardcore that is all so popular these days. Think bands like Get Up Kids, Alkaline Trio, and Juliana Theory, and you have an idea of what these guys sound like. As with all JTTP releases, this has a nice looking artwork to it. Not bad at all. CU (Join The Team Player/Altoettingenstr. 6a/81673 Muenchen/Germany)

## EXAMINATION OF THE... • We are the Architects of... CD

I am scared to listen to this at night because of the violent lyrics seemingly related to bloody girls and harsh "fucking." The cover appears to be a dead bloody girl too, that's nice. Chaotic, styley, artsy fartsy hardcore. But there is nothing styley about being abusive towards women. JB (Forge Again Records/PQ Box 146837/Chicago, IL 60614)

## FAGATRON • CD

Listening to Fagatron takes me back to early nineties Olympia. Back when the experimentation with sounds, genders, and ideas was taking on a new energy. Fagatron, like many of those, has just two members. Just a bass and drum make up this crazy, fun, disjointed, and funky music. Parts of Fagatron remind me of listening to God Head Silo, Unwound, Heaves To Betsy, Witchy Poo, and a slew of others. LO (Agitprop! Records/PO Box 748/Hanover, MA 02339)

## THE FAREWELL BIKERIDE • This Is How It Goes CD

I really liked this one. The Farewell Bikeride is a melodic four piece with sweet female vocals. It has the same rocking quality of Discount; which is just lovely. The lyrics are personal and poetic, which fits the sound to a tee. Very nice. LO (PO Box 1256/Provo, UT 84603)

## FETCH • Music Prevents You From Thinking For Yourself CD

Okay, this sounds typically European. Has some Acme. Carol parts thrown in with some bad mosh parts that make me wonder how long one can actually ride the e string. God, I can't imagine who listens to this shit. Do people actually think that this is progressive? It's straight up mosh metal to me. Did I mention they try to sweeten us up with bad emo parts? Ughggg... NW (Benihana Records/Cyriaksnig 57/38118 Braunschweig/Germany)

## FIELDS OF FIRE • Kill the Flock 7"

Here's six more old school songs by Fields of Fire. This shit is good 80's youth crew punk with rocking riffs. The only thing that sounds a little weird is some double vocal effects, but it still rocks. The CD version has an extra song or two. DJ (Bockhorn/PO Box 10238/Beverly Hills, CA 90213)

## THE FIRST SORT • Audio Visual Input Output CD

The First Sort seems to be a band trapped between the pulls of hardcore and new wave. Their straightforward vocals, frantic tempo, and traditional guitar clash and bang up against keyboards and the occasional dance beat. It does makes for an original sound, though it isn't quite polished enough to be the kind of thing lots of folks will go for. LO (Second Wind Records/PO Box 570013/Tarzana, CA 91357)

## FIND HIM AND KILL HIM • You Can't Fuck With The... 7"

This is totally energetic skate thrash for the young punks. (Mind you, I have no idea if this band is into skateboarding but since almost every other band that plays this style of music is, I am saying they are.) You can sing along, get down, or do whatever as long as it is full bore. This band pours a lot of energy out onto this record. They play as fast as they can and aren't waiting for you to catch up. Very entertaining. You can't fuck with the kids. LO (Dead Is Dead/1105 East Young St./Wilmington, CA 90744)

## THE FIRE NEXT TIME • The Sound of a Threat CD

Rocking and emotive (in the classic sense of the appellation), the Fire Next Time touches down somewhere between 400 Years and This Machine Kills, exploring some of the same technical sounds of the former while maintaining the rock (and a vocalist) of the latter. The Fire also covers much of the same political terrain as well: revolutionary aims with respect given to the perspectives of radical feminists and people of color. As appropriate samples appear throughout the recording, so do relevant quotes appear throughout the lyric booklet, and I was especially heartened at the anti-reformist quote by Huey Newton. While nowhere near as threatening as the Torches to Rome lyric the title references, this is nonetheless very recommendable. TS (Dim Mak Records/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107 or Code of Ethics Records/10101 Orange Ranch/Tucson, AZ 85742)

## FLEAS AND LICE • Recipes For Catastrophes LP

Fucking raging anarcho-crust punk rock all over the place! I had no idea Fleas And Lice were this freakin' heavy. No wonder people have been so into this LP. It is heavy, brutal, and twisted all around. The lyrics are pretty sick, as they generally deal with the sickness in society and frustration caused by it. There is nothing but harshness here. Not for the meek. Rage on! LO (Skuld Records/Malmsheimerstr. 14/71272 Renningen/Germany)

## FLOOR • CD

From what I know, Floor has been around for ten years or so, but this is the first time that I get to listen to one of their records. I was told that their style has changed quite a bit, but I wouldn't know if that's a good or bad thing. On this CD you will find a wall of amps and truly heavy music. The down tuned guitars drone hauntingly, and the drums always seem to break into weird grooves. If that gets you all excited, then check this out. Sorry, but this is way too weird for me. CU (No Idea Records/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

## FLYING ENTERPRISE • 7"

This gatefold 7" has four songs. They are all melodic, falling somewhere between emo and indie. Their passion definitely makes them hardcore though. This band is from the Czech Republic, so even though the sing in English their lyrics are translated in Czech. (Perhaps someday, after all these reviews, I will begin to learn other languages based on the lyric translations...) Their lyrics are all very pretty poems about gaining as much of your life as you can. The life experiences told in them are honest and hopeful. LO (Ultima Ratio Records/Kokavee Miroslav/Spáčilova 1/Brno 61800/Czech Republic)

## FOR DIRE LIFE SAKE • CDep

For Dire Life Sake plays metal hardcore without the mosh. It is fueled by passion and strained by emotions. The four songs on this CD, well three really since one is a short instrumental, speak out from the heart. Each one typifying the woes of the brokenhearted. For Dire Life Sake has dramatic and dreary imagery (as well as razors on their records). This CDep stands as an expression of the bad times, with only the smallest sliver of silver lining showing. LO (Forge Again Records/PO Box 146837/Chicago, IL 60614)

## FRODUS • R4D1O-4C71V17Y CD

This is a recording of a bunch of radio shows. You know, "Unplugged" for the poor. It sounds good and features some live on the air chatter and nice graphic design. I've never been able to quite get into the Frodus sound. There's hints of Hoover and a lot of math rock-isms. It's all kind of heady and not overly catchy. My guess is that if you like Frodus you'll also like this. And if you never cared, this won't draw you in, either. MH (Magic Bullet Records/PO Box 6337/Woodbridge, VA 22195)

## FUEGO • Synchron CD

Nine songs. First off, the packaging is amazing: The digi-pack in which the CD arrives is beautiful already, but then the entire thing is nestled in a textile cover on top of that. Fuego has been around for a while, but only recently did they add Judith on vocals. What you get then is extremely well played, melodic hardcore with plenty of volume changes and a very dynamic recording. The best parts to me are when there's 2 singers and they scream their heads off. Those are the parts that really, really rock. The lyrics are either in English or German, they speak out against Western society's complacency and urge you to get off your ass and do what you can. The overall feeling you get from all of this—the artwork, the music and the words is that of uneasy melancholy, an effect which can be quite haunting at times. This CD was an extremely pleasant surprise to me. Reschpackt!!! MH (Lamm Gottes Records/Aufberg 7/6432 Rickenbach/Switzerland)



### GROINCHURN • Already Dead mini-CD

OK check it, South African Grind Death! I have always heard of this band and read a couple of cool interviews so that already had me curious. Well I wasn't disappointed. Groinchurn do what they do. This is pretty much straightforward death metal with the usuals, growled vocals, blasting drums and speed picked guitars. This brings to mind older bands like Entombed. This isn't really "modern" sounding only because it isn't like some of that over technical, and overproduced metal that is coming out these days. 9 songs crammed on to this little piece of plastic, 2 covers, one of Brutal Truth's "Kill Trend Suicide" and the other a cover Bad Brains' "Soul Craft." Also, a couple of live tracks are on here from a show in Vienna. CF (Crimes Against Humanity Records/PO Box 1421/Eau Claire, WI 54702)

### GOETZ GEORGE • Zurück Zur Basis 10"

This recording is very intense and very German. It has a sick metal influence that weaves its way into the chaotic hardcore sound. Freaky keyboard tweaks and tempo changes keep the spacey sound interesting throughout. The music on here moves by quickly. Their lyrics are all in German and written in an affected, cynical, and poetic style. Most of them are odd and dreary, which fits the music well. LO (SWC Records/Eric Greulich/Friedrich Gauß Str. 297424 Schweinfurt/Germany)

### THE GRAVITY INDEX • CD

This CD is pretty good. It has a slick and polished melodic hardcore with a mature rock beat. I like the fact that their lyrics are intelligent, but not posturing. The differences between this stuff and the sea of sameness are just enough to make it interesting. Thankfully, it comes off as honest and energetic. The six songs on this CD can go by fast as they meld easily into whatever you are doing. LO (Modern Radio/PO Box 8886/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

### GUTS PIE EARSHOT • Exit LP

Another LP from Guts Pie Earshot. Haunting, strange, intense music. This one is pretty much all instrumental. Drums, cello, and bass. I don't find this one to be quite as enjoyable as some of the earlier records, and yet I wouldn't say that I dislike this either. It is good, but just not as captivating. Off beat and not the regular fair, Guts Pie Earshot offer up something unique and gritty. Originality should be rewarded. KM (Major Label)

### GIVE UP • 7"

Ten tracks of fast angry hardcore from this New York hardcore band. The music is quite good; fast and furious and entertaining. The lyrics are good as well with songs about everything from medicating depression to trying not to become just another suit on the ladder to the big dollars. I hope to see more from this band. KM (Peterwalkee Records/PO Box 14794/Albany, NY 12212)

### GOMORRHA • LP

Limited to 666 copies, this Gomorrha LP features 27 songs of heavy, brutal grind-core. The LP itself is pressed on a split colored wax, and the covers are a typically fancy looking Hater of God design. Musically, Gomorrha play really harsh sounding grind hardcore with some metal influences. The vocals are demonic, uglyfied screaming. Fortunately, Gomorrha has some hidden melodies and some almost catchy elements buried in the debris of contempt and noise. Those musical elements keep the Gomorrha sound from becoming awash in sameness. So many bands that go brutal don't seem to be able to write songs so much as just thunder through some wall of noise. I wouldn't say that Gomorrha writes songs in the same context as most bands, but they do retain enough concepts of music to keep my attention while hammering away at reality with their crude, savage, brutal sound. KM (Hater of God/PO Box 666/Troy, NY 12181)

### GOLD CIRCLES • picture disc 7"

Hm, I don't know about those picture discs. They're awfully expensive, hardly ever look that great (certainly not in this case) and they come with way too little info. Oh well, the Gold Circles sound like Ian Svenonious channeling Adam Ant and Robert Smith. Kind of fun, really, and not as grating as one might expect. It is presented with a sort of look-we-recorded-this-live-in-the-livingroom-in-our-underpants glee. Stripped down instrumentation and bouncing with snappy, monotonous rhythm. It kinda makes me want to bunny hop through the kitchen. The more I listen to this, the funner I think it is. Cool. MH (Copter Crash/PO Box 6095/Hudson, FL 34667-3095)

### THE GREAT CLEARING OFF • Within This Inch We... 7"

I don't know what it is about this record, but it pulls me in multiple directions, tearing at me in the best way. I'm actually at a loss for comparisons, but the Great Clearing Off somehow manages to be very modern, while also mixing in elements of 80s hardcore; very tight and deliberate, yet still remaining passionate and urgent; chaotic, yet melodic; personal, yet political (in the way Torches to Rome was so able to pull off); and sincere, but not hokey. Great original music, honest and human lyrics, beautiful and simple art and packaging—as sure as Mike McKee is sassy, so is this record amazing. My only complaint is that the recording is the slightest bit thin, but for what I believe to be a debut release, this is relatively flawless. TS (Cheap Art Records/PO Box 2101/Philadelphia, PA 19103)

### THE GREAT REDNECK HOPE • 7"

This 7" has four modern hardcore songs. They are mid-tempo heavy hitters with crazed lyrics. If this band were harder, it might sort of sound like Rorschach. As is, it seems to fall just short of something people would be pretty into. It isn't bad though, just not quite there. The song titles suck you in with shocking ideas, but then are pretty mild. LO (Souless Lemming Records/PO Box 25903/Colorado Springs, CO 80936)

### GRIEVING THE DAYS TO COME • The... CD

Another heavy metal hardcore release from Tribunal Records... Grieving The Days To Come comes out blazing with six sick songs. This isn't my thing, but they do it well. Their dark songs decry religion, ideologies, frustrating relationships, and some other stuff to vague to be defined. Tribunal gets more and more similar to Relapse everyday, they just don't have the big names. LO (Tribunal Records/PO Box 49322/Greensboro, NC 27419)

### THE GEE STRINGS • Arrest Me CD

Unlucky thirteen snotty punk tracks. The female vocals and garage rock influences make for some catchy shit. It is party music for the pre-wasted. LO (Dead Beat Records/PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078)

### HELLNATION • Dynamite Up Your Ass LP

This is fucking unrelentingly brutal hardcore, played at hyperspeed, with tightness that stops on a dime. Like standing two feet away from a freight train at full speed. Yes, therapy, thanks to Hellnation. CD (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

### HERODISHONEST • Juggernaut CD

I like this CD. It has a raw energy and passionate style that gets you in the gut. Herodishonest play enthusiastic hardcore with a strong thrash beat. The sounds on this CD are perfect for hardcore fans of today. Their songs are intensely critical and political. They impress upon you the need to move, live, and react; which is a great thing to come out of essentially negative songs. I thought I had heard some of their stuff before, but nothing has impressed me as much as this. Solid songs, thought provoking lyrics, and a sound you can't ignore. LO (Storms Minimart/Box 403/00121 Helsinki/Finland)

### HIDE AND GO FREAK • 7"

Um, okay, I guess this is surf rock through the twisted minds of some goths. The sound has an eerie quality and is sort of like the soundtrack for a twisted circus, or perhaps freak show. I can see why this would make for entertaining party music, but it just turns out comical amongst the rows of earnest hardcore records for review. Aptly named though. LO (Pet Set Records)

### HIGH BEANS • Hallucination CD

Somehow I got all of the stuff from this label in the end. I guess the average HaC reviewer is a little timid to take on the Dead Beat catalog. It feels sort of lame to label this garage rock, but only because I have said that about all their other bands. Hey, it's and underground rock and roll kind of label. What can I do? Anyway, High Beans were pretty good. All of their eleven songs are solid rockers. There is little information to figure out what the songs actually pertain to, so you have to base it all on sound. Yep, they do indeed rock. Sometimes they have a late '70s feel and sometimes you hear a tinge of the Ramones. LO (Dead Beat Records/PO Box 283/Los Angeles, CA 90078)

### HOLY MOLAR • 10"

Arty noise has come for you! If you thought the 7" was something, be prepared for more dental debauchery. Do not resist the non-sensical beehive hum lest you be fed to the wolves. Don't you know who is in this band... well, you should. Those folks who can take a crazed noise and turn it into gold (teeth). They have been in plenty other bands to prove it. Heck, they are from San Diego. Is that enough of a hint? Well, keep guessing just as the content of this record had me guessing. Or, better yet, throw off the norms and allow yourself to be sucked into the molar attack. You can't deny the appeal of the picture disc with the giant tooth. You can't deny the way the keyboard fuzzed fury gets under the kids' skin. How much longer until everyone is this dentally distorted? This is the next wave. There is a CD version all the Holy Molar material out now on 31G Records as well. LO (Youth Attack Records/PO Box 126321/San Diego, CA 92112)

### THE IMPOSITION OF ORDER • CD

I am really impressed by the lyrics and content for this release. As you unfold the booklet, all you see is text. Lots and lots of tiny text. When you put the music on, it is pretty easy to tune out. The loud and crashing hardcore is pretty unrelenting throughout. It is chaotic and thrashy, without a lot of big tempo changes or waves in the sound. After a while of laying back and reading through the insert, it just started to sound like a wall of noise. Not bad noise, but blurry noise indeed. Anyway, while reading you can come to find that this band has a lot to address. Their political and social critique are not only intelligent and interesting, but they backed up with liner notes and explanations. Some of the issues addressed within their nine songs are sexuality, commodified bodies, environmentalism, pregnancy, relationship defining language, marriage, and the economic exploitation by western society. Cool. LO (37 Angus Dr./Charlottetown, PE/C1C 1C3/Canada)

### INFEST • No Man's Slave LP

The long lost second Infest LP finally comes to light! The music for these nineteen songs was recorded in 1995 but the vocals were not finished until 2000. The line-up is the original Infest cast, minus the bass player. The guitarist ends up doing both the guitar and bass lines. The sound is classic Infest; brutal, raw, aggressive, and powerful hardcore. Hundreds of bands have tried to recreate the amazing Infest sound, but few have come close. Infest was an awesome one of a kind band, and No Man's Slave proves exactly why Infest's legacy is still going strong. Honestly, this is totally on par with the other Infest releases; much more akin to the raw brutality of the last Infest 7" than the more melodic and catchy sound of their first 7". Awesome. Apparently there will be an Infest discography CD coming out soon! Can't wait. KM (Deep Six Records/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510-6911)

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## INSANIA • CD

Insania plays a lot of varying styles on this CD. Though really all of the music is harsh, many of the songs seem to be coming from totally different influences. Since this CD spans about six years of the band's history, it tracks the progression of sound as well. I found myself more interested in the hardcore at the beginning of the CD than the metal influenced stuff towards the end. Some of the songs from the demo are really catchy and different. The more metal is got, the less distinctive the sound became, and the less interested I became. Listening to this CD all at once ends up being just too much to listen to. This CD has all of the stuff from Insania that had never been available on CD format before. There are over 20 of these songs from the demo, early records, and live sets. LO (Strilek Records/Safarikova 14/Svitany 56802/Czech Republic)

## THE INSURGENTS • 7"

Noisy hardcore with strong tuneful elements. One minute these guys are barreling down and crashing into everything, then suddenly there's a catchy sing along part. Believe me, it works. If you were to play this in a room of about six people I bet by the end of the day those people would be singing lines from the songs on this record. Nice packaging as well. MA (129 Kilburn Rd./Garden City, NY 11530)

## I FARM • CD

Electic with a capital E. Blast beats, melodic hardcore sing alongs, fast thrash and metal arpeggio runs thrown together in a dizzying array. It sounds like a sketchy proposition, but I Farm pull it off well. The energy level never seems to drop even when going through a tempo change that should be giving people whiplash. The lyrics are somewhat abstract, at times they seem to be making a political statement and at times they lean more in the personal direction, but for the most part it's hard to see what exactly the author is trying to say in many of the songs. Someone with A.D.D. would definitely be into this, but those with longer attention spans might find it interesting as well. BH (Traffic Violation/PO Box 772/East Setauket, NY 11733)

## JOHN BROWN'S ARMY • Who Fucked the Culture Up? LP

JBA kicks out some aggressive thrashy hXc. The lyrics are personal or deal with life and the scene. The vocals are rough and give the band a good angry sound. DJ (Gloom Records/PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212)

## KAIVOSURMA • Brostein 7"

Take a look at the address on this, that might give you a clue—that's right, thrash. All the music is played by one guy and the vocals are some terrifying screams. They now have guitar and bass players and are recording or have recorded another album, if it's like this it's worth getting. DJ (M. Malkki/Ilmarinkatu 36 D 37/33500 Tampere/Finland)

## KERBLOKI • CD

Kerbloki is a hip-hop outfit that experiments with arty styles and new wave beats. The rhymes are typical of the "street" sound. For the sake of comparison, Kerbloki are sort of like Moby meets the Beastie Boys. The keyboards and sound effects are in full effect, but so are the quick paced rap vocals. The lyrics to the songs are all printed in one line in tiny font. My eyes hurt halfway through trying to read them. So, I guess all the songs are about parties. LO (BiFocal Media/PO Box 50106/Raleigh, NC 27650)

## KYLESA • CD

Just like their last 7", this CD has some great Pushead artwork as well. Kyleisa play Neurosis-style hardcore that has some sort of His Hero Is Gone feel to it. It's just that Kyleisa doesn't sound as punk. Kyleisa recorded this album in two sessions, since their bass player/singer died after they recorded half of the songs on this CD. I really enjoyed the very cool lead guitars, that make up for an interesting listen. Pretty damn good. CU (Prank/PO Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

## KILL WHITNEY DEAD • Inhaling the Breath of a Bullet CD

The title of this CD should elicit some good guffaws. Grind that falls somewhere between early Carcass and Burn the Priest. Sometimes this stuff can be good, usually when it's done in short sharp blasts. These guys have a crazy tech side that makes them somewhat interesting. My only real complaint is the abundance of movie sound bytes. Even the bells at the beginning hearken back to AC/DC's "Hell's Bells". MA (Tribunal/PO Box 49322/Greensboro, NC 27419-1322)

## THE KILLING TREE • Bury Me At Make-Out Lake CD

Pissed off metal core overflows this CD. Each song is filled with angry breakdowns and barbed guitar. The Killing Tree sings about vaguely personal depressing shit in a dark tone. No surprise there. I'm long since tired of this style of hardcore, but The Killing Tree is just far enough away from typical to be entertaining. LO (Government Music/PO Box 268162/Chicago, IL 60626)

## KISS ME DEADLY • Travel Light CD

Beautifully laid out. Sad poetic lyrics, slow indie rock with male/female vocals. Sleepy with a couple of upbeat parts. I was pretty bored listening to it, a little too unfocused. If you like Engine Down, you may have an appreciation for this. JB (Blue Skies Turn Black/214 Thornhill/D.D.O., QC/H97 1P7/Canada)

## KURT • La Guard LP

Fat, groovy hardcore played with much proficiency and style. Rhythm-wise it's choppy at times and the bass is bouncy and precise in the way that Nomeansno used to play it. The overall impression you get is a sort of grown up emo thing similar to early Rye Coalition. MH (X-Mist/PO Box 1545/72195 Nagold/Germany/www.x-mist.de)

## KISSES AND HUGS • Positive Youth 1994 12"

This record just pisses me off. I hate everything about it. The cover art is atrocious and there almost aren't words to describe how fucking ugly it is. The music, well they claim it was recorded in 1994 and that back then their sound was 'fresh,' trying to indicate that they were doing it before everyone else was? Give me a fucking break, there were a million bands around in '94 that were doing this exact same thing but a million times better than these kids. Ever heard of Rorschach? Jesus Christ! These songs were apparently supposed to come out in many different formats in the past but it never happened, and after listening to this and reading the liner notes these songs never should have been released. MO (Raw Sugar Records/PO Box 53011/New Orleans, LA 70153) *Mikey, did you actually listen to this record? This is classic screamo stuff, and actually when Kisses and Hugs were around there really weren't lots of bands doing screamo like this, and I think Rorschach would kick your ass if you dared to make this comparison to their face. Have you ever heard Rorschach? I have to wonder. Maybe you should give them a listen because you don't seem to have a clue about what they sound like. And I have to say the front cover art for this record looks like the exact sort of thing I would expect from Sound Virus, GSL, or Hand Held Heart. What got up your ass? - Kent*

## LACK OF ZODIAC • 7"

Weird Norwegian post-hardcore. Musically, the only reference I can come up with is Wolves. There's a "sex" theme here not unlike that of the Oath's foray into this territory, and similarly, I don't get it. Not that I think sex should be a taboo subject in hardcore, far from it, but I just don't find anything of substance or interest here. Without explanation, or at least a lyric sheet, it just seems to mirror the larger society in this arena: sex sells. I'm not buying. TS (Norway Rat Records/Postboks 299/1702 Sarpsborg/Norway; www.norwayratrecords.com)

## THE LADDERBACK • Trigger Themes CD

Absolutely beautiful! If you're a fan of past Ladderback, you'll eat this right up. They have gotten progressively better, each record has a more individual, developed sound. It's hard to pin down a certain style, basically it's a blend of chaotic hardcore and indie rock, but not sad sap indie rock, more aggressive off time style. At a time when all bands are starting to sound alike this is very original and refreshing. JB (Bifocal Media Records/PO Box 50106/Raleigh, NC 27650-0106)

## LA FRACTION • Aussi Long Sera Le Chemin LP

La Fraction's second LP (translated as "However Long It Takes") features a slew of melodic punk songs that are driven with energy and power. The woman that sings has a powerful and gripping voice that fits perfectly. The booklet that comes with the LP has English translations as well as the original lyrics in French. La Fraction is from France of course, and they do indeed sing in French. Over all this is just a great catchy LP of emotinally strong and powerful punk. Great stuff. KM (Skuld Records/Malmsheimerstr. 14/7122 Renningen/Germany)

## THE LEPERS • The Love From Above CD

The Lepers play really long songs that tend to make this CD an esoteric opera. Each track winds its way to the eventual climax, touching softly on various tones along the way. I'm sure there are some that would be all consumed by this groove. I, however, found it like an iron blanket being pulled further and further over my head. After about the fifth song, I started to feel like I couldn't breathe. It was just too much weighing down on me. Powerful and inventive as it might be, I really didn't enjoy it (or even appreciate it). LO (Caulfield Records/PO Box 84323/Lincoln, NE 68501)

## LEVEL BLESSING • CD

If Orcs found some electric guitars and a drumset deep in their caves, eventually the music they came up with would sound like this. Bellowing vocals, war-like drums, and twisted guitar merging into a fierce metal sound. Level Blessing play some sick sounding shit. LO (Barbarian Records/254 W Gilman St. 2nd Fl./Madison, WI 53703)

## LIFE DETECTING COFFINS • Catatonic Begat... CD

A few of the songs on this record remind me of the early Bob Tilton 7"s. Bob Tilton used to do a very calm and moody version of the mid 90's emo thing, and managed to put out some awesome songs. There are a couple of really good tracks on this CD. Unfortunately most of the other songs are really lame. Maybe a 7" with only the best songs would have been a better idea. If Ordination of Aaron and Bob Tilton are your fave bands ever, then you might want to give this a try. CU (Golden Brown/Life Detecting Coffins/107 Freeman St. Apt. 1L/Brooklyn, NY 11222)

## LOGGIA • CD

Ack. This really is not my cup of tea. The best comparison I can come up with is "mellow Led Zeppelin." Some might think this is a good thing but in my case it isn't. It conjured up bad memories from living in the college dorm from years ago (my roommate was really into classic rock). Anyway, this is really mellow and kind of quiet. Electric, but un-distorted, guitars mix with violins and somewhat nasally vocals. It's well played, but I found it a bit boring. BH (Soul Is Cheap/PO Box 11552/Memphis, TN 38111)

## THE LOT SIX • Animals CD

An eclectic mix of sounds, styles, and moods fill this CD. The songs on Animals go all over, trying to extract as much meat as possible for the sound. The Lot Six seem to start at the point of Drive Like Jehu and then jump off the cliff into areas of indie rock and art rock. The influence of The Pixies is unmistakable. The sound is well produced and highly polished. It is a syrupy CD, sure to give fans the sugary sweet they desire. LO (Espo Records/PO Box 63/Allston, MA 02134)

## MAHKATO • Fighting the Urge to Start Fires 7"

Rock-influenced hardcore from the Mid-West. Apparently there's some ex-members of Ereshkigal and the Kinship. Rhythmic and driving with a long of sung vocals; very technical, yet simultaneously anthemic. A nice listen, but not much to sink one's teeth into. TS (Init Records/PO Box 3432/Mankato, MN 56002; www.initrecords.net)

## MASSICK • 33 Stereo 10"

This is horrible. I grabbed it expecting mind numbing brutality. Instead I get four songs that sound like fellow German skull crushers Y and a bunch of pop punk/garage style songs with an organ. Why would anyone like this, it's like a bad comp with a grind band, a pop punk band, a garage band, and an oldies band—yeah, they have a fucking doo wop type song. Fuck this shit. GRIND TILL YER BLIND. AH (Yann Verdalle/B.P. 515/33001 Bordeaux Cedex/France)

## MAXIMILLIAN COLBY • discography CD

Everyone I know loves this band, so chances are you do, too. This is everything they ever did plus six demo songs, sixteen tracks in all. The layout is nice as well, simple and tight. Over all, this is a band worth checking out and many would argue essential. MO (Lovitt Records/PO Box 248/Arlington, VA 22210)

## MELT BANANA • 666 6"

Forget everything else, I'll take Melt Banana any day when I want something different. Difference, in fact, seems to be this band's forte. They play songs with catchy hooks and freaky noise bits without losing any harsh punk intensity. In their songs, everything comes together for a completely original art explosion. Awesome in a way that is distinctly theirs. LO (Level Plane Records/PO Box 4329/Philadelphia, PA 19118)

## MI AMORE • Crawlin' Kingsnake CD

I was caught off guard by the metal on this recording. Mi Amore ended up being much harsher and unrelenting than I had expected. Their lyrics surprised me as well. They are pissed and intelligent, decrying the outrage felt over where our world is headed and the steps we keep taking in the same direction. In the end, I think I enjoyed the content much more than the music. But, if you are going to listen to harsh punk with a metal edge, why not choose something smart? LO (Cyclop Distribution/16 du Charron/Levis, QC/C6V 7X5/Canda)

## THE MINOR TIMES • Chris Chambers Never Misses CD

The cover art looks like something Majority Rule would use for one of their records. That's why I was really looking forward to listening to this CD. This got recorded by Brian McTernan, so you know it sounds good. The lyrics are well written and interesting: "[...] I'd like to see you word fuck your way out of this. Shock me with bad 8th grade poetry. Show me struggle.[...]" If you like bands such as Page 99 and Majority Rule, then make sure to check this out. Impressive. CU (Hex Records/201 Maple Ln./N. Syracuse, NY 13212)

## M:PATI • Misanthropen 10"

This here is some raw Swedish hardcore punk. The first song on here ripped my fucking heart out. From heavy dark and beautifully haunting melodies with acoustic guitars to fast hardcore punk screaming at the world of a gray dismal society where humans tread out their lives in repetitious and environmentally degrading lifestyles. Most of the topics covered in the lyrics and reflected in the music are about the above mentioned. Feelings of darkness are conveyed throughout music that moves from depression to frustration and anger towards our loss of rights, religious fundamentalism and an apathetic TV culture. If bands like Krighshot, Kontrovers, or Skitsystem are your thing you will definitely enjoy this band and what they have to say with their music, and the lyrics (oh yeah, sung in Swedish with English translations). CF (Flowerviolence Records/Kapellenstrasse 16/69469 Weinheim/Germany)

## THE MULTI PURPOSE SOLUTION • CD

The weird thing here is the sweet indie rock sound fronted by creepy Tom Waits-esque vocals. Those vocals give the recording a dirty rock quality that is both gross and intriguing. I'm not too into their lyrics that seem to use degraded vocabulary for shock value. The fourteen songs on here take a while to pass by. Their structures are fine, it just got to be too long for me. LO (\$10 to 76 Merrill Rd./Clifton, NJ 07012)

## MURDER DISCO EXPERIENCE • 7"

It is a refreshing change of pace to get a solid record with a good sound and amusing personality for review. Murder Disco Experience plays hardcore punk with a crust influence. Their songs are heavy and catchy, and the whole record goes by a little too quickly. Fittingly for a band hoping to not take themselves too seriously, in their lyrics they deal with serious issues as well as annoying things they like to make fun of. LO (Ralf Sandner/Narzissenweg 7/70794 Filderstadt/Germany)

## MUTINY • Bag Of Oats CD

Mutiny plays upbeat songs of rebellion and dissidence. Their folk style seems heavily influenced by The Pogues, and catches much of the same intensity and personality. This CD has six songs that churn away like pleasant pirate anthems. They discuss social issues, many of them with labor overtones. The lyrics are smart and well stated. A nice change of pace for this reviewer. LO (Haul Away/PO Box 1158/Nth Fitzroy/Vic 3068/Australia)

## MY FAVORITE CHORD • Red Eyed Reality CD

Pop punk. I don't know what else to say. I like pop punk, but this just isn't doing it for me. Fans of old Lookout stuff might be into this. But fuck man, this shit? I just don't know. MO (Ass Card Records c/o Fritz Piontek/Annenstr. 5/44137 Dortmund/Germany)



Chaos symbol on the cover, song titles like "Fuck Them All" and "Violence And Chaos" are a good sign. Crust with some metal guitar screeching, but the ugly vocals and mince like drumming save the day. Think Amebix crossed with some of the early Earache stuff and pare it down. MA (Rejex/No.9 Lorong 101/Changi, #01-05 Park Court/Singapore 42641)



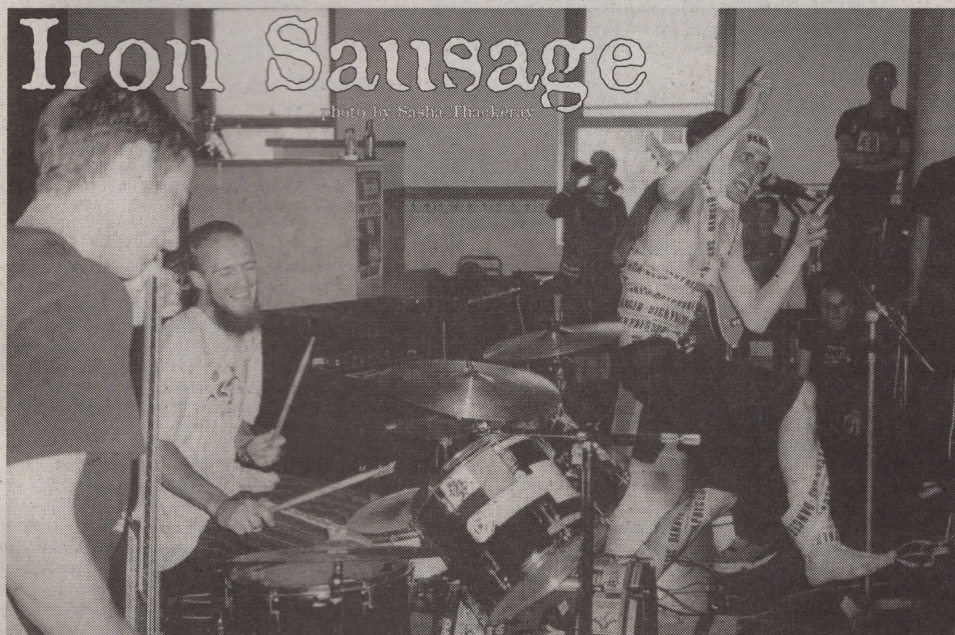
## THE ROBOCOP KRAUS • Tiger CD

I really hate it when a band has a goofy name, except for maybe Charles Bronson. I guess it just makes me think the band is a joke right from the start or something, and that was my impression of The Robocop Kraus before I heard them. However, they are probably one of the better things I got to review this month and I've been listening to their CD quite a bit since I got it. Their sound combines moments of Kraftwerk, At The Drive In, and Joy Division, which are all bands I love so a lot of this CD I am pretty into. But I did think it was a bit too long. Instead of fourteen songs they should have just made in the best eight or nine tracks. I think it would have made a stronger release, but what do I know. Quantity over quality I guess. Worth checking out. MO (Day After Records/Horska 20/352 01 As/Czech Republic)

**RUINATION • Let The Mother Fucker Burn** USA shaped 7" EP  
Youth Attack has gone all out on this one. The EP has a 7" worth of music, but is 10" sized and cut to the shape of the USA's geographical outline. Ruination offer up eight tracks of blistering hardcore with scathing lyrics and an angry attitude; pissed off and looking to ignite the fire. Full color cover and insert. Clear wax. Limited edition, of course. Hard to believe that this record hasn't caused some sort of stir considering the conservative attitude that seems to prevail since the 9/11/01 incident. Some great punk rock here. KM (Youth Attack/PO Box 126321/San Diego, CA 92112-6321)

## ROCKETS RED GLARE • 2xLP

This double LP has some really well put together instrumental parts with amazing guitar and drum work that complement each other very well. Creative time signatures and some shouted vocals put the icing on the cake. Give this a shot. It's good. EB (Blue Skies Turn Black/214 Thornhill/D.D.O., QC/H97 1P7/Canada)



## RIPCORD • Discography Part One LP

Ripcord was an awesome band, no doubt about it. Together with Heresy and Infest, Ripcord was making some of the most brutal hardcore in the late '80s. This LP features their self-produced flexi and their first LP that was on Manic Ears. Totally influenced by Boston hardcore bands like SSD, Siege, and DYS. This is a great LP though, not the best stuff that Ripcord ever put out. The Ripcord discography is being put out on three different LPs, and if you only intend to buy one of the three then get the one that features the *Poetic Justice* LP. The material on this LP is good, but the *Poetic Justice* material is much, much better. In any event, Ripcord was a fucking great hardcore band, and those folks into powerful, hard hitting, and aggressive hardcore will not be disappointed with this release! KM (Skuld/Malmsheimerstr. 14/71272 Renningen/Germany)

## ROBOT HAS WEREWOLF HAND • The Love... 7"

Okay, well, this is so generic to me. It has a Nausea, Kill The Man Who Questions feel to it (female/male vox). The music is a bit more modern though... nine songs that have so much going on vocally that it doesn't give the music any time to breathe or stand on its own. These are the types of lyrics that have made me through the years not read lyrics. And what about the fucking name? Sounds like they ran out of ideas so an emo friend came up with a name for them. NW (Solomon Method 02 516 Park Crescent/Pickering, ON/L1W 2C9/Canada)

## SAIRAAT MIELET • The Extended Plays LP

This LP has 30 tracks from records and demos from 1990-1992. They were a Finnish punk band that played with speed and weight. This is much more than thrash, as many songs infuse '70s and '80s punk harmonies as well. The whole record sounds good, even as it moves through different recording eras for this band. Since I never heard of them before, it would have been nice to also get some kind of insert with lyrics or perhaps a bit of history for this retrospective. Still, the music can stand on its own as engaging punk thrash. LO (Ritzinkuja 1 D 20/20380 Turku/Finland)

## SAMADHI • The Finest Sorrow CD

Five tracks. Oh joy! They enclosed a promo flyer listing their selling points; the record was distributed at this year's Ozzfest (good golly gosh!!!), they service all "key metal/hardcore/punk radio press and retail" (good for you I say!) and they have a rabid fan base in the Mid Atlantic area. (May I suggest those poor fans get shot(s), what with the rabies and all...). Musically, though, and I grudgingly admit it, this is extremely decent metal based hardcore. Pretty melodic and varied, kinda emo even at times. The lyrics are self-centered commiserations on loneliness and display a general lack of enthusiasm towards life, love and bands that don't mosh. MH (Tribunal Records/PO Box 49322/Greensboro, NC 27419-1322)

## SEE YOU IN HELL • 7"

This intense 7" has a full dose of heavy hardcore. Each song comes at you with a crushing weight, poking at your ears and scratching away until it gets into your brain. It's pretty good. I found the lyrics interesting as well. Sung in Czech but translated into English, they discuss some of the decayed places humanity has evolved to. Criticisms of the prison system, the losses of freedoms, ignored necessity of revolution, and the raising of animals for food fill their songs. LO (Filip Fuchs/Grohova 39/60200 Brno/Czech Republic)

## SYNDICATE • Since Now All Is Lost CD

I heard this band changed its name to Stockholm Syndrome a few months ago. Syndicate play very metallic and modern hardcore a la Coalesce that has some sort of Unbroken feel to it. According to the band's website, the members of Syndicate seem to be interested in political issues, such as human rights and animal liberation, which is a plus in my book. The recording is very good, and so is the artwork. I am really not into this style of music at all, but I guess they are pretty good at what they do. CU (Deplorable Recordings/PO Box 191/Balmain, NSW 2041/Australia)

## SEVEN DAYS OF SAMARA • Never Stop Attacking CD

Ultra heavy metallic noise with a hardcore influence in there somewhere (I guess). Hearing this band makes me think of Mine, Acme, and early Dawnbreed. At the time I liked it, but now it doesn't do much for me. This stuff is too overbearing, complicated, and more metal than punk. This disc collects songs from various 7"s and splits. You probably know if you like them by now. MA (Harmless/1218 W. Hood Apt 2/Chicago, IL 60660)

## SHACKLES AWAIT • 7"

Oh fuck. This is heavy shit. I'm reminded of Lesser of Two and Dystopia, but more slow core. The sleeve is hand made and there's some gnarly art on the insert by the bass player. The lyrics are pessimistic and depressing which goes well with the music. DJ (shacklesawait666@yahoo.com)

## SHOWERING ASHES • Beauty At The Price Of Vanity 7"

Showering Ashes plays very heavy and intensified hardcore. Their style is like From Ashes Rise, but with a more raw, amateur, and fuzzed out recording. The five songs on this 7" are all solid, though sometimes a bit too droning for my own personal taste. Most lyrics deal with something outside of them they are fed up with. I especially liked the one that dealt with the end result of America's current momentum. LO (Scenester Credentials/PO Box 1275/Iowa City, IA 52240)

## THE SICK LIPSTICK • CD

A bunch of tortured Barbie dolls with their head melted together sing about the disappointment of finding nothing between Ken's legs, then they ride a trolley down the road, enjoy the vibration and feel each other up some more. Hardcore is a pretty de-sexualized domain. And when sex does enter the arena you either get bonehead jocks professing their love for their mosh buddies by belching into a mike and then bumping into each other in the pit in a very manly fashion or you've got the new wave nancy kids with their tight clothes and fancy hair who excel at making sex sound so incredibly weird, sticky and uncomfortable that I'm almost glad I'm not having any. Read the name of this band and you know which category they belong to. They play music, too; dark, noisy new wave with keyboards and way too much attitude. MH (Sound Virus/address too small to read, www.thesicklipstick.com)

## THE SIDERUNNERS • Ain't Inventin' The Wheel CD

10 songs. This band plays swingin' country and western. As with a lot of country music the lyrics are often more interesting than those of your standard "please kill me already" emo band. The most depressing lyrics I've ever heard were by Dolly Parton and not the Moron Twins (by that I mean Indian Summer). But I digress, this is country music, so really, do we care? MH (Failed Experiment Records/5420 S. Bishop St./Chicago, IL 60609)

## SIMBIOSE • Naked Mental Violence CD

Simbiose was a band from Portugal that existed over a span of ten years. Most of the songs from this CD were written in the early to mid-nineties. So, it is sort of impressive to think they were on the forefront of the metal hardcore sound. Simbiose plays super heavy stuff that has a real crisp sound. It is brutal and heavy, at times reminiscent of Kontraataque. They sing in English and Portuguese; I was impressed by the forward thinking expressed in their liner notes. Even the songs that don't seem implicitly political are expressed in terms of that statement's place in the world. LO (Anti-Corpos DIY/Av. 3/S. João do Estoril Codex/2768 Estoril/Portugal)

## SIN DIOS • Ingovernables LP

This new Sin Dios record is amazing. Intelligent politics, crushing beats, infectious melodies, and an extra helping of intensity make this record great! This record explores the idea of direct activism on the international stage. As Europe (and the EU) solidifies its police and judiciary forces, backed by US interests, the threat of complete first world globalization looms. Many of Sin Dios' lyrics speak to that issue, as well as the issues of social revolution, worker's struggles, technology, the music industry, and anarchist prisoners. There is a thick booklet included with this release with well done articles and background information. I actually learned quite a bit from this record. When's the last time you were able to say that? A fucking awesome red and black attack from Sin Dios. LO (Skuld/Malmsheimerstr. 14/71272 Renningen/Germany)

## SIN DIOS • 1991-1997 Años De Autogestión Parte I 2x12"

For those like myself who have only recently discovered Sin Dios, or for those who had difficulty getting a hold of their earlier stuff, this release is really great. It combines their first three releases onto one really nice double LP. The records on here are *Ruido Anticapitalista*, *Altera Antifascista*, and *Guerra A La Guerra*. As socio-political issues burn strongly for this band, these recording contain lots and lots of words of rebellion, frustration, and inspiration. Another thick booklet of lyrics and commentary accompanies this record. The strong messages are interesting to read and digest as the intense hardcore plays on the turntable. I like the way Sin Dios uses a mix of melody and aggression to get the job done. Strongly recommended for politically minded hardcore kids looking to learn more about their world. LO (Skuld/Malmsheimerstr. 14/71272 Renningen/Germany)

## STORM THE TOWER • EP

Say, this is purdy damn good! Guitar driven angst and a solid rhythm section to propel it forward. Not to mention the snarled vocals spewing vitriol against religion, manipulation, etc. while realizing the spirit of resistance never fades. Gives me a good feeling hearing this. As though we're on verge of a new and exciting time. Hopefully they'll take this on the road, and in particular come out to California. Los Angeles to be exact. Also, being on Honey Bear, does this mean a J-Church/Storm The Tower split EP is in the works? MA (Honey Bear)



#### SKIT SYSTEM • *Allt E Skit* CD

Skit System is a raging punk thrash band from Sweden. Their power and intensity has been an inspiration for many other bands, mostly because they did this shit so fucking well. Each song explodes with energy while maintaining a song structure to keep you interested. Their sound is by no means basic, but it does appeal to the basic urge to hear some fast music that erupts with aggression and umph. This CD compiles their *Profithysteri* 7", *Ondskans Ansikte* 10", and split 7" with Wolfpack. If you've never heard them before or found it impossible to actually find their records in the states, this is a good thing to get. It's worth it for the 7" material alone. LO (gotenburgcollapse666@hotmail.com)

#### SOME KIND OF HATE • 7"

Yeah, yeah—we've heard it all before: "point fingers," "lay the blame," "through with you," "bullshit stays the same," "you're dead to me." The same litany of issues dealt with by Judge, Youth of Today, Bold, Gorilla Biscuits, Killing Time, and other better bands before the fall of the USSR. Despite the unfortunate lack of substance, the music on this disc is fairly good. Nothing unheard, but it is quick, clean, and well-executed. Especially nice is the excellent use of dropping out the guitars on the first track. Very listenable, straight ahead hardcore, though in the end, I have to say there's nothing threatening here. TS (Bridge Nine Records/PO Box 990052/Boston, MA 02199-0052; www.bridge9.com)

#### SOOTHE • EP

I think the photo of the bass player with her Sedition T-shirt is a good indication of where this band is coming from musically. Mid tempo hardcore punk from Japan with a heavy UK politico punk style from the 90s influence. If you like Excrement Of War, Sedition, and the sort, you may like this. Not as over the top as Japanese bands generally are, but not bad. I just wish the fuzzy recording was better. MA (Devour; ykdvr@zc4-so-net.ne.jp)

#### SOUL EMIGRÉ • *Leaving Out Empty Bodies* 7"

The intense urge for communication and expression has fueled this project. That is clear in the lyric sheet and even clearer in the music. As each note, each word, each beat seems to be ripped from the heart of them. It would seem that in creating the music you find here, each one of them has to be broken into little pieces. I appreciate the impetus for this record, and the honesty they are able to emit here. Soul Émigré plays five songs. They are upbeat songs with a lit of melody and drive, the only thing keeping them from pure rock songs is, this, this unwavering emotion that works its way into everything. LO (Jorick Emigre/Heemskerckstraat 22/6828 ZG Arnhem/The Netherlands)

#### SPITALFIELD • *The Cloak & Dagger Club* CD

Spitalfield is romantic, honest, and creative. Their heavily euphonic indie rock bursts with emotion. I like their light approach, especially because it is fronted by sweetly poetic lyrics about life's entanglements. Spitalfield moves through five songs here. Each one adding to the ambience of the former, slowly weaving a collective vibe for the whole CD. LO (Sinister Label/PO Box 1176/Lagrange, IL 60526)

#### STAYING AT HOME • *These Moments Minutes* CD

8 songs. Heartfelt melodic hardcore with great singing and personal lyrics. I'm mostly reminded of bands like Texas Is The Reason and Sensefield, although Staying At Home throws in some harsher Jawbreaker style elements every now and then. Varied songwriting and a good recording make for a nice introduction to this Australian band. MH (Humble Pie Recordings/PO Box 191/Balmain/NSW 2041/Australia)

#### STILLWELL • *Don't Face a Problem... Burn It* CD

In the mid 90s when the hardcore scene really split off into camps this type of band would have been cited in arguments of what is and what isn't hardcore. Some would call it emo, some would call it hardcore. Whatever. There's a slight metal influence in the Today Is The Day way, and a few other influences thrown in. Even melodic at times. Then there's a minimal side as well. On the whole the music on here doesn't sound too inspired, and the most interesting thing is the song titles, such as "Okay, man. Sure. No problem. Um, thanks." MA (Hewhocorrupts, Inc./196 Fairfield/Elmhurst, IL 60126)

#### SUNSHINE • *Necromance* CD

This is my first time hearing Sunshine, although I've known of them for some time. And I have to say; this is the best thing I got to review for this issue, hands down. Sunshine's sound is very 80's, like (early) The Cure or better yet Flock of Seagulls. The vocals are a little more aggressive though. I'm sure fans of The Faint would dig this, but I like it better than that because it's not as contrived and candyass as The Faint is. This is really, really good and the more I listen to it the more I like it. You should spend your money; it's worth it for the first track alone. No bullshit, it's great. MO (www.dayafter.cz)

**SUNSHINE • *Hysterical Stereo Loops, Beasts and Bloody Lips* CD**  
This is the re-mastered CD version of the album that came out on GSL a while back. It contains some extra previously released tracks as well, including the tracks from their splits with No Knife and The Starlight Desperation. I have to say this is good, but their new stuff blows it away. MO (www.dayafter.cz)

#### THE SURVIVORS • *Everything You Know Is Wrong* 7"

The Survivors play tough east coast hardcore with a slight straight edge feel. Their songs are mostly about personal struggle and doing what you can to find your own power over your life. It is a nice message for those seeking an identity in a world that will give you one if you don't. The review copy came on limited blue vinyl. LO (Knife Or Death Records/805 Adele St/Northfield, NJ 08225)

#### SWIFT • *Waging War* CD

Swift do the Boy Sets Fire thing, with the sung and screamed vocals. Sometimes the vocals sound too much like Incubus. I got one of those really funny info/press sheets with this CD. According to that, the band has influences from FO Fighters to Pantera and Metallica, and Swift want to appeal to fans of Deftones and Glassjaw. Hmmm... so why do they send a promo copy to HaC? I'd think their "key press" would be *Rolling Stone Magazine*. Quite boring. CU (Tribunal Records/PO Box 49322/Greensboro, NC 27419-1322)

#### TEM EYOS KI • LP

Tem Eynos Ki is an awesome female fronted hardcore band from Little Rock, Arkansas. They play fucking epic punk, which reminds me of Iron Maiden at times, in a very good way. The singer's range of styles, and the dual guitars, really bring this record together. Some songs are recorded a bit on the tiny side, but you can still feel the energy. They were one of the best bands I saw this year, and they are lyrically excellent, flowing poetry full of anger and hope. If you like Submission Hold, Sophiee Nun Squad, AntiProduct, or real good music, then you should check this out. CD (Harlan Records/7205 Geronimo/North Little Rock, AR 72116)

#### THIS ROBOT KILLS • LP

I guess Men's Recovery Project had a cyborg baby. This offspring is equally freaky, but brings in more rock and roll, funk, and dance into their meat grinder style. This Robot Kills freaks out and rocks out over nineteen different songs. This wacky LP is pressed on that super nice 500 gram vinyl. LO (Orleone/PO Box 65/Providence, RI 02901)

#### THOSE BUGS ARE EATING THE OTHER BUGS GUTS • 7"

Very weird stuff... can't tell what the fuck they are trying to do... goes between punk rock and what seems to be like math rock stuff. Female vocals that shriek and get on my nerves. I sometimes wonder why people put certain things out. NW (The Human Skull Recording Collective/PO Box 2451/Chapel Hill, NC 27515)

#### TRANSISTOR • *Put Down the Bible* 7"

Dynamic song writing with tempo changes, smooth music slammed against a more dense, noisy, and urgent sound. They have a mid 90s style of modern hardcore influence. There's quite a bit going on, and it's all cohesive. I imagine live they must be good. MA (Coptercrash/PO Box 6095/Hudson, FL 34667)

#### TWELVE HOUR TURN • *Perfect Progress Perfect...* CD

I'll readily admit it—I'm not an expert on Twelve Hour Turn. I know that lots of people like them and I can see that from listening to this but I can't comment on whether this record has them improve or change their sound. To me this is just very unaffected, introspective hardcore. This seems to be the most unpretentious band I've heard in a while and I get a very cool vibe from them, like they're people you'd actually enjoy spending time with. I enjoyed listening to this a lot but I suspect that it will take many more listens for me to really get into it. (Shit, I know, what a crappy review. Sorry, I just didn't have enough time). MH (noidearecords.com)

#### THE VETS • CD

Mostly instrumental math rocky hardcore that can be damn catchy at one point and then get annoying and grating in an instant. I don't really know what they're after or what they're trying to do, so maybe if they could make up their mind and choose one path, then they could be quite good. There's lots of potential here, just go and do something with it. MH (Modern Radio/PO Box 8886/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

#### WAFFLEHOUSE • *Olympia* CD

The opening track is a really catchy one with awkwardly wonderful vocals that remind me of The Episode. Most of the CD is not like this; as it plays on it settles into a different groove. Wafflehouse reminds me of The Assistant in the way they mix harsh tones with harmonious breakdowns. Except for the fact that, in this case, Wafflehouse are melding melodic tones like Rainer Maria with metalcore. LO (Forge Again/PO Box 146837/Chicago, IL 60614)

#### WAX CANNON • *Life Sized Animals Walking Around* CD

This looks and sounds like a demo CD, and got recorded on a 4-track at the band's practice space. The music is boring alternative college rock with some emo influences thrown in. There are no lyrics with this CD, but judging from their song titles and the "funny" drawings on the inside of the booklet, it seems like a wise choice to not include any words. CU (Commie Martyr/610 S Dubuque/Iowa City, IA 52240)

#### WEAVING THE DEATHBAG • 7"

Another new band that goes for the old time hardcore sound. All in all I think they've managed to make it sound quite contemporary and powerful. I'm listening to this and I'm thinking of bands like Citizens Arrest and Haywire (although I guess, they don't really sound like those bands). What's really cool, too, is that this record comes with one of those old school huge lyric sheets with a poster on one side and the lyrics and band pictures on the other. Awesome. Really, this is just great all around. The sound is excellent and the lyrics show an amazing amount of insight and maturity. Great thrashing hardcore! MH (Hungry Ghosts Records/PO Box 620241/Middleton, WI 53562)

#### WITH LOVE • *Wolf In Modern Fairytale* 7"

With Love returns with two new songs... The two part "Wolf In Modern Fairytale" series showcases their love of rock and urge for art. With Love plays with urgency and affection as these songs explore a creative side. Sounds crash together and are then broken down. It is a bouncy ride, but not a boring one. LO (www.greenrecords.net)

#### WASTEIOD • *Total Pukeoid* LP

**Total Pukeoid** is overflowing with ugly, merciless, ragin' and spastic grind. The LP comes on puke colored vinyl, and the tracks are interlaced with lots of movie samples... oddly enough some time the samples last longer than the actual songs. Very modern, very hip (if you dig this sort of musical debauchery), and simply brutal. KM (Intolerant Messiah/PO Box 6162/San Mateo, CA 94403)

#### WORLD BURNS TO DEATH • *Human Meat...* 7"

With a 7" with a title like that you have got to live up to some flesh charring HC punk. This Austin, Texas unit definitely does. With a sound reminiscent of a battlefield, corpses on fire, and a working class revolution on the horizon these guys pound it out on the graves of the elite. With Jack Control of Severed Head of State letting out the hollering and screaming for the band you should know what to expect. This brings to mind bands like Masscontrol, or WarCollapse with a new, drop a fist thick as brick in your face guitar sound with some rapid fire drumming you should know what to expect. Awesome sing along verse on the song "...In fear of your bombs" had me shouting the words on a particularly foggy (or is that foggy in my head) evening at passers by unsuspectingly consumed by my angst and frustration over the "war." Prank Records knows how pick 'em for sure, great release! CF (Prank/PO Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

#### XPOZEZ • *Democracy* 7"

I was surprised to see someone reissue something from this band. They were pretty obscure. What notoriety they did achieve was from when their singer went on to front the Instigators, and the fact these songs appeared on the "I Thrash Therefore I Am" tape comp from a couple centuries back. Early 80s hardcore punk from England that keeps the style of that region intact. It's actually pretty good, and would perhaps impress many of today's scene who are interested in hearing some good sounds of the past. But act fast, this is limited to 300. MA (Ponk 111/PO Box 4664/Walnut Creek, CA 94596)

#### YOUTH ENRAGE • *Heyoca* CD

Faster then fuck Japanese hardcore with everything we've come to expect from this scene these days... strange discordant chords and weird effects on the guitars with screamed sometimes dual vox, harmonica, and strange time breaks. Ten songs. The production is a bit weird for me, as the drums and hi-hat seem very loud in the mix. NW (625 Thrashcore/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

#### ZOLI BAND • *...Live At The M.O.D.! LP*

Zoli Band features members of Ignite, thought their sound is pretty different. This band has leaped "to the next level" of musical styles and now play alternative rock in the vein of Pearl Jam. It is a highly melodic grunge style rock with strong vocals. In the acoustic tracks, the power of these vocals comes through especially. The recording is good and the whole record sounds very nice. It isn't my thing, but they are doing a good job of playing this style with a lot of heart. Zoli Band is now called Long Way Home. LO (19744 Beach Blvd. PMB #208/Huntington Beach, CA 92648)

#### RAVELIN 7/THEMA ELEVEN • split CD

These bands have previously released a split LP together. This CD combines the material from that LP as well as other releases from each band. Ravelin 7 play enthusiastic hardcore for the new age. It is full of driving melody and ferocious vocals. Their songs are punchy and smooth in a way that reminds me of French hardcore from the mid-nineties. Thema Eleven pours a lot into each of their songs. They are just overflowing with sound and energy. Musically, I would put them somewhere near Yaphet Kotto. Their melody exists under intense emotional layers and heavier interludes, but it exists nevertheless. It is powerful stuff. LO (Strilek Records/Safarikova 14/Svitany 56802/Czech Republic)

#### AIM OF CONRAD/ TRANSISTOR TRANSISTOR • split 7"

I had heard Aim of Conrad before on their 7" they put out a while back which I liked a lot, actually I like it better than their track on here. This song is a little too long and just seems to be drawn out, it has good parts but they just need to trim the fat a bit. They are comparable, I would say, to early Rye Coalition before Rye turned into the Eddie Vedder embarrassment they are now. If AOC tightens up their songs I think they will be a big hit with the kids, they have a lot of potential. For Transistor Transistor, this is the best song I've heard from them yet. But they're style is kind of mediocre I'd say. My friend Jordan was here visiting and when we listened to it he said, "it sounds like every hardcore band you've ever heard, but doesn't at all have it's own style." I think he's right. The cover for this record is simple and quite lovely. Even with all the criticism this is a pretty good record and a good introduction to these bands. MO (transistor@level-plane.com)

#### BALANCE OF TERROR/ STRAIGHT TO HELL • split 7"

Both bands on this 7" are smokin'! Sraight To Hell kicks you in the face with four songs. They play fast old school hardcore with a lot of intensity. Smart, sarcastic, and depressing lyrics decry the society and fuckers in the scene. I like the raw power of this band. Balance of Terror has one of the dudes from Deathreat, so I expecting some heavy stuff here. Well, much like their LP, this 7's rocks. The songs are short anthems with a lot of energy and passion. Again, pessimistic lyrics about the world, which totally fit the vibe here. This 7" has nothing short of full bore hardcore. I'm going to put this one a tape with my No parade stuff so I can blast the songs in my car and shake my fist out the window and give random SUVs the finger! LO (Partners In Crime/4507 N Gantenbein/Portland, OR 97217)



## 2 MINUTOS DE ODIO/ROT • split 7"

Rot plays sick and heavy grindcore hardcore that is unrelenting in its assault on your senses. 2 Minutos De Odio plays super fast hardcore punk that reminds me a lot of Los Crudos. Both bands play like an attack. They get it and out fast, barking the message along the way. This makes for a well-rounded record that is pleasing for those looking for something heavy. Rot sings in English and 2 Minutos De Odio sing in Spanish. LO (Building Records c/o Jaime Diaz/Apdo. 6317/41080 Sevilla/Spain)

## BLEEDING KANSAS/ LA MANTRA DE FHIQRIA • split CD

The other night, I was reading my Bleeding Kansas demo review while at a show they played. They no longer sounded like my review—which of course cannot be wrong—and suddenly appeared to be an aggressive metalcore band. Well, the songs on this CD are much truer to their live set than my demo review could ever be. Even their lyrics are harsh. They have more fury, more crunch, and more anger all around. LMDF play similarly energetic hardcore, but with a stronger chaos sound. I wouldn't call it screamo, but it certainly has many of the same signifiers. Their six songs beat at your brain and jumble you all around. I liked the way they bring in lots of different sounds to each song. It does indeed create chaos, but it gets churned together well by this band. Their lyrics seem to discuss personal issues that speak to greater issues, though they are written in such terms that you can't name them easily. LO (Arms Reach Recordings/1220 W Hood Apt. #1/Chicago. IL 60660)

## INFESTATION OF ASS/ HE WHO CORRUPTS • split 7"

I have a hard time listening to the Infestation side due to the harsh "annoying" vox. The music is quite good and crusty, but for some reason the vox get on my nerves. Their probably made to do that, or I'm getting old. 5 songs on that side, one of which is a Hüsker Dü cover. The He Who Corrupts side is completely grind metal. The drums sound like a fucking hammer, almost sounds like a drum machine. 4 metal anthems here that are good for what they are... metal. NW (Anthem for Doomed Youth Records; doomedyouth.com)

## INSIDE CONFLICT/JUDOBOY • split CD

By the numbers grind core. After a while you can't help but laugh at all the growling vocals and "brutal" posturing. Then once the laughter dies this shit gives me a headache, which is brought on by boredom more than the "pummeling" drums or wailing guitars. Ugh... MA (Overcome/BP 80249/35102 Rennes Cedex 3/France)

## SIN DESIRES MARIE/DEL CIELO • split 7"

Del Cielo plays a smoothed out tune that is light and prickly. To me, it sounds like a cross between Heavens To Betsy and Tattle Tale. This all-female line up puts off a very personal and pleasing vibe. On the other side you find Sin Desires Marie. Another female three piece, this band plays a song with heavy melody and layered vocals. It sounds like something that would be on Dischord nowadays. I liked both of the songs from these bands. They play a sound that might not be considered punk, but the personal/political nature of their lyrics certainly puts them in that category. Such a nice record. LO (Ed Walters Records/2416 S Warnock St./Philadelphia, PA 19148)

## FAR LEFT LIMIT/DEADSTARE • split 7"

FLL seem to have a lot in common with bands like Highscore or Esperanza: the aesthetic is mid-to-late '80s style straight-edge, but with a critical eye to the limitations of this scene and a desire to push the analysis farther. Included are the kind of nice long song explanations that always make my day. Deadstare punish the flip-side with some metallic and dirty thrash with no fear of the blastbeat. Dare I invoke the label "brutal"? Ugly, to say the least. Both bands hail from Australia, which seems rare enough to make this worth checking out, but the truth is that this stands on its own. A keeper. TS (Gash Records/PO Box 236/Blackburn 3130/Victoria, Australia; Deplorable Recording Corporation/PO Box 191/Balmain NSW 2041/Australia)

## xFILESx/SELF DEFENSE • split 7"

Ok, well XFX, is fast and sloppy hardcore with very funny lyrics, and cover YOT. Self Defense don't have funny lyrics, they have serious, angry lyrics, with brutal pissed off vocals. They cover Raw Power, do you really need this? Well no, but it's pretty good. SD is at least as good as any of those bridge 9 bands, only without the huge media hype behind them. And xFILESx is uh, pretty funny at least. AH (Room 101 Records/PO Box 1004/Windsor, CT 06095)

## NAKATOMI PLAZA/THE FRENETICS • split 7"

The Frenetics have one intensely moving song. It is a catchy little ditty that you can clap your hands and shake your booty to. The insert from the label calls it an "infectious anthem" and I can't think of a better phrase. Nakatomi Plaza keeps the beat going, but adds a heavier hardcore layer that gets at your gut. Tempo changes and the mix of heavy and harmonic styles work really well for this band. This song is better than their earlier CD. LO (Fans Of Bad Productions/3-225 Bagot St./Kingston, ON/K7L 3G3/Canada)

## THE WALKMEN/CALLA • split CD

Two songs from each outfit. The Walkmen totally sucked me in. They play a version of sweet pop that harks back to greats from the eighties and infuses funky extras to give them a distinctive vibe. I won't go through the long list of bands that have probably inspired these folks. If you are up for the Troublemaker retrospective style then you will like this. The mellow vibe of the second The Walkmen song follows through in the Calla's half. Calla has a more polished and professional sound. Which, for me, ended up being a little more pretentious and harder to enjoy. It is still well done, and by no means crappy, just further into the indie sound. Their second song, a Can cover, is definitely their more interesting. The experimental genius of the band they cover comes through well and makes this, what might be another ho-hum song from Calla, track enjoyable. And the insert is... Oh, wow, just song titles. Don't strain yourself there, folks. LO (Troublemaker/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

## DESTINATION DAYBREAK/NEW MEXICAN DISASTER SQUAD • split CD

Destination Daybreak goes for melodic rocking hardcore with a woman on vocals. Competently played, but not really killer material. In its best moments I get a whiff of X from it, but that's about it. I was looking forward to New Mexican Disaster Squad because I really liked their 7" and I wasn't let down. More fast and aggressive hardcore which at times sounds a lot like Christ On A Crutch. Kind of old fashioned a times (insure the guitarist loves his old Dag Nasty records), but still plenty thrashing and catchy. Good stuff. MH (Breaker Breaker/PO Box 536071/Orlando, FL 32853)

## RAMBO/CRUCIAL UNIT • Sea Of Steel Vol. 1 split 7"

This 7" is the first in a series promoting bicycle culture and its many revolutionary aspects. Rambo, guns a blazing, emerges with three new thrash ditties. Fans of the 625 release or their over the top live show will be pleased. Rambo is bringing the pain hardcore style. These new songs talk about the changing face of American politics (and political opinion), the hardships of local small business, and the dangerous situations bicycle messengers face each day. Crucial Unit has four fast thrash songs here. Through the screechy vocals and blasting beats, you get a dose of their witty lyrics and harsh sarcasm. They sing about vegan food, private property in nature, and bicycling as a statement against the political status quo. The accompanying booklet has columns from the label and contributors about the hopes for the bicycle revolution (including bike repair tips). This is a very cool DIY record. LO (Ed Walters Records/2416 S Warnock St./Philadelphia, PA 19148)

# I Am The Resurrection

photo by Fil





### BOOKS LIE/LIVING UNDER LIES • split 7"

Upbeat hardcore, not to be confused with "melodic" hardcore. Killer sound, keeps you interested, more aggressive than past releases especially with the new vocals. If you're buying this only for the Books Lie stuff, don't bother, because one is on the new CD, and the other is a sweet dance remix. Living Under Lies have a slightly more Born Against feel, angrier vocals and faster music. A good choice for a split, both bands complement each other. Check this out. JB (Tokyo Fist/PO Box 264/Oceanside, NY 11572)

### TRUCKER CRANK/ NO ROOM FOR FUZZY • split 7"

Trucker Crank is a tight hardcore unit unashamed of their influences: Negative Approach, Black Flag, and Nardcore and '80s Boston bands. NRFF has a more modern punk sound, very fast-paced with some metal tendencies and screaming vocals. Their second song has quite a few nods to the Crimpshrine branch of pop punk. In general, a no-bullshit seven inch. TS (Villain Records/PO Box 82172/Las Vegas, NV 89180).

### PG. 99/MAJORITY RULE • split CD

After playing over 500 shows together, these two bands release one of the more interesting hardcore records of the summer. Majority Rule brings forth five heavy songs. Their hardcore is thick with lots of guitar and strained vocals. They seem to be able to ride the edge of metalcore, taking all of its intensity and power, without falling into the cliché gaps. I like the way they use variances of volume to create a punishing effect. Majority Rule sings about the defeats of friends, home, and dreams on this record; though it isn't at all depressing. In a way, it is inspiring. On the flipside, the many men of Pg. 99 have four songs. Their all-encompassing sound is even more honed here. Crashing drums meet oodles of jangly guitars, power chords, and moments of serendipity where the whole crew comes together. The songs on here are most like Document #8 than anything else, and as such are modern and changing. Lyrically, the band discusses beauty image, modern "progress," and disjointed relationships. A very nice split. LO (Magic Bullet/PO Box 6337/Woodbridge, VA 22195)

### CHARCOAL HUMAN/ UPSIDE DOWN FLAG • split 7"

Charcoal Human belt out some fast and aggressive crusty tunes. Dual vocals high pitched girl/low pitched dude screaming and growling their way through some heavy and manic tunes laden with double bass riffs and low tunings. It's awesome to hear some killer music from places whose scenes I'm not so familiar with, this time around Australia. Upside Down Flag unleash some fast thrash/powerviolence dual male vocal attack jams. Most songs by both these bands are social/political in nature. This 7" came in a pretty interesting clear sleeve. Check this thing out. CF (Deplorable Records/PO Box 191/Balmain, NSW 2041/Australia)

### TOUCHDOWN/ORTHRELM • split CD

Hmmm... I'm trying to think of how to describe this. Well, you know on 90210 when the theme song kicks in, that high pitch guitar solo is all you really remember. Well that's kind of what Orthrelm is like, its just drums and guitar solos. I believe this is people from Cromtech, so you know what you're getting into. It's the kind of stuff you either love or hate and it's definitely not my cup of tea. Touchdown is just drums and bass and not too far different from Orthrelm, I find them hard to listen to as well. The packaging on this just looks really thrown together and last minute. But fans of Cromtech would probably like this; you can order this find release from my good friend Mike at... MO (Troubleman/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

### NINJA DEATH SQUAD/FAGATRON • split 7"

I wasn't expecting too much out of this and to be honest, I wasn't too surprised in the end. Both bands are made up of two members each and both play short, simple, light-hearted, joke-grind. Ninja Death Squad are the heavier of the two with guitar and drums and more of a metallic influence, while Fagatron have drums and bass and lean more towards the sloppy punk side of the genre. Just about every NDS song here is about being a ninja and the bloodshed and fury that go along with knowing the "18 fatal strikes". Fagatron's lyrics weren't printed because "they couldn't quite remember what they were saying" but I could definitely hear "fagafagafatron" and "rectal exam" clearly. I imagine these bands playing a lot of house parties and I would love to see that shit. FIL (Agitprop! Records/PO Box 748/Hanover, MA 02339)

### DESTRUCCIÓN/SID A • split 7"

Destrucción plays three quick punk anthems. Their songs are punchy and raw. The way the singer draws out the lines of lyrics over a fast thrash beat gives their song "Anti-Patria" a pleasing juxtaposition. Sid A comes out with four songs. Their sound is gritty, edgy, and has a strong street punk feel. The classic punk themes are all hear, making for a familiar sound. Both bands sing in Spanish, so I don't know what their exact message is. LO (Don't Belong Records/Apdo. 8035/33280 Gijón/Spain)

### MODERN MACHINES/ THE FRAGMENTS • split CD

The songs on this CD bounce back and forth between these two bands every couple tracks. It is sort of like seeing a tag team live set. Modern Machines play intensely poppy and honest punk with a sweetly innocent edge. At times they sound like and East Bay pop punk band and other times they sound like Elvis Costello. Modern Machines are very likeable with their raw energy spilling into every song. The Fragments keep the vibe of poppy small times punk going strong throughout their songs; each one a nice little anthem to life and how it's being lived. The way they play is very honest and straightforward, allowing the personality of this band to shine through. Both bands on this CD are fun to listen to. LO (New Disorder Records/115 Bartlett St./San Francisco, CA 94110)

### DEATH THREAT/OVER MY DEAD BODY • split 7"

Three songs from each band. Death Threat plays mid paced youth crew with breakdowns and everything. They also do a Chain of Strength cover. Over my Dead Body plays heavier moshy youth crew with sing along parts "sXe always and forever." They do a decent cover of the Reagan Youth which is pretty cool. DJ (Bridge Nine Records/PO Box 99052/Boston, MA 02199-0052)

### FIND HIM AND KILL HIM/ THE DREAM IS DEAD • split 7"

This split 7" comes to you with the hopes to inspire in you a new Revolution Summer. Now, the Revolution Summer they speak of here is about taking your scene back, pushing it in a positive directions, and helping others do the same. They fear the death of the DIY scene, and this is their manifesto to save it. Most of the Find Him And Kill Him lyrics are about that subject. This time, they return with a most pointed thrash. The songs are bursting with energy and the investigative spirit of What Happens Next? in their lyrics. The Dream Is Dead play heavy hitting hardcore in the vein of From Ashes Rise. The first song is an original about animal rights and the second a Misfits cover. It's really nice to see DIY records with big booklets about ideas (not just lyrics) in them again. LO (revsummer@indianapolishardcore.com)

### ARMED WITH INTELLIGENCE/ YOUNG ONES • Garbage Picking Youth split 7"

This is a spirited little record. These bands seem to complement each other well: each are very DIY, each band prominently features women, and each seem very passionate and committed, full of youthful energy. Musically, the Young Ones are more hardcore than pop punk, but maybe a little too pop punk for me, though nice and anthemic; while AWI fall more within the traditional confines of HC. Both bands have smart and thoughtful lyrics covering topics of community, the ways we treat each other, speaking out, and DIY, among other things. There's a lot of heart here, and one gets the feeling that these two bands are each more than the sum of their members, that there are strong communities of friends and allies that these bands belong too. Fans of Soophie will most likely really appreciate this. TS (Art of the Underground/PO Box 1441/Elliottville, NY 14731; Punks Before Profits/99 Custer St/Buffalo, NY 14214)

### SATELLITE GROOVES/THE SPACEWURM/ MANMATESMACHINE • 3 way split CD

Satellite Grooves starts off with a well executed drum 'n' bass tune, then they go on with softer electronica that has more of a trip hoppy feel. Good sound and production value. This is really well done and if you're into these types of electronic music, then this is well worth checking out. Manmatesmachine features a guy from the Peechees. Rougher beats this time around with a clear penchant for the eighties. Spaceworm has the hardest, least accessible sound. Choppy beats and noise and really not something I would ever want to listen to in my spare time. I don't do drugs, so that explains that. This is an independent release (I'm guessing) which comes with very, very little info. Kind of a shame. MH (Vex Records)

### DECONDITIONED/BLASTFO-ME • split 7"

Blastfo-Me has four songs. The first three are heavy grindcore influence tracks with sick vocals. The last song is played to a dance beat, though it still has the harder elements along for the ride. Their political commentary serves up the president's head on a plate as they go for the throat with critical analysis. The ying to that yang is Deconditioned. They play three songs that fit well into the thrash mold. Two songs with witty commentary on style and straight edge, followed up by the serious one about genetic modification. Deconditioned is rough around the edges, but I'm sure would be fun to see live with the right crowd. LO (Banal Existence Records/2706 Harvard Ave. East/Seattle, WA 98102)

### CROUSTIBAT/SIMBIOSE • split 10"

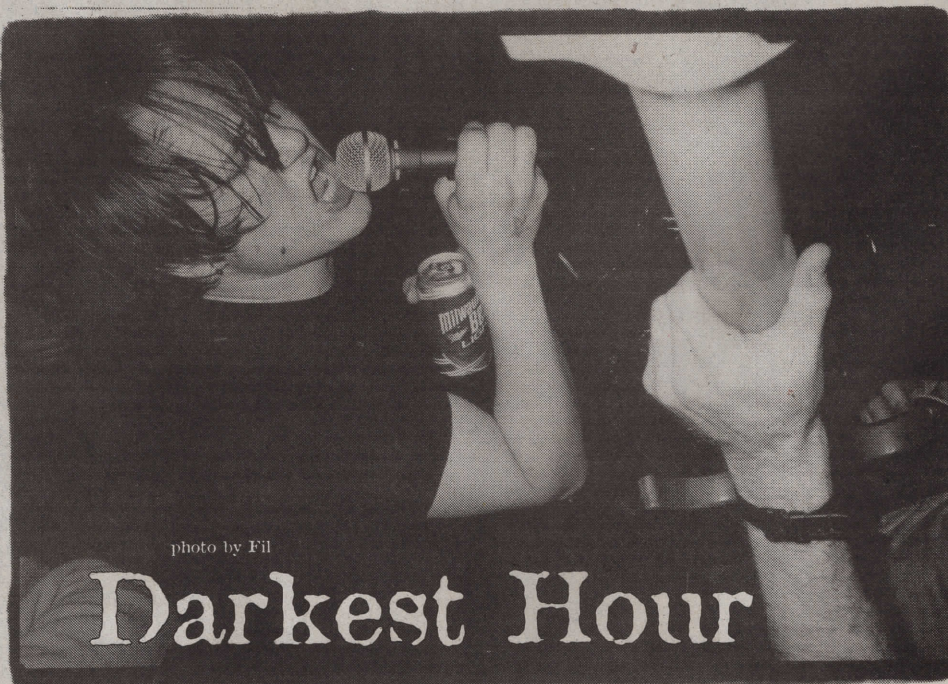
Croustibat plays heavy chaotic hardcore with the occasional metal influence. The entire recording is a very intense noise that does not stop until the needle picks up. Their songs are pissed, mostly raging about the influence of media, religion, and politics into daily life. Croustibat are skeptics who are tired of the ways of the world. Simbiose plays super heavy metal hardcore with some unrelenting vocals. If you look back a page or two you can find the review for their full CD in this issue. The Simbiose songs on this record stay true to their raging sound throughout. This is a heavy hitting 10" all around, each band using the weight of metal and the speed of punk to their advantage. LO (Hugo/Apartado 249/2686-997 Sacavém/Portugal)

### ASS END OFFEND/ THE ANTI DIFRANCOS • split 7"

Ass-End Offend plays a very pleasing, sturdy hardcore on this record. Their songs are full, harsh, and pulled together. I like the deep melodies that line each fast ditty. The lyrics for these are examinations of capitalism, overcoming obstacles, and opening your mind. Cool stuff. The Anti Difrancos songs are fast punk rock with screechy vocals. The distortion is on high and they are just sort of going at it with as much energy as they have got. The music itself doesn't really catch my fancy but the lyrics are good. They question our current President and how he came into office, commercialism, mindless rebellion, and the sorry state of civil rights in America. I really like the DIY punk nature of this release. LO (Poisoned Candy Records/PO Box 9263/Missoula, MT 59807)

### TIDAL/ACABAH ROT • split 12"

Ah, the return of Tidal, one of the best contemporary European screamo bands. They offer two new songs here plus an acoustic little ditty they recorded in their bedroom. The two new songs show a departure from their LP work. They've gotten weirder, less straight, and it takes a while to get into the new material. However, once you've wrapped your head around it, you're in for a very rewarding listening experience. I'm really looking forward to hearing their newest material. Acabab Rot is a band from the same area in Germany, I think. Phew, they've got it going on as well. Intricate screamo with snappy rhythms and guitar work, kinda like The Exploder. Really great material. MH (Ignition Records/ignitiononline.co.uk or Memento Records/Chris Spaeth/Justus-Liebig-Weg 7/72108 Rottenburg)



### HELLHOUND/DESPITE • split CD

Fuck yeah!!! Hellhound play some awesome metallic d beat crust that is catchy as all fucking hell. At first glance I figured this for not good, as it looks generic. Well Hellhound is generic in a good fucking way. 6 songs by these this shoulda came out on Earache in the late 80's. Despite's production is a bit lacking compared to HH. These guys play some doomy crust that, like I said, lacks in production. 6 songs here. This CD is worth it for the hellhound stuff. NW (Crimes Against Humanity/PO Box 1421/Eau Claire, WI 54702)

### E150/ZANUSSI • split 7"

Damn, this is one smoking record. Both bands are from Spain and both play great aggressive thrash hardcore with a powerful vein of melody. The energy is really high. They thrash, but they do it with so much energy and both bands manage to write catchy songs, so in the end the songs are just fucking great. The record comes with a hand screened cover and there is a large poster inside as well as lyrics in both English and Spanish. A great record. KM (La Vida Es Un Mus/BM Active/WCIN 3XX/London/England)



## FIFTH HOUR HERO/GUNMOLL • split CD

Fifth Hour Hero plays infectious emotive rock with sweet vocals and guitar hooks aplenty. Their songs are as smooth rub on your ears. Her perfect voice plays with the tones in a haunting way. Gunmoll also plays melodious rock, but with gritty guy vocals that give it a dirty rock and roll sound. They go at it hard and end up with an edgy sound that is really appealing. I think these two bands compliment each other well. The style is similar, but varied enough to showcase the originality of each outfit. LO (No Idea Records/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

## ENVY/ISCARIOTE • split CD

Isariote starts off with three songs of metallic hardcore that grooves and rocks at times, but it gets off to a slow start, which unfortunately sets the tone for the record. This definitely has a Neurosis and stoner-core/Sabbath feel to it at times, which I can appreciate. There are rockin' parts to all their songs, but they can also drag on at times making me wonder if it's worth the wait. Envy's two songs carry the record for me, even though this is a more mellow side of Envy than what I'm use to. It still gets heavy and their sound hasn't changed. I just feel like some of their ferociousness is missing from this recording. The thing that I really like about Envy is their chaotic energy and intensity, which I didn't get too much of from these songs, they're just a little more passive and moody, but still good. If you haven't heard this band yet, you should, they're fucking great, but I would suggest checking out some of their other records first. FIL (Level Plane/PO Box 4329/Philadelphia, PA 19118)

## DRAW BLANK/BURY THE LIVING • split 7"

Damn, these Bury The Living songs are raging! They are super pissed, fast paced, thrashcore anthems that are played well. Their lyrics talk about crappy things in the world, as well as timely criticisms of misplaced anger after 9-11. On the flipside you get really angry hardcore thrash. Draw Blank say "fuck" about every other word in these songs. The whole sound is an assault. It comes out blazing, curses and grinds, and then goes back in its corner for the next round. The furious nature of this recording is unavoidable. The only drawback to Draw Blank is that their recording is extra scratchy and their side of the 7" skips. LO (Hell On Earth/423 E Elm St. #102/Springfield, MO 65806-2339)

## CIRCLE TAKES THE SQUARE/PG. 99 • split 7"

The layout for this record is really slick and appealing. Of course, that means the subtle printing is so dark it is almost impossible to read the insert. Still, it sure looks good. I am really into Circle Takes The Square. Their hardcore is chaotic, intense, thoughtful, and all encompassing. They seem to pour out everything they have into these songs. They are seriously amazing modern hardcore with a smart statement. The Pg. 99 songs aren't as great as some other recent ones. Their normally complex sound is fuzzed out and noise seems to be taking over. It loses some of the hooks, but still isn't bad. LO (The Perpetual Motion Machine/PO Box 7364/Richmond, VA 23221)

## JESUS AND THE GOSPELFUCKERS/AGENT ORANGE • Couldn't Care Less split CD

Whoaaa!!! This is the best thing I've been assigned for review this issue, and easily the best reissue of the year, and maybe the past 5 years. Both bands are a rare slice of early '80s Dutch hardcore (if it's Dutch hardcore or punk it's pretty much mandatory listening) that does a great job of embodying the time. Fast and out of control songs steeped in urgency and desperation with a nihilistic edge. At times they sound like the whole thing is about to explode. Jesus And The Gospelfuckers have a little bit of a Discharge influence, but on the whole have their own sound. There's a bit of tunelessness in the music, and the guitar harmonics on "Dope" cannot be denied. Once that band fell apart Agent Orange formed and were even more out of control. This is the kind of hardcore madness that will have any fan of this music foaming at the mouth like a rabid dog. Eventually this band gave birth to Genocide Express, as heard on the "Cleanse The Bacteria" comp. You must get this split! MA (Kangaroo c/o Henk Smit/Middenweg 13/1098 AA Amsterdam/Netherlands)

## SPIRIT OF VERSAILLES/CALIGARI • split 7"

I think this might be the best Spirit Of Versailles track that I've heard yet. Kind of a perfect blend of Indian Summer and Yaphet Kotto. It starts out relatively tame, then culminates in one of those emo crescendo finales. Sounds like a cliché, but they pull it off extremely well. Caligari sounds madder and badder, just heavier all around. Both bands are really good at what they do. I think there's only 500 of these, so try to find one and hold on to it. MH (Init Records/PO Box 3432/Mankato, WI 56002)

## THE MILES APART/LIGHTS AT AMBER/MORNING BEFORE • split CD

The Title of this 3-way split CD is "Sunrise People in Sunset Days". Now, with that and the three band names you have more than enough information to know exactly what this is going to sound like. There aren't any surprises here. Whiney, pop "emo" songs about relationships, disappointments and memories, in a hideous computer graphic design package. Without the insert, it's tough to tell when one band stops and another starts, but I think that the middle one is the less offensive of the three. If after seeing this cover you still buy this, you deserve it. FIL (Strange Fruit/Silcherstr. 31/73329 Kuchen/Germany)

## A DAYS REFRAIN/BARSTOW • split 7"

The two A Days Refrain songs on here are screamy hardcore, the first song sounding like Coleman, and the second track being more emo-ish hardcore in the vein of the very first Piebald 7". Barstow have one track that is a lot like songs found on The Get Up Kids *Four Minute Mile* LP, although it's not as watered down and wimpy as The Get Up Kids. All around a strong release with packaging that gives it that ever so 'emo' feel. MO (Red Scroll/Joshua Carlson/5 Arbor Ln./Wallingford, CT 06492)

# Drowningman

photo by Jeremy Dyer



## THERE IS A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT/VANILLA • split CD

Okay first off, the packaging for this CD is fucking sweet. Top notch all the way and the insert folds out to be a huge poster. And on the CD itself you get two tracks from There is a Light and three from Vanilla. There is a Light That Never Goes Out are a great band from Japan who play emo-hardcore, for lack of a better term. The music, not the vocals, reminds me of Yaphet Kotto. They would have been huge in the mid '90s I'm sure. Vanilla play emo-hardcore too, but it's a little more poppy, with pretty quiet parts that build up. This is good release and worth checking out. MO (Waiting For An Angel/45 rue Rachais/69007 Lyon/France)

## V/A • 1157 Wheeler Ave: A Memorial For Amadou Diallo CD

This CD is a benefit for Amadou Diallo, in fact they give \$3 of each CD sold to Human Rights Watch in his name. The collection of bands for this comp is pretty diverse in sound, though most are popular enough that you have at least heard of them. Strike Anywhere, Munition, Anti-Flag, The 4 Squares, The Methadones, Common Rider, J Church, The Lawrence Arms, Squirtgun, The Arrivals, and Plan A Project all contribute live or rare tracks for this. Other songs by Fifteen, The GCS, and Youth Brigade are also on here. The sound quality for the live stuff is pretty good. In fact, the Strike Anywhere song is just amazing. The comp gives background information for those who don't know much about the Amadou Diallo tragedy, as well as contact information and lyrics for as many bands as possible. LO (Failed Experiment Records/5420 Bishop St./Chicago, IL 60609)

## V/A • Postcards From The Heartland CD

This is a compilation of softer hardcore band that range from emo to indie. The bands are from all over, and a good amount of them have really catchy vibes. The recording for each of them is good. If you've heard of a couple of the bands on here, it is worth it to check out the whole thing. Some of the better tracks are from Yage, Nikad, The Last Forty Seconds, Kettcar, and Koufax. The other bands are The New Looks For Spring, Division Of Laura Lee, The Atlantic Monthly, Jeff Caudill, Pale, Dina, Wedekind, Fresnel, and The Cotton Weary. LO (Fire Walk With Me/PO Box 65/1110 Wein/Austria)

## V/A • Hated by Most, Loved by Few 7"

This has some rad songs by Crispus Attucks, Something in the Water, and Jesus and the Gospelfuckers. However the inclusion of the seemingly anti Arab song "Fuck Off" by The Blurters makes this comp a fuycking piece of shit. Maybe I'm jumping to conclusions, the song starts off with a clip of someone singing in what seems to be Arabic, and here are the lyrics: "fuck off we don't want you here, fuck off bring despair and fear, fuck off tea towel on your head, fuck off better off dead." I don't know, you decide what it means. Oh yeah, AVO has a song about beating male prostitutes, ALL RIIGHT that is so COOOOL BRO. AVO should fucking choke on shit, I hate this crap. Oh yeah, all the bands play 80's style hardcore thrash and are good, but hey plenty of comps don't include such assholes. AH (Henk Smit/Middenweg 13/1098 AA Amsterdam/The Netherlands)



#### V/A • Tomorrow Will Be Worse Vol. 3 3x7"

The latest installment in the Tomorrow Will Be Worse collection has another sampling of US and Japanese bands. Flag Of Democracy plays straightforward punk rock with a lot of energy and melody. Even as their songs get a bit wacky, they keep solid songs in with the noise. Idol Punch lay down six tracks of fast, noisy, and distorted thrash. Their songs are freaky and hard to really wrap your brain around. Vivisick will rip your throat out with their unforgiving hardcore thrash. Their songs overflow with rage and intensity. Brody's Militia plays distorted hardcore with a lot of grindcore and thrash thrown in for extra weight. Their statements and songs fly past you, each of them a punchy attack on the world. Struck throw some more thrash into the mix. The elements of hardcore and the strong uses of melody set this thrash apart in a good way. The Fartz have two songs of snotty, distorted, and edgy punk rock. I wasn't as impressed with this comp as much as the earliest one, but I suppose that is the nature of the beast. LO (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

#### V/A • Barbaric Thrash Demolition #3 2xCD and 7"

I was so happy to review this. New grind, SxE, thrash, HC whatever from all over the globe. The two CDs total out at over 100 tracks of raw pissed hardcore punk. Some highlights for me were Edora (Singapore), Melee (US), Atret (Malaysia), Fuerza X (Guatemala), Reproach (Belgium), and a bunch more. But wait! There is also a 7" record containing the mighty noise of Sweden's Asocial, 1982 demo. This shit is as good as it gets, raw and fucking fast, this doesn't let up for a minute. The intros warm you up, then the full force comes down like a cyclone, spins your brain on high! This comp represents to me all that is still vital about HC/punk, new bands from all over doing it for themselves, venting the frustrations that we all feel. CD (625 Productions/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

#### V/A • We Will Answer With Questions CD

20 bands. Lots of good material here by bands like Flashbulb Memory, The Plot To Blow Up The Eiffel Tower, End On End, This Computer Kills, The Minus Tide, Life In Pictures, The Kenmores and tons more. The overall sound here could be described as aggressive emo that goes from relatively gentle to really pretty fucking harsh. It's been a while since I've listened to a comp that is such good value for money. I'm not sure how many of these tracks have been previously released. Not that much I guess. At any rate, go check this out, I can't imagine you'd regret it. MH (This Guy Records/PO Box 25725/Los Angeles, CA 90025)

#### V/A • Street Loyalty cassette

This cassette comp has six bands from five countries. Each band has three songs on here, allowing you to really get a feel for each. Most of the bands play melodic hardcore with an old school edge, some of them harsher than others but all of them creating definite songs in the truest sense. The ones that don't play melodic hardcore go to the other end of the spectrum and play really tough hardcore with a street feel. The recording from each is raw and unfettered. The Protest from the Czech Republic, Albert Fish and Omitted Grass Reaction from Portugal, Alta Tension and Social Combat from Spain, and Kateter from Hungary all are included. This comp includes contact info for each band, but no lyrics. They also don't list any contact address for the label, which is odd for something that seems to be a sampler of sorts. LO (Fight Back Records)

#### V/A • A Town Full of Sinners 7"

A short sampling of Mid-West acoustic auteurs featuring Seth Knappen, Stephanie Noble, Chad Gooch, & the two-piece Romantic and the Sirens. This is pleasant enough listening, and is complimented by an appropriately minimalist aesthetic rendered with a DIY hand. For fans of Cat Power, Deadwood Divine, Smog, and indie rock kids slumming it in acoustic projects. TS (Blood on Blood/3314 23rd Ave/Moline, IL 61265)

#### STONED INSECT MONSTER • CD demo

The eight songs on this demo fall either under the heading of heavy metal or hard rock. The lyrics are appropriately dark or messed up. Each song has a raw sound and driving beat. LO (studiop1@excite.com)

#### THE FOREVER YOUTH • Death Songs By... demo

I think this band is a joke... I think. This is a very bad recording of punk thrash shit with annoying ass vocals. If you want to hear some guys fucking around in some dudes basement, get this, other wise FUCK OFF AND DIEEE! NG (pizzarolling@yahoo.com)

#### SCHEMATIC OF A WAKING LIFE • CD demo

There is so much beauty, hope, and anger expressed in this CD that it is hard to avoid calling it emo. But the style of music falls more into the chaotic hardcore genre. I really enjoyed the experience of reading the booklet that came with this CD as the desperately urgent music played on my stereo. A couple quotes from their booklet really explain the overall point of this band. "We believe that art doesn't have to just mimic life but that it can be used as a weapon to actually improve it." "Punk rock is what we make of it, it is a lifestyle of freedom." That is rad. LO (Nick Valenta/206 East Rd./Bristol, CT 06010)

#### STELLENBOSCH • CD demo

I fumbled around with the various parts that came with this demo for a good five minutes before I could make sense of everything. They use a lot of found paper for inserts, which can make this already jumbled release a little strange at first. By the time I got the CD in and the lyric sheet in my hand, I was starting to get a feel for Stellenbosch. They play arty and inspired chaotic hardcore that says a lot with a little. Their sound is very modern and appealing. In the vein of Pg. 99, conflicting melodies come together and meld into something new. This four song CD comes with a 'zine of graphics and ideas that expound on the style and themes of this band. LO (roeldalhuisen@hotmail.com)

#### SINALOA • demo

Wow, really nice this one. Sinaloa play early nineties hardcore with vocals like Moss Icon. Much of their music has a heavy emo rock vibe, but in the good non-indie rock way. It is just really bare and honest. Their songs are subdued, but the personality can't be. I really liked the subject matter and the way it was delivered. LO (8 Candlewood Dr./Andover, MA 01810)

#### PROTEST STAGNATION • demo

This blowz. Boring run of the mill crust like on old Profane Existence type comps, like whippers, with raspy female vocals, and truly bizarre lyrics. It seems like the band is from Eastern Europe. The design, music, and especially grasp of the English language all makes me think they are from Poland or something, but no, they are from the city of roses. It's really just very, very boring, that's all, and most importantly, NOT BRUTAL. "Still I can't refuse/that I love the booze." AH (PO Box 2353/Portland, OR 97208)

#### FED BY FICTION • demo CDR

4 songs. This band is made up of 8 men and women out of Wisconsin (Wisconsin—I'm not sure but that might be a much worse place to live than even Switzerland...). Their music has a very raw feel and it's not just the rudimentary recording. This is just heartfelt hardcore played without any pretensions. I get a kind of 1995 emo vibe from it, but what the hell, as long as the thing comes across, that's all I want. I would definitely like to hear more from these folks and I hope that they'll continue to play together. So far, the result is kind of messed up and ugly, but that makes for the best and most beautiful music, anyway, doesn't it? MH (www.fedbyfiction.com/ 129 Butler St. no.2/Madison, WI 53703)

#### WINTER ROAD • demo

Generally, I approach review material with the notion that the content is vastly more important than the presentation; generally, I don't trust aesthetics—we are so often easily manipulated and deceived by the superficial. That said, sometimes something is so aesthetically unbearable, that the value of the content can be rendered inaccessible. This release seems to have a decent spirit, the sort of default HC/Punk politics of uncritical activism, what I like to call anarcho-liberalism; however, imagine the lyrics crooned by a one-man acoustic and otherwise noise-machine sounding not unlike Tom Waits meets the Dead Kennedys meets Bobby McFerrin. The fellow behind Winter Road rails against rich men, capitalism, the border, imperialism, consumption, et al, though ultimately, like a nice big hammer, this is something you'd rather use to bludgeon those "rich men" rather than yourself. TS (Jonathan W at CCTG/Etna, CA 96027)

#### UNLUCKY ATLAS • CD demo

Ten moody songs of art and emotion to be found here. Much of Unlucky Atlas reminds me of The One AM Radio. The sounds tread lightly on your ears. The easy melodies, affected keyboards, and haunting vocals work well together. It is a shimmery recording. LO (Terence Hannum/10561 Regent Cr./Naples, FL 34109)

#### V/A • Wah! Are We Gonna Get In Schweinfurt? LP

This comp comes from bands in the Schweinfurt area. Gehimfrost plays crazy grinding hardcore with unintelligible harsh vocals. Tagtraum bust out a track that is catchy, poppy, and heavy throughout. FetZ Braun brings back the crazy shit with two hardcore songs, each with parts of intense grindcore action. Their second song is quite fun to listen to. Clockwise From Top plays two really melodic indie-pop songs that are easy on the ears. Straßenterror plays four songs that hark back to an older punk style. They are sloppy and raw with a little bit of harmony here and there. "Melangloomy chime in with some more melodic punk. Their stuff sounds good and it keeps a raw edge. The Christi Himmelfahrtskommando has the most modern sound of any of the bands here. They play affected, chaotic hardcore with punchy vocals and an overall emotional outpouring. The Christi Himmelfahrtskommando is just shy of screamo, but definitely in that genre somewhere. Finishing up the comp is Anti-Control. They play punk rock songs in an eighties style with a heavy dose of raw energy and hints of melody. All of these bands come together to answer the burning (albeit misspelled) question of what you will get from the Schweinfurt scene. LO (SWC Records c/o Eric Greulich/Friedrich Gauß Str. 2/97424 Schweinfurt/Germany)

#### WHEEL OF DOOM • CD demo

Here Wheel Of Doom has six moody and thick songs. They are heavily influenced by metal, but have enough harmony in them to smooth out the rough tones. Each song is long and spends a lot of time settling into a groove. Listening to this CD is easy. The tracks float along and create a solid, subdued mood. LO (fourturnerrecords@nna.so-net.ne.jp)

#### VALIENT THORR • demo CDR

Self-described blend of high energy speed rock 'n' roll and classic heavy metal, the biggest vibe I get from this is a Nation of Ulysses type gospel thing. The kind which can also be heard in about every early Bruce Springsteen bootleg that's ever been made, but I'm sure no-one cares to know that. It's been fun listening to this all the way. MH (cloudbox@hotmail.com)

#### THE CARPETBAGGERS • We Don't Need the O.P.D. demo

They should be called the Garbagebaggers, because that is where this belongs. If you're in the mood for some fucked up lyrics from a bunch of teenage boys from Apopka, Florida then this demo is right up your alley. Lyrics express how women are BITCHES, and everyone else is a "home" or "motherfucker." Lame boys like this don't deserve the time of day, as a matter of fact, I'm still trying to figure out if this is a joke or not. Early eighties floppy hardcore style with awful recording. Also available on CD. JB (1311 Misty Ridge Ct./Apopka, FL 32712)

#### A MOMENTS LOSS • American Death Poem CD demo

Three songs. In them this band plays melodic hardcore with a slight metalcore influence. The songs are smooth and driving. I like how they distinguish the two singers of the band by "angry voice" and "calm voice" in the insert. That's witty. LO (3464 Ridgecrest Dr./Reno, NV 89512)

#### ATLAS MOTH • demo

Two guys doing the screamo thing. Not unlike any of the bands that have done this since the late '90s: Reversal of Man, Orchid, Usurp Synapse, Song of Zarathustra, et al. If you like, you'll appreciate this. TS (Patrick/105 King St/uxbridge, MA 01569; carcass23@hotmail.com)

#### SKITKIDS • demo

Skit Kids, which if my understanding is correct means "shit kids," is a crust punk band. They play harsh stuff to a thrash beat. The muddy demo recording has them coming off as raw and untamed. There is a lot of really good energy in these songs. All the lyrics are in Swedish and delivered in a very serious tone, though I don't have a clue about the subject matter. Eleven songs in all. LO (Åmau/Smedjeg. 1/21421 Malmö/Sweden)

#### VENAL I.V. • CD demo

You really can't judge a book by its cover. I didn't think this CD was going to be very good, but it turned out to be a nice surprise. Venal I.V. plays urgent hardcore in the vein of Reversal Of Man (sort of). It is fast, pointed, and heavy. Their lyrics are intelligent assaults on government thugs, the FCC, scene labels, and religion. I liked their pissed off tone and the enthusiastic message in their insert. LO (Poisoned Candy Records/PO Box 9263/Missoula, MT 59807)

#### A PETAL FALLEN • demo CDR

4 songs. \$3 plus postage. If you ever got excited about early nineties emo, if you like Indian Summer, Native Nod, Owlitan Mia, Closure and all those other bands from back then, then my guess is that you'll go nuts over these songs. I can't really see why this is a demo as the sound is totally excellent. I've heard many "real" releases that sounded a lot worse. The lyrics are poetic and yet political. It's a little regrettable that this kind of sound has gone out of fashion lately. Granted, there's been a whole bunch of bland crap and that whole "white boys screaming for nothing but screaming's sake" had gone quite out of hand, so I'm even happier to report that this demo is a total exception and well worth checking out. MH (Benn Roe/129 Jefferson Roe/129 Jefferson Ave./Lewes, DE 19958)

#### ERRORSURFER • CD demo

Six songs from a band that describes themselves as screamo. I found that to be only slightly the case. The songs have way more punk and noise influence to them to simply call it screamo. The whole thing goes by at lightning speed. You can barely read along to the lyrics as quickly as it goes. The songs are about interpersonal relationships, cops, political action, and the depressing nature of the world. Half of the lyrics are in German, the other half in English. LO (swcrecords@gmx.de)

#### REACCIÓN • demo

I ran into Carlos at some show at the Gilman (the one where activist speakers attempted to dismiss the value of spontaneity in favor of the ever-fetishized "organization") a few months ago. He used to play drums in Sin Orden, definitely one of the best thrashy hardcore outfits of the last couple of years. Reacción is Carlos' new band; here he shares vocal duties with Megan, and they have some uncompromising commentary on street harassment of women, domination of capitalism, abuse, political prisoners, confronting racism, and more. Backing up these strong words is some great straight-ahead HC; sometimes fast, sometimes a bit closer to mid-tempo, always driving and to-the-point. The recording quality is not so great, but is about what one can expect from a demo. I am definitely keeping an eye out for shows or releases from these kids, and so should you. Rad. TS (PO Box 5027/Chicago, IL 60680; chicapalta@hotmail.com)

#### REACTIONARY THREE • demo

Gainesville is one of my favorite places in the world. There are so many amazing kids there, minus of course the dickwads from Asshole Parade, but that aside it's just one of those places where great things start. Reactionary Three is a reflection of that, they play melodic hardcore that kind of sounds like True North, but is more fucked up and sloppy, which is a good thing. There is something about this that makes it feel very real and sincere and just all around punk, I'm anxious to hear more. MO (\$1ppd to Mike/PO Box 13077/Gainesville, FL 32604)

#### PAINTED YOUTH • demo

What a sweet little demo. Painted Youth plays sweet emo-esque punk with a raw, romantic quality. In the note that comes with it they explained their influences were D.B.S., Jawbreaker, and Reserve 34 though they don't sound directly like any of those bands. Rather, their heartfelt lyrics match the influences of those bands. LO (\$2 to 1682 Frances St./Vancouver, BC/V5L 1Z4/Canada)

#### DEATHSQUAD 1939 • demo

I may be wrong, but from the list of folks in this band I would say that Deathsquad 1939 features an all star squad of folks from Monster X, Devoid of Faith, Hail Mary, The Oath... and probably some other good bands that have been overlooked. There are four tracks on this demo. The sound quality is record quality since it was recorded at Dead Air Studios. I wouldn't be surprised if these tracks ended up on a 7". The musical style is medium paced hardcore with rough vocals. I wouldn't say that Deathsquad 1939 blows me away, but this is a really good start and I imagine this outfit could turn into something really good given time. KM (Deathsquad 1939/PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212 or sissycore@hotmail.com)



# RAW POWER



photo by Kent McClard (Golata, 1987)

Giuseppe Codeluppi (upper left), founder of the Italian hardcore band, Raw Power, suffered a heart attack and died this year while playing soccer with friends in Parma, Italy.



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**New Release! DESTROY** Discography CD Re-release of the Necropolis LP on Sound Pollution with the entire Destroy vinyl output as "bonus tracks." All the 7" and comp tracks. HC5008

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**ANDI PETERSEN'S ARMÉ** Blod Ser Mere Virkeligt Ud På Film 7" Second ep from Danish HC ragers. Sounds like the missing Dischord 7" from 1981, or lost Black Flag sessions from 1980, but in Danish! HC7029

**VITAMIN X** Down the Drain Second full length. Fast intense Hardcore from Holland. The perfect mix between straight edge youth crew and fast-core thrash. LP HC1207 & CD HC5007

**WOLFBRIGADE** Progression/Regression Havoc brings you more savage Swedish Hardcore. Wolfbrigade (formerly known as Wolfpack) shred your ears with a total Scandinavian d-beat crustcore assault. Vinyl version is a Picture Disc! Split release w/ Farewell records of Germany. LP HC1206 (PICTURE DISK) & CD HC5006

**CAUSTIC CHRIST** S/T Two guys from Aus Rotten, 1 from React and 1 from Submachine combine to create a new hardcore powerhouse. Combining the stylings of early Corrosion of Conformity with faster Swedish hardcore resulting in a manic HC sound. HC 7028

**RISTETTI** Tervetuola Kuolema One of the great Finnish hardcore bands of the 80s returns. No weak rehash here, full on hard driving Finnish style hardcore that put Tampere on the map! Licensed from Fight Records, remixed with a bonus track! HC 7027

## IDENTITY PARADE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY KRISTOFER PASANEN, 1995-2000

150 Pages, Black & White, Hardcover Havoc records is proud to present our first effort at publishing. Kristofer Pasanen has compiled an amazing book of his live photographs of bands taken over the last five years. Hundreds of bands are photographed from Crust to SE to Emo; see the website for a complete list. HC-IDP (BOOK)

**SKITSYSTEM** Enkel Resa Till Rännstenen Second LP from the masters of dark Swedish hardcore. Heavy and brutal b-beat mixed with crusty HC and thrash styles. A pulverizing steamroller of Swedish hardcore. Split release with No Tolerance Records of Sweden. LP HC1205 & CD HC5005

**Now on CD! NINE SHOCKS TERROR** Zen and the Art of Beating Your Ass The "lost" LP re-issued. This is a totally remastered and remixed second release of the hard to get first LP which came out on Devour Records of Japan in 1999. An over the top wall of thrash. Brutal no-holds-barred sonic assault. This is the most powerful material by the most intense band in hardcore today. CD contains all Nine Shocks' recorded material other than the Paying Ohmage LP. 38 tracks total, including all the 7" and comp tracks. LP HC1204 & CD HC5009

**MISERY** The Early Years Incl. the Born, Fed, Slaughtered, Blindead, and Children of War 7"s, the Misery side of the split LP with SDS, and the Production Through Destruction LP. 71 Minutes of Amebix style apocalyptic crust. Split release with Crimes Against Humanity Records. CD HC5004

**HOLDING ON** Just Another Day LP / CD Crucial hardcore from Minnesota's Holding On! Mixes the crunch of Judge and Chain of Strength with the anger and raw power of Negative Approach. Totally pissed off, raw, powerful Hardcore! Split release with THD, Havoc and 1% records. LP HC1203 & CD HC5003

**DS-13** Killed by the Kids One of the best bands in hardcore today. Amazing second LP of early 80s-style thrash/ HC/ punk. Excellent production, Pushhead cover art. LP HC1202 & CD HC5002

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** When Hell Freezes Over Compilation LP Featuring Code 13, Misery, Dreadnaught, Onward To Mayhem, Arden Chapman, Segue, Feed the Machine, Scorned, Calloused, Fallen Graces, & Pontius Pilate. All new material by 11 Minneapolis punk/ HC bands. Styles vary from street punk, to crust, to grind, but it's all punk and all Minneapolis. Split release between Havoc, Sin Fronteras, and local bands. HC1201

**CODE 13** Complete Discography 1994-2000 All the 7"s and comp tracks with one unreleased song. CD HC5001

**ASSEMBLY OF GOD** Submission Obedience Denial New band with members of Brother Inferior, Burnpile, and Subsanity. Fast punk/HC a lot like the later Brother Inferior material. HC7026

**VITAMIN X** People that Bleed Third 7" by this Dutch SEHC band. Fast HC sound similar to DS-13 or Life's Halt. Great political SE lyrics and high energy HC. HC7025

**TEAR IT UP** S/T Ex Dead Nation, killer fast hardcore with lots of drive and energy. HC7024

**DS-13 / CODE 13** 13 song split 7" Sweden and Minnesota united in fast, raw hardcore pride. HC7023

**REAL ENEMY / HOLDING ON** Twin Cities Hardcore split 7" Political straight edge and youth crew hardcore. HC7022.5

**NINE SHOCKS TERROR** Mobile Terror Unit 7" EP Awesome raw fast thrash from Cleveland. HC7022

**KAOS** Nukke Re-issue 1985 Finnish HC, classic stuff. HC7021

**CLUSTERBOMBUNT...and the Dirty Little Weapons** 7" EP Brutal dis-core from Stuttgart, Germany. HC7020

**UNITED SUPERVILLAINS (USV)** Escapist 7" EP crucial fast HC similar to old Boston bands like DYS, Siege and SSD full speed ahead! HC7019

**SPAZM** 151 S/T 7" EP Second 7" by this Texas HC powerhouse. Hardcore like Black Flag, Poison Idea or Battalion of Saints. HC7018

**DEMON SYSTEM** 13 Aborted Teen Generation 7" EP U.S. press of this amazing Swedish hardcore band, fast aggressive powerful old-school hardcore. HC7017

**CODE-13** A Part of America Died Today 7" EP Third and best EP from Minnesota thrash punk defenders of the faith—twelve songs. HC7016

**TAMPERE SS** Kuolutt & Kuopattu 7" EP Demo and comp tracks from this crucial Finnish hardcore band of the early 80s. HC7015

**TAMPERE SS** SS Sotaa 7" EP More incredible Finnish thrash hardcore first released in '83. HC7014

**NOTA/BROTHER INFERIOR** split 7" Tulsa, Oklahoma's best hardcore old and new. HC7013

**PROTESTI** S/T 8 track EP Originally released as a demo in 1983, this is Finnish HC in the classic Propaganda Records style. HC7012

**HEIST** Pain Is Causing Life 7" EP Wicked fast and brutal HC in the Infest tradition. Second EP by this Australian thrash outfit. HC7011

**DISTRAUGHT** S/T 7" EP Brutal heavy hard-core from Brooklyn, NYC. New remixed second press with bonus track. HC7010

**MURDERERS** S/T 7" EP Legendary chaos punk/ HC. Manic HC-punk like Disorder, much more thrash than their recent stuff. HC7009

**CODE-13** They Made a Wasteland and Called it Peace Furious hardcore punk from beneath the streets of Minneapolis. HC 7008

**H-100'S** Texas Death Match 7" Snotty, harsh, early 80s hardcore with a seriously bad attitude. 3/4 of Nine Shocks Terror. HC 7007

**MASSKONTROLL** Warpath 7" EP Brutal Swedish-style hardcore similar to No Security, Doom, etc. ex-Resist, pre-Detestation. HC7006

**CODE-13** Doomed Society 7" EP Blistering hardcore punk. Ex-Destroy but more of a punk/HC sound than full-on grind. HC7005

**BRISTLE** System 7" EP Rip roaring old school punk/HC from Seattle, powerful and catchy. HC7004

**AUSROTTEN** Fuck Nazi Sympathy 7" EP All-out punk attack similar to Varukers, Discharge, Conflict. HC7003

**CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE** In a Few Hours of Madness 7" EP Diverse political punk, similar to Conflict-at their peak. HC7002

**DESTROY** Burn this Racist System Down 7" EP Raging political hard-core in the vein of Doom, ENT, Disrupt. Our first release, from 1992. HC 7001

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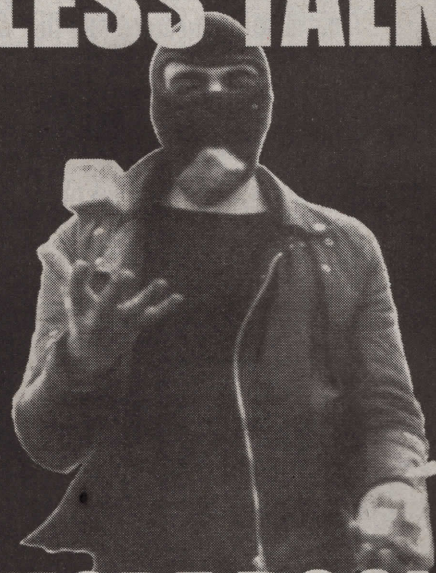




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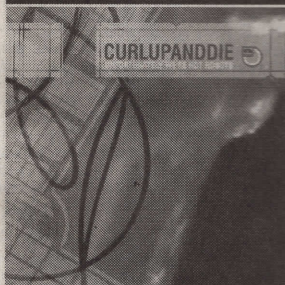


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**ALCO-BEAT #13** 5.5x8.5 50¢/trade 48pgs.

Cut'n'paste headache-inducing layout with top-ten lists, short stories, amusement park ride reviews, television channel reviews, guilty pleasures, rants, hair styles, hat manifestos, record reviews, etc., etc. etc. There's a lot to read here, and all of it attempts to be humorous in the sophomoric mode, but I'm not really interested. Maybe you are? TS (PO Box 1363/Madison, WI 53701)

**ALTERFX #11** 8.5x11 \$1 4pgs.

Apparently this is a short issue with a much larger installment around the corner. This edition consists of poetry and reviews. The coverage is of another world, such as U2, Daniel Ash, some smaller artists who create in other realms far outside of punk, and more. Short and quick. MA (Jame Harvey/371 Crossfield Rd./King Of Prussia, PA 19406)

**AVOW #12** 5.5x8.5 \$2 28pgs.

Avow is a 'zine of stories taken from the life of editor Keith. He has grown up in the coastal Northwest US and the often dreary gray climate infuses most every paragraph in this issue. A friend succumbs to heroin, a family is totally immersed in blind prejudice and ignorance, a compilation tape is completely botched and forgotten, the horrific fate of a bird caught by a pet cat, and continuous drunken meandering about. The final story concerns the complete loss of dignity by a lonely elderly schoolteacher and his apparently parasitic caregiver. If some of these stories were not so well written they would be unbearable. Fortunately Keith manages to maintain just enough critical distance to allow that things do not have to end up in a bottomless pit of loneliness, despair, and horror, but just barely. The layout and graphics of Avow are top notch. SJS (Keith Rosson/2410 Seouth East Taylor/Portland, OR 97214)

**BREAK THE CHAINS #12** 8.5x11 \$? 12pgs.

*Break The Chains* is the official newsletter of the Northwest Political Prisoner Support Network. They have some other split projects, but this is the main one. They print articles about the ideas of their movement and information about the people who they struggle for. This issue includes information on "Free," a message from "Los Ricos," updates on Thomas Tripp, as well as recent problems with the Oregon Department of Corrections. It is an informative newsletter. They pack as much as they can into each issue, which often makes for a cramped layout. LO (Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

**CHIHUAHUA AND PITBULL #1** 4.25x5.5 \$2 28pgs.

Fucking rad! First off, this 'zine arrive in a bottle. A real bottle, just like a SOS. Inside, this rag reeks just slightly of beer and has themes of coasts, traveling, running away. The constant motion of the pieces makes it fit the note-in-a-bottle motif well. Plus, I really enjoyed the stories inside. They are personal and real, funny and sad, hopeful and painfully realist. The editor tells about the people he knows, the people he meets, and himself with an openness that allows you to really get a feel for the characters. It also allows him to sometimes look stupid, the mark of any great story 'zine. Send away for yours now, the bottles are in short supply. LO (Ethan/4306 Burgundy/New Orleans, LA 70117)

**CHUMPIRE #153** 8.5x11 37¢ 2pgs.

The first page begins with some anecdotes and retellings of what's been going on with Greg. Then we move into the reviews and information. You flip it over, finish those, and go back to the personal stuff. A nice, quick read. LO (Greg/PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316)

**THE CONSPIRACY** 5.5x8.5 \$3 100pgs.

This 'zine is 99 pages of tiny little writing, from columns, interviews, reviews, and show reports. The columns range in topic, and I was stimulated by people's thoughts on the HC scene here and there, sexism, violence at shows, daily life, personal revolution, art, life in general, and lots in between. Edited and published by the Take-4 collective in The Philippines, this issue has been designated as the women's issue. It is really refreshing to see some of the issues that plague our scene get addressed by women of color, and hear what they have to say. A huge portion of this 'zine is filled with interviews with female 'zine writers from all over, including Christ(tine) of *Slug & Lettuce*, and a bunch more. CD (Take 4 Collective/PO Box 3800/Cpo. Manila 1000/Philippines)

**DEAD JOURNAL #2.2** 5.5x8.5 \$1 36pgs.

The assemblage of art, writing, and photography in this 'zine comes together in a forum style. That is how it is intended and received. The more interesting sections of content of *Dead Journal* are the pieces on various aspects in NYC. The first discusses the "quality of life" campaign brought on by Mayor Giuliani to clean up the city. The article is informative and critical, but short. The other aspect of note is the shirt history of ABC No Rio. It too is short, but focuses on a smaller story and is therefore told to a better degree. Other aspects of the 'zine include artists collages and travel notes. LO (xrobots@yahoo.com)

**DROP OUT DIGEST #1** 8.5x11 free 16pgs.

*Drop Out Digest* is on its way to being a music fanzine. It has a couple columns, a small amount of reviews, a fair amount of interviews, some ads, and a few other tidbits. The interviews are with Piebald, The Reputation, Camberm, and Me Vs. Humanity. The funny tidbit is a review of various beers, ensuring that you get the best for your twenty bucks this Saturday night. LO (1000-A Mt. Holly-Huntersville Rd./Charlotte, NC 28214)

**(EX)COMMUNICATION #1** 8.5x11 \$1 48pgs.

Such an excellent title for a 'zine based on conversations... This premier issue features lots and lots of interviews. The majority of them are with bands. Billy Music, Sewing With Nance, Selby Tigers, Q And Not U, Travoltas, The Mishaps, Anti-Flag, Agent Felix, and River City Rebels are all in here. They branch out into the film scene a little with the interview with the independent films makers of "Nihilistic Chick." Then, to get down to business, they have one really long talk with online moguls Interpunk.com. The 'zine is basically free of you can find it, as it is funded by the many ads for records (of bands interviewed) therein. They also print a list of contacts for people looking to get involved in directs action with varying social and political groups. This project is a splinter project of *Scissor Press*, the same people that bring you *Verbicide*. (Scissor Press/PO Box 206512/New Haven, CT 06520)

**EMPIRES FALL #1** 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 28pgs.

*Empires Fall* is a combine effort from Rosie Streetpixie and Rich Mackin in which they take turns expressing their opinions on activism, self awareness, and growing up. Rosie writes of anarchy, moving away from her parents, street actions in Washington DC, and menstruation. Rich writes of boycotts, growing up white in Norwalk, CT, discovering and dealing with his inherent classism, sexism, and racism, and the overt anarchist dynamics of group pizza ordering. There is a helpful list of clues for identifying undercover cops at street actions and some nice (pirated) *Calvin And Hobbes* reprints. *Empires Fall* contains passionate and humorous screeds from these two. However Rosie should check her facts much more thoroughly. Her contention that "Every year the US government sends 30 million black men to prison" is ludicrous given that the total population of the US is less than 300 million. Easily corrected factual errors like that tend to invalidate an entire essay. SJS (PO Box 976/Jamaica Plain, MA 02130)

**ESKUPE AL KALDE #13** 5.5x8.5 \$? 16pgs.

This here is a 'zine pretty much about the punk scene in the town of Arnedo in Spain. Mostly it is just a little explanation of what is going on in Arnedo, the history of punk there, current bands, current collectives, and pretty much that's it. Oh yeah, don't forget the pictures of punks just being punks, jumpin' around looking like Discharge (the D-beat/dis-theme is strong throughout) playing shows, and having fun. This is a cool little peek into the punk rockin' life of the Arnedo punks. CF (Teodoro Hernandez/Apdo. 23.197/08080 BCN/Spain)

**FAGGO #3** 8.5x11 \$4 44pgs.

*Faggo* explores sex, gender, identity, Canadian border crossing, and many varieties of sexual experience. Beyond queer positive, *Faggo* is a celebration of same sex touching, tasting, and penetrating with a thick frosting of gender bending, S and M, and tattoos. Also in these pages you will find an interview with the Skin Jobs, critical thoughts about mainstreaming of the Castro district and pride parades, and what type of cock rings are considered assault weapons in Canada. SJS (Kim Kinakin/#104-1314 Broughton St./Vancouver, BC/V6G 2P7/Canada)

**FRACTURE #22** 8.5x11 \$3 120pgs.

The theme for issue #22 is a good one. They deal with ideas discussing the underground versus selling out. Inside you can read a long article including the information gathered from interviews of different sized labels worldwide, an intelligent article bringing up the troubles of making a decent wage inside the DIY scene, and a quick article on the sale of youth culture. Plus, most of the regular columnists for this issue weigh in on this theme. Other highlights for this issue are the interviews with Academy Morticians, The Pavers, Dag Nasty, and Q And Not U. Regular 'zine fare, like the usual pile of music and 'zine reviews and ads fill the remaining pages. *Fracture* generally prints good stuff, and this is no exception. LO, (Unit 100/61 Wellfield Rd./Cardiff/CF24 2DG/UK)

**FEAR WHY THE MOUSE CAN'T BREATHE #4** 5.5x4.25 37¢ 40pgs.

The latest installment of this personal 'zine does not stray too much from the likes you might expect. In this issue however, there is a greater move towards poetic entries. Its and assemblage of anecdotes and stories that evoke the imagination and arouse emotional response. Each section is generally short, with smaller sub-entries within. The various jumbled thoughts seem to come together well though. LO (AJ/5258 Five Fingers Way/Columbia, MD 21045)

**SJS=STEVE  
SNYDER,  
MO=MIKEY OTT,  
CF=CHUCK  
FRANCO, MA=MATT  
AVERAGE, TS=TIM  
SHEEHAN,  
CD=CHRIS  
DUPREY, &  
LO=LISA OGLESBY**

**FIRST ASCENT** 5.5x8.5 \$3 40pgs.

*First Ascent* is the poetic memoirs of a man. Some of you might remember him from his 'zine *Message From The Homeland*. In this 'zine, he pushes his writing style into a more creative and expressive genre. Judging by the format, I assumed this was going to be a collection of poems recounting his experiences and observations. I expected poems in the traditional sense, with rhymes even. Close as I was, *First Ascent* gives you more. The entries are indeed poetic, though structured in a free form prose style that could just as easily be a named storytelling. Sticks in the mud might not even call them poems at all. Many of them read like a journal entry or a letter you might get from a friend. They all have a heavy dose of description as observation plays a major role in each piece. I enjoyed reading these entries. I thought his youthful vision and willingness to expose detail worked well in this format. LO (David Lucander/PO Box 1725/Westfield, MA 01086)

**FOOD GEEK #5** 4.25x5.5 \$1 36pgs.

This is a good little read with lots of yummy looking ethnic type foods for us to make, plus some cool traveling stories...with an emphasis on what was ate. Can't wait to try some. Food Geek comes from the editor of *The Assassin And The Whiner*. CD (Carrie/PO Box 49403/Los Angeles, CA 90049)

**GET UP & GO #2** 8.5x11 \$2 20pgs.

This 'zine is dedicated to the hardcore music that inspires the editor. It begins with a piece about how Mike came to love 7 Seconds; his passion for the music is apparent from there on out. This issue features short interviews with Vitamin X, Nine Shocks Terror, Deranged Records, and AI from *Suburban Voice*. Most of the conversations are about their particular projects and what inspires them to create their stuff. It has a sloppy amateur style, but that is part of the appeal. LO (Mike Frame/PO Box 638/Seattle, WA 98111)

**GREEN ANARCHY #10** news \$2 32pgs.

*Green Anarchy* seems to be growing with each issue. This newsletter is made for the environmentalist, anarchist, activist punks out there. People who are looking for news and information, and for a place to find contacts for further action. This new issue features articles on organizing, N17, international intifada, and an interview with Ann Hansen. LO (PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

**HARBINGER #4** news donation 8pgs.

The organ of Crimethinc. Written much in the same way as their book *Days Of Love...*, the pieces are intended to stir emotion and imagination, with the hope that you, the reader will act on the words in some way. My favorite section was the de-classified section, which offers up suggestions on pranks, reshaping the situations around you, and working together as groups. MA (Crimethinc. Far East/PO Box 1963/Olympia, WA 98507)

**HEAD CHEESE JAPAN** 8.5x11 \$5 70pgs.

Wow, this thing is seriously packed with content. *Head Cheese Japan* began as an online chronicle of what is going on in the Japanese music scene. It grew to cover other aspects of culture in Japan and, finally, has now grown into a printed resource as well. The amount of writing and information in this issue is staggering. No wonder it began in the limitless space of the internet. Peter, who has now live in Japan 4 years, recounts stories of life there, discusses local music, reviews live shows and literature, prints his comics, and much more. The sheer volume of information means that if you have a specific interest about this you will find it really interesting. LO (Peter Hoflich/21-2-206 Hinoike-Cho/Nishinomiya, Hyogo/662-0084/Japan)

**HEXUS** 6x7 \$3 36pgs.

The fact that this is from Macedonia made me really excited. It is the first 'zine I can recall getting for review from that area, which is always a little extra special for me. There are interviews with Ignite, Kemuri, Los Crudos, Strife, Waterdown, Propagandi, Whippersnapper, and Glasscater, as well as music and fanzine reviews in Macedonia. The personality of the editor comes through in two pieces. The first was the personal reflections on the local scene. Second, the article on nationalism and terrorism in regards to the US's subversive foreign policy and the affects of such. The recent history of foreign roles in the conflicts and changes involving Serbia, Albania, and Macedonia are linked to the US' involvement in Afghanistan. It is told subjectively, but as such is a more interesting and thought provoking statement than most news and opinions we have here. Also included in this issue are a Buenos Aires scene report and a Sapporo scene report with extra attention given the reporter's band Slang. The printing and layout for this 'zine is very professional looking. LO (Vladimir Dimeski/Cedomir Minderovic 29/1000 Skopje/Macedonia)

**HUNTER/GATHERER** news postage/donation 24pgs.

Culling influences from Situationism, Primitivism, and the current post-left trends in anarchism, H/G is the next phase of *Harbinger*, which grew out of *Inside Front*. Often hard to pin down is the true number and identities of those responsible for what content, mystification would seem not to be accidental here, and while this aspect finds me ambivalent, I can't really find much to complain about, though I also can't say I agree with everything. For those seeking discourse beyond the tired crypto-Marxism of activists and the anarcho-liberalism of most punks, *Hunter/Gatherer* is not the worse place to start. Relevant and recommended. TS (Crimethinc Far East/PO Box 1963/Olympia, WA 98507)

**IMPACT #1** 8.5x11 \$? 80pgs.

This 'zine is a collection of material that appeared on their website a few years back. Pretty much a documentation of the straight-edge scene of the mid to late 1990s. Interviews are with Sportswear, Floorpunch, Hands Tied, Rain On The Parade, Sweet Pete, and a few more. The topics are light and don't say much, generally sticking to the topics of records, straight-edge, and what hardcore means to them. I will say they do a great job of capturing straight edge hardcore in a nutshell—it's materialistic and lacks substance. Among the interviews there's stories about what records they bought, bands they saw, and the sort. I laughed when I saw the page with "Do you know hardcore?" and all the crappy Revelation and Conversion records in the background. Yep, I know hardcore and it exists far beyond that watered down garbage. MA (Gordo/245 Secor Ave./East Stroudsburg, PA 18301)

**IMPACT PRESS #40** 8.8x11 \$2 64pgs.

This magazine is all about the liberal alternative media seeking to legitimate power through the act of "speaking truth" to it. Tobacco, animal rights, anti-globalization, public schools, and music reviews. One article really sums up the whole broken liberal analysis: "The Importance Of Taking Christianity Out Of The Pledge Of Allegiance." Uh, what substantial difference is there between religion and nationalism? A victory for the gods of Law over the laws of God would seem little more than illusion as each justifies the other. If incrementalism is your mode, supplement your subscription to the *Nation* with *Impact*. TS (PMB 361/10151 University Blvd/Orlando, FL 32817)

**IN THE DARK** 8.5x11 \$? 20pgs.

*In The Dark* tells stories of humans and insects. Human nature and human interactions juxtaposed with insect nature and insect interactions. Narratives are inferred until touring begins. Then specificity is applied. The band ends up in jail for shoplifting dinner. Then more travel and insects and walking in the dark. Stories from various locales that all hang together for some nearly invisible reason. SJS (Eian/PO Box 769/Redding, CT 06896)



# 'ZINE REVIEWS

## ITS ALL GRAVY #1 5.5x8.5 \$? 40pgs.

This 'zine is a collections of ideas, politics, and music. Since this one comes from South Central and East Los Angeles areas, much of the content deals with issues directly affecting that region. There is information about police brutality issues, human rights issues, thoughts on life, and some writing about ska/punk music. The music info is all in the form of show reviews. This issues reads easily and has a very casual feel. LO (gravyzine@hotmail.com)

## JOURNAL SONG #5 4.25x5.5 \$2 96pgs.

It just dawned on me that I never really noticed how appropriately named *Journal Song* is. That makes me like it all the more. It seems to have always had this format, but upon reading this issue I noticed it for real. *Journal Song* is a diary of life opened up and played for you, the reader. This issue is just as good as the past ones. The honesty and description levels are at a high; aspects which enrich any 'zine of anecdotes, stories, and truths. You can read about punk life in Portland, traveling to the Mid West, communing with coffee, and eeking out a living. *Journal Song* is a strong personal 'zine that delivers everything you want from something of this style. LO (Steve/PO Box 3444/Portland, OR 97208)

## LAST THING I SEE 4.25x5.5 trade 24pgs.

There's a small silver hand-stamped impression on the cover of this small 'zine of two martial artists: one receiving a solid round-house kick to the side of his head from the other. I wish this was about martial arts, but rather unfortunately it's the tale of the author's first "real" job after college: the same sort of Adventures in Clerical Work made (in)famous by the likes of Al Burian and numerous independent films of the last five years. The poignant conclusion? Work sucks. TS (Brent McKnight/1810 Jacobson Blvd./Bremerton, WA 98310)

## LEAP FROG BIKE 'ZINE #6 5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs

*Leap Frog* is dedicated to one of my favorite commodities, the almighty bicycle. This issue contains the usual columns, book and 'zine reviews, plus a large article on why and how Portland is one of the most bike friendly cities around. There is another article dedicated to mountain bikers trying to race in the 5th season that some states have (where everything thaws and turns to mud soup). The article is full of tips on cleaning and lube technique, and mud hardy gear. Filling out the rest of the 'zine are a list of bike web resources, cartoons, recycled bikes turned to practical art and other good stuff. So do your self a favor and read this, or at least take your two wheeled friend for a nice spin. CD (Scott Spitz/6163 Carrollton Ave./Indianapolis, IN 46220)

## ...LET'S GET FREE! 8.5x11 \$? 36pgs.

This 'zine gives information about, is dedicated to, and has writings from political prisoner Jeff "free" Luers. Most of the content might not be interesting to people not entrenched in the political prisoner movement, but there are some gems in here. However, if you don't know anything about the issue, after reading this you pretty much get convinced that Jeff needs to be freed right now. LO (Break The Chains/PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

## LISTEN TO THIS #2 8.5x11 \$2 24pgs.

The four short stories included here focus mostly on an out of place character in an uncomfortable situation. Many of the protagonists are put upon or depressed young people, people still moving towards who they will become. The idealism and openness expressed is refreshing, even if most of the stories are sad. LO (Overground/PO Box 1661/Pensacola, FL 32591)

## LITTLE BLACK STAR #19 5.5x8.5 4pgs.

This most recent issue of the teeny newsletter focuses on the impending war in Iraq, what we knew before 9-11, harassment of non-white air passengers, thoughts on feminism and imperialism, and a continuation of their article on gun control. The perfect read for a quick pee. LO (AAC/PO Box 197/Lewisburg, PA 17837)

## MISHAP #13.5 5.5x8.5 \$2/trade 48pgs.

Punk, Lovecraft, sci-fi... can't beat it man. This is a cool story about some punks challenging the dark forces of Cthulu up in the northwest (alka Oregon). The two main characters run into some strangeness while hitchhiking in vain towards their destination of Portland. All the while having some strange interactions with a "born again" Christian who picks them up, finding weird "end of the world" survival kits in the local Wal-Mart complete with plastic crucifix and pictures of giant bats and tentacle faced men, and then having some strange sightings in Grants Pass there is an air of oddness afoot. Without giving too much away this is a pretty fun and cheesy (in a good way) story full of punk rock references and characters. I mean come on, there is an Amebix singing Cthulu monster! Now that's rad. I ripped through this story in an awesome day at the park and loved it. Ok, now for some time for some constructive criticism... I honestly thought that the character development could have been a little stronger. I don't know, give some of the characters fuller personalities or something. I can't really say because I'm not a writer, but I was a bit confused by some of the dialogue. Other than that, I can't really complain. I hope that there are more stories done like this one. It kind of set me up for wanting more, and plus its fuckin' sci-fi punk. Born on the rays of the morning sun. (Did I mention the Amebix singing Cthulu character?) I give this one nine out of ten in the "fuck yeah" scale. CF (PO Box 5841/Eugene, OR 97405)

## MY SO-CALLED LIFE #1 8.5x5.5 \$? 40pgs.

This issue is sort of the *My So-Called Life* remix. It has selections from past issues re-assembled and edited anew. This is good catch up for people who missed the back issues. It reads like a diary of threats, regrets, and hopes. Mixed in with the personal are the greater political ideas that stem from them and the soundtrack. This issue features a nice, long Yage interview, many nice photos, and cool layout. LO (PO Box 65/1110 Wien/Austria)

## MULTI-KID #5 7.5x8.5 \$2 28pgs.

This would seem to be the product of a group of diverse kids operating out of the Bay Area and Texas. Frustration working within White-dominated non-profits, relationships beyond class and language lines, experiences of a Korean-American woman's journey to South Korea, a short Guatemalan tour diary, and more. There is a lot of bitter humor here, and a lot to relate to, even for one who cannot identify as a person-of-color; and as always, much to learn from perspectives one can't always experience first-hand. Unfortunately, most everything here is viewed through the schema of the College Student and the Activist, and in the end, it's hard for me to find much of interest in the analyses of those that identify with these two roles. But for those of you who can, check this out. TS (PO Box 414/Berkeley, CA 94701)

## MY FAT IRISH ASS #4 8.5x11 \$? 34pgs.

I really don't care about this. I mean, it is great that people are taking media into their own hands and creating something to share with others. I just don't want *My Fat Irish Ass* shared with me for a while. It is hard to convince other people to take this for review (on the title alone). Can you really blame them? Ah well, this issue has reviews (of their 'zine and items sent to them for review), an interview with Cheerleaders Of The Apocalypse, and *altered Family Circus* cartoons. Plus a bunch of other shit that is meant to be mindlessly entertaining. LO (1507 E 53rd St. #1/Chicago, IL 60615)

## NEGRITA #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.

*Negrita* is a personal 'zine filled with stories and observations from the life of editor, Gloria. Gloria writes about a variety of experiences and the knowledge she gained there from. Some of these stories deal with the good and bad sides of hitchhiking, competition among womyn in punk, ways to make an inviting space for womyn and people of color, and a chance meeting with a guy named Chris Mellen. In one longer piece Gloria describes a month long fast and provides explicit details about its effects on her body. The presentation in this issue shifts between handwritten, typed, and comics. SJS (Overground/PO Box 1661/Pensacola, FL 32591)

## NEUFUTUR #5 5.5x8.5 \$? 20pgs.

Hard to believe this is the fifth issue, as it comes off as a very neophyte project. Anyway, cut 'n' paste, editorials, music reviews, 'zine reviews, interviews, bits about the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, a weird short tale of a rape and murder, odds 'n' ends, ads, an ad rate chart, and a handy table of contents. TS (Info 8/PO Box 6064/Greencastle, IN 46135)

## NEWS FROM NOWHERE #1 news \$1 8pgs.

This short newsletter highlights leftist anarchist politics and environmentalism. Within the pages of this issue, the topics of land use, feminism, permaculture, and technology are also addressed. The articles are well written and there is a good amount of knowledge shared herein. Why do so many of these come from Eugene? I guess the many environmentalists there just have a lot to say. LO (PO Box 10384/Eugene, OR 97440)

## THE NEW SCHEME #6 8.5x11 \$? 72pgs.

This is a denizen of the sort of "second tier" of 'zine-dom that cover the same ground as the Big Three (HaC, PP, & MRR), yet don't garner the glamour. *The New Scheme* is based in Boulder, the city that gave us Christie Front Drive, the band that made indie rockers feel entitled to appropriate the name of emo while eschewing the passion and substance of the original. I'm not sure if it's a regional thing, but the scope of coverage here does veer toward the slicker side of punk and hardcore. What you would expect: interviews, reviews, and ads—oh so many ads. Content concerns The Lawrence Arms, The Casket Lottery, Copper Press, Joel Schalit, The Roots Of Orchiis, On The Might Of Princes, Pg 99, and cover art by comic artist Sean Tiffany. All content is © 2002, New Scheme Industries. TS (PO Box 19873/Boulder, CO 80308)

## NOTE TO PRISONERS 4.25x5.5 \$1 28pgs.

I'm such a sucker for this kind of stuff, this 'zine is great. It's everything I want in a personal 'zine. Stories of love, traveling, escape, and just trying to find your way through it all. Sarah has a very nice style of writing, it's simple and concise but still keeps things interesting and heartfelt. I sat down and planned to read just a little of it and ended up reading the whole thing, I couldn't put it down. My only complaint would be I wish there were more. This is highly recommended. MO (Sarah/1214 N 7th Ave./Pensacola, FL 32503)

## ONE WAY TICKET #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 28pgs.

Julian and I are kindred spirits who have never met. Just about every piece of writing in here rings true for me, and the things that inspire him have affected me similarly. It is a mostly personal 'zine that deals with politics and the scene on a very real basis. I really enjoyed the emphasis on DIY and the school paper on the Spanish Revolution. *One Way Ticket* reinforces many ideas of the hardcore community, which makes for a comfortable and familiar tone to read. LO (Julian Evans/1111A 4th St./Courtenay, BC/V9N 1H6/Canada)

## ON SUBBING 4.25x5.5 \$1/trade 72pgs.

This 'zine is a compilation of daily journal entries from a substitute teacher. Editor Dave describes in fine detail his activities while a substitute Education Assistant in special education classes. Through these 72 pages Dave tells of interactions between teachers, students, principals, and other school employees. The reader learns bit by bit of the personalities, abilities, and routines of the kids he works with. Dave says he loves his job and his enthusiasm for working, playing, and joking around with the kids bears that out. While describing classroom events Dave subtly reveals quite a bit about himself. The writing is packed into the pages of *On Subbing* and readers will be rewarded with mostly positive insights into Dave's work in public education. SJS (David Roche/1036 N Shaver St./Portland, OR 97227)

## PAPING #6 7x8.5 \$3 52pgs.

*Paping* is a collection of comics with contributions from eight graphic artists working in styles that complement each other quite nicely. The story lines range from straight ahead narrative to disjointed but related images to surrealist visual poetry. The stories are taken from the lives of the artists and focus mainly on their observations of, and interactions with people and life in the city. Editor John tells of teaching art in an elementary school that collages a variety of stories into an approximation of a teacher's hectic job. There is a humorous take on a lonely guy's attempts at dating, two cat stories, and one good reason to not pay the electric bill. The contributors have integrated their illustration style and storytelling mood quite nicely and the contents are enclosed with a nifty three color screened cover. *Paping* is a 'zine worth seeking out. SJS (John/60 St. Marks Pl./New York, NY 10003)

## THE PASSION DRIVEN PROJECT

5.5x8.5 \$3/trade 64pgs.

*The Passion Driven Project* combines extended interviews with powerful queer positive writing and attitude. The queer content focuses on queerness in hardcore. Explorations of the issue are handled through essays and song lyrics from various queer positive bands. Included are two lists, one explains what straight folks should not expect from queers, the other provides snappy responses to typical homophobic statements. You also get an essay on love from Daryl Vocat and an essay on objectification of boys by boys. Bands and people interviewed include Countdown To Putsch, Ninja Death Squad, and Chris Colohan. The Countdown To Putsch discussion goes into the lives and philosophies of the members. The other interviews deal mostly with music and hardcore scene issues. There is a tour diary from a Tastes Like Burning jaunt about eastern Canada. *The Passion Driven Project* is passionate and intelligent and sometimes wickedly funny too. SJS (382 Des Muguets/Ste-Thérèse, QC/J7E 5T4/Canada)

## PAUL THE PUNKER #7 & #8 5.5x8.5 \$1 16/12pgs.

What a piece of shit comic this is. Poor drawing, bad story line, really short, and just all around lame. (I don't understand why someone would send out something this half-assed to be reviewed. Do you think people are going to be impressed by it? Especially people you don't know? Well, maybe many of them are. Perhaps I am just the minority on this one... But I doubt it.) Issue #7 tells the story of an acid trip and issue #8 tells the story of a weird guy who picked him up hitch hiking. Neither have anything of merit. I don't know what they would be amusing to. Punker, you have got to try for more distinctive art and better stories. LO (FNS Publishing/PO Box 1299/Boston, MA 02130)

## PERRO MALDITO #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 28pgs.

Okay, the first thing that caught my eye when I got this was the cover. Imagine, it's in a pasture with sheep, there stands a little sheep eating grass—but jumping over his back is a wolf! It literally looks like the wolf is playing leapfrog with the sheep! The wolf has his front legs on the sheep's back and is hurling itself over the little sheep. Hal! The next thing that got my eye were interviews with Nasum and Krighshot. Oh yeah, mother fucker! There are also interviews with, Lack Of Interest, Confusione, Yacoppe, Iron Lung, and Prolapse Recs/*Evil Semen* 'zine. There is also some political news included about companies that support Israel and the Puebla-Panama canal, and its effect on workers and the environment. This is a good first 'zine and has a cool laid back attitude. Give this one a try for some new beer table reading from Italy! CF (Raffaele Sironi/V. Biffi 11/20050 Sulbiate (MI)/Italy)

## PICARESQUE #2 5.5x8.5 free 28pgs.

Another pleasing issue chock full of sour anecdotes and awkward stories. This 'zine is filled with short little stories, each one with a moral or a punchline. Many of the people and situations in them connect to other stories in this 'zine. The punchline is often harsh, like a punch in the stomach. And a good punch is often amusing. Brendan recounts tales of school, love, and other shenanigans. It seems everyone he knows is a colorful character. Either that or he is a good embellisher. Anyway, the 'zine is darn entertaining. A perfectly sized read for a trip on the bus. LO (Brendan/3 Sharpley Ave./Stawell, Victoria/Australia)

## PROBATION AREA 5.5x8.5 \$2 20pgs.

This is the most perfect thing for me to read. Thoughts on art, language, expression, and Berlin... I eat that shit up with a spoon. My love for and fascination with Berlin was refueled by reading this 'zine. I totally identified with the editor's search for perfect expression in another language and the jubilation upon achievement. Perhaps it is the rediscovering of language that gives you new eyes to see through, renews your interest in the arts, and makes you want to suck in everything. You are starting fresh with a new language, and that gives you a sense of wonder unmatched by any other adult shift. *Probation Area* shares a similar layout style to *Burn Collector* or *Media Reader*. Not so shocking to find out that it too originates from Chapel Hill. LO (PO Box 332/Chapel Hill, NC 27514)

## PUNKANUT #2 5.5x8.5 \$2 66pgs.

Herein are the tales of Wylie, a Texas based traveler of highways and railways. In this issue, Wylie documents his travels to and return from Active Resistance 1998 held in Toronto. The trip north includes interactions with a travel companion and a family reunion. Conference sessions, street actions, and new and old friends fill the days in Toronto. Then Wylie decides to train hop across the Canadian Rockies before returning to Texas and here the big adventure ensues. Along the way there are cops, foul weather, stints of hitchhiking and bus riding, forests bisected by the tracks, more cops, soup kitchens, and donut shops. In Winnipeg Wylie gives up on the trains and hitchhikes home, but not without a horrifying border crossing experience. The contents of *Punkanut* are facilitated by travel, but Wylie really writes about the people he meets, his interactions with them, and what he learns about himself through examination of these interactions. *Punkanut* is a wonderful and highly recommended 'zine. SJS (Wylie/PO Box 540304/Houston, TX 77254)



**PUNKS BEFORE PROFITS #12** 5.5x8.5 \$? 60pgs.

This 'zine was instantly endeared to me as the first time I opened it, I saw the centerfold which is a collage of photos of friends in action adorned with the statement, "This is our scene, our dream, our revolution, and it's not for sale." A nice antidote to grotesque ends of the current political spectrum in punk and hardcore: the cynical ladder climbing of the stylish ladies and gents making the transition to MTV2 and the CMJ fest, and the equally offensive bed-, event-, and cause-hopping reactionary liberals of the activist scene. Lots of musing on collective households, high school, growing apart from friends, interviews with kids active in the represented 'zine and from across the globe, and the ever-mighty DIY, all through the lens of enthusiastic youthfulness. Too bad this claims to be the last issue. TS (punksbeforeprofits@hotmail.com)

**RADICAL SLUT DIS-COVERY** 7x8.5 \$2 56pgs.

Put forth by a group of women looking to rediscover, uncover, and demystify their battered sexual history, this 'zine reads like a how-to guide for any workshop on life after sexual abuse. Most of the content is long articles. Each contributor discusses her situation in as much detail as necessary in order to reach the point of healing. The largest chunk of the 'zine is an outline of action once sexual abuse has occurred. It is very thorough. Many ideas included in these pages are crucial for healthy interaction and reaction. LO (2866 Wildwood Dr./Clearwater, FL 33761)

**[RE]FUSE #2** news \$2 32pgs.

I think the reason I like this so much is because it steers away from the pitfalls of most political fanzines which think that if the subject matter is serious then the layout must be stagnant. With [Re]fuse you get the exact opposite, great interviews and articles all accompanied with nicely designed layouts. It makes the read so much better. This issue offers up stuff on flyer art, poster art, MRR picture fault, Genua '98 Protest report, Mike from Scenery fanzine, and more. You will like this. MO (Pytryk Schaafraad/Hugo de Grootstraat 25/2518 EB Den Haag/The Netherlands)

**REASON TO BELIEVE #5** \$1 \$3 80pgs.

Always stoked to see a new issue of RTB. This issue is focused on "The Rise and Fall of DIY Distribution" with various people weighing with their thoughts and experiences on doing labels and distros. Some good, some bad. No real questions are answered, but at this point in time there are no clear answers. Definitely thought provoking. Along with this is the second part of the interview with the Dial House, Sin Dios, Imbalance, squatting in Holland, Anarchist Federation, and more. Should be a staple in any self respecting punk's reading diet. MA (145-149 Cardigan Rd./Leeds/LS6 1LJ/UK)

**REASON TO BELIEVE #6** 8.5x11 \$3 72pgs.

Wow, this is a really excellent issue. Reason To Believe is a pure DIY hardcore magazine from the UK—so of course the HaC staff is going to be down. The cover topics there and abroad that appeal to, interest, and worry the DIY punkers out there. So much of the content in this issue is interesting, I don't really know where to start. Certainly the second half of the debate from various labels, bands, and 'zines about the state of international DIY distribution has to be somewhere on the top of my list. (I wish I hadn't given Matt the earlier one so I had the complete set to read.) Then there are the tips and ideas about starting up a food co-operative/working at an existing co-op, the piece on DIY health information about posture, and the music/scene news from various countries. They also have regular music magazine content like letters, music reviews and 'zine reviews, and a nice selection of interviews. They print conversations with the political J.A.R. Collective, the scene oriented S.T.E. Collective, as well as bands Dumbstruck, Seein' Red, and Brezhnev. The forthright style and intense dedication to DIY is a really refreshing and supportive thing to read about. You can get this from No Idea in the US, or send \$15 to them for a five issue subscription. You won't be disappointed. LO (145-149 Cardigan Rd./Leeds/LS6 1LJ/UK)

**RAIN 2002** 4.25x5.5 \$2 40pgs.

It's amazing how the "small world" nature of running into the same folks over and over again in random and disparate locations persists no matter how large HC/Punk continues to grow, manifest in this case in the roulette of who is sent which 'zine for review. The author of Rain, Rob, is an old friend and roommate of mine from my Santa Rosa days. His writing and art has always inspired me, and he was one of the important people in my life my first couple of years in California, shepherding me in my transition from life in rural Eastern Tennessee to cosmopolitan Northern California. Caveats aside, this would seem to be, in spirit at least, the continuation of Rob's well-known and much-loved 'zine, The Rain that Fell Last Night Made Me Fall in Love with You from some years back. Rob's writing is the kind emulated by so many wanna-be writers in the underground scene: poetic, poignant, and genuinely soulful. To be more precise, Rob actually writes good poetry. But don't mistake me, it's not that self-referential "tortured suffering" shit most motherfuckers try to peddle; his here is relevant, uplifting, and spicy. Likewise, though Rain contains poetry, don't mistake it for a poetry 'zine; otherwise you'll be missing out on amazing articulations of life shot through with thoughtfulness and conscience; I don't know if Rob and I would see perfectly eye-to-eye politically, but this is beautifully and humanly anarchic. Recommended. TS (Rob c/o Arise! Resource Center & Bookstore/2441 Lyndale Ave South/Minneapolis, MN 55405)

**REGARDLESS #2** 6x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

First off, this is in one of the better 'zines I have read. This is a very well done job. The questions in the interviews are thoughtful and inspire conversation. The columns hold your interest and are written very well (with excellent translation from Swedish by the way). They interview awesome bands and people like, Lost (ex-frontwomen of Homomilitia Agnes's new band) the Swedish hardcore unit Kontrovers, the USA's very own Remains of The Day, Henrik of Cancer 'zine (I also recommend this one!) etc... There are plenty of 'zine and record reviews to boot! It's always good to see a well written and interesting 'zine, you can definitely tell where these two are coming from. I look forward to future issues. Keep it alive! Send these two people 2 dollars at... CF (Alex Dahlqvist/Basungatan 27/42140 V. Frolunda/Sweden)

**RESERVED #5** 8.5x11 \$? 26pgs.

Reserved features music, personality, and stories of life. The interviews for this issue are with Q And Not U, Ted Leo, The Distillers, and Trial By Fire. They also print a good amount of music reviews, ones from releases you might have heard of even. Other anecdotes of friends misbehaving in bars, a trip to Cuba, and heartbreaking exes fill in the space which movie columns and tour stories didn't quite finish off. This is an alright issue, but I would strike for more content on less pages for the next one. LO (2602 Harford Rd./Fallston, MD 21047)

**REVEREND RICHARD J. MACKIN'S BOOK OF LETTERS #16** 5.5x8.5 \$3 40pgs.

This 'zine is made up of sarcastic letters written to major corporations or people in the public sphere. They are tongue-in-cheek humor, often bested by the inane responses from big business and government. This latest issue was thrown together, and so some of the content isn't up to the high standards of the book (which obviously was the cream of the crop). All in all, I would suggest getting a copy of this rag. It is great entertainment for the cynical punk rocker in all of us. LO (Rich Mackin/PO Box 890/Allston, MA 02134)

**SCRATCH #74** 8.5x11 free 88pgs.

Scratch is this gigantic free music magazine that gets spread out all over Southern California. Tons of people thumb through this at shows, as it is in the doorway of nearly every club. It is great place to find out about recent shows, where to get a tattoo, what big underground release is coming, or maybe the address of local punk record store. I've pretty much only looked at it for shows and stores—which is sad because those are just the ads. When we got this for review I searched all over it hoping to find a barcode. But, since it is free, there really isn't much point in that. So, looks like I am actually reading it this time around. Well, most of the content is interviews of bands that have come through lately. This issue features Bad Religion, Fugazi, Sensefield, 7000 Dying Rats, and a bunch of other underground bands I have never heard of before. They also have show, music, and web site reviews. If you live in SoCal this could be helpful to get a feel for what is going on. LO (17300 17th St. Ste. J PMB #223/Tustin, CA 92780)

**SET THEIR YARDS ON FIRE AND GIVE THEM DIRTY LOOKS** 4.25x5.5 \$1.37 28pgs.

Appropriately named, this 'zine is about the youthful zeal for deviant behavior. It may be detrimental to you, or your friends, but if it is savage then it will be good here. Sarah writes about wild times in language that seems inebriated. Her exploits and ideas are untamed. I just can't tell if she is writing that way to make a point, or if her life is just really crazy and the point is still up for interpretation. LO (Sarah/1214 North 7th/Pensacola, FL 32503)

**SHAZZBUTT! #10** 5.5x8.5 \$1 36pgs.

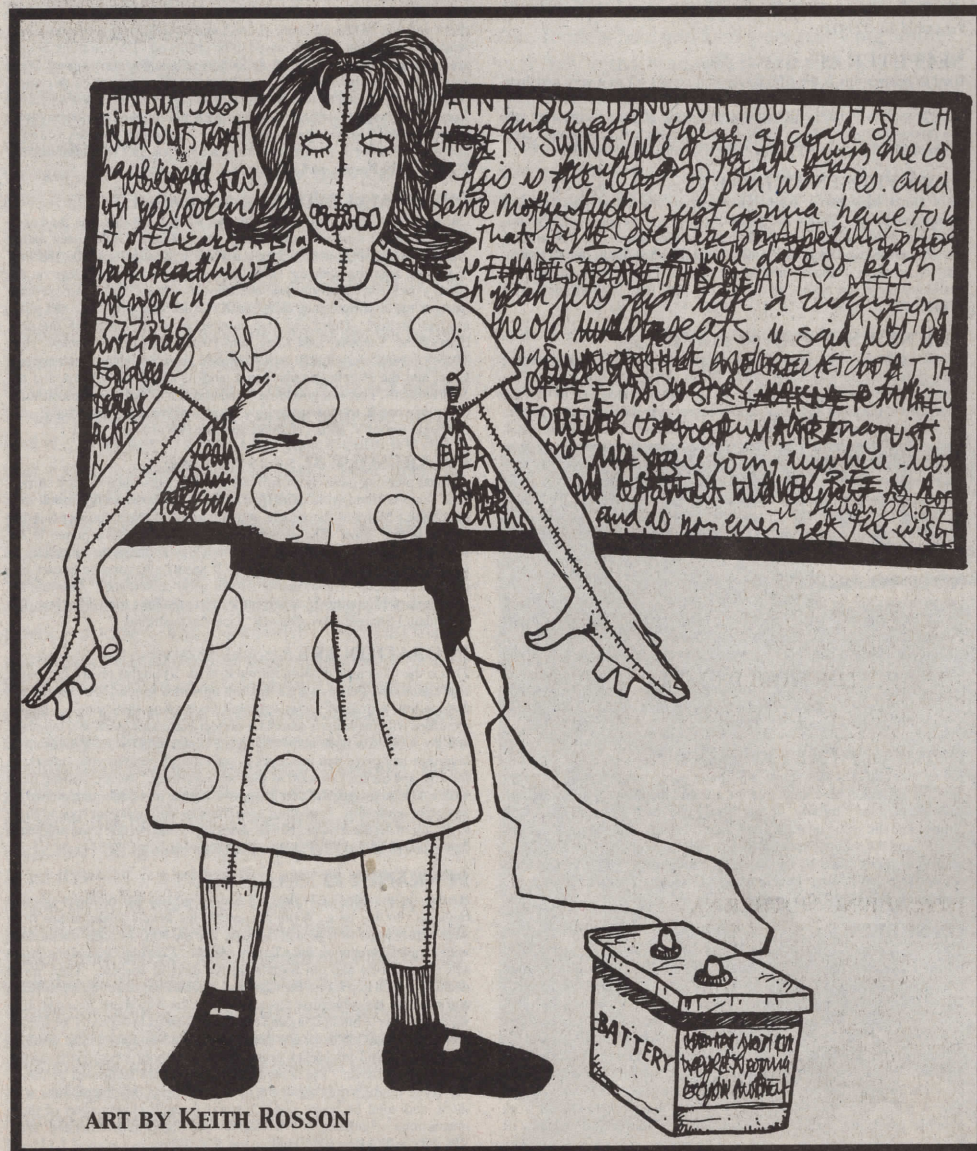
The tenth anniversary issue of Shazbutt! is reprints though I don't really remember most of this stuff. It begins with an interesting essay about Bolivian citizens and their connection to their flag, as opposed to the US flag's connection to merely its government in terms of burning protests. Then it moves into a short story about a soccer mom and a reprint of the silly "straight edge" conspiracy taken from the internet; which has made its way into a couple 'zines I've seen for this issue. Anecdotes about amusing yourself in small town Illinois are also here. They also include a good amount of music reviews, through this section poorly copied and difficult to read. The reprints seem to be from the first couple issues, back when it was called Millpool. Most of this is funny stuff and a Trepan Nation interview. LO (Mark Novotny/5413 S 6th Ave./Countryside, IL 60525)

**SHITTALKER** 4.25x5.5 \$2 68pgs.

Get yourself a copy of Shittalker and you will find irony free, fast paced written antics by two erudite guys. Oh yeah, they are damn funny too. Imagine yourself a person who has never given two shits about any sport. Then imagine yourself actually reading 24 pages of commentary (with footnotes!) on fucking minor league ice hockey just for its entertainment value. Later, the reasons why the Yankees suck is explained in terms anyone outside the big apple can understand. But Shittalker is not all sports coverage. The working man attends and reviews punk rock shows with plenty of color commentary on the sartorial, tonsorial, and verbal statements of bands and audience members alike. You will also find a seasonal tale of Royal Doulton mugs and "the worst Christmas ever" that rivals most PeeWee Herman jokes. There are also reviews of the worst Star Wars movies ever and a brief history of end of the world prophecies. The editor reprints his columns from the publication you are currently perusing in which he dishes the dirt on Phantom Planet video shoots, Nazis, the ARA, the ADL, and the high school quarterback. Not only does Shittalker feature impeccable grammar and spelling, but it is a guaranteed No Bullshit zone. More please, thank you. SIS (OB/PO Box 19602/Philadelphia, PA 19124)

**SKIRT** 7x8.5 \$5 68pgs.

Skirt is a kind of project you see from time to time, one that reaffirms the cycle of hardcore/punk. It shows that every once in a while a new set of people comes through with a whole new set of inspiring and challenging ideas to donate to the greater hardcore/punk discussion. This is a collection of stories, ideas, feelings, and expressions by some young women in Iowa. Most of them deal with the issues impressed upon young women and information you might need during that phase (or to understand someone in that phase). They are sort of coming into their own and branching out into the world with this 'zine. It is a medium of voice for each person, as well as a group. Though the information you can find in this issue is only moderately exciting at times, I am excited to see more active voices in the community. LO (PO Box 1275/Iowa City, IA 52240)



ART BY KEITH ROSSON



### SLUG & LETTUCE #72 news 60¢ 20pgs.

*Slug & Lettuce* is like the peanut butter and jelly sandwich of the 'zine community. You already know what you are going to get, but the satisfaction cannot be replicated. Sometimes you can leave it alone for a while and it won't really go bad. It is durable, down to earth, tried and true... all of the comforting things you want. Every once in a while it is good to toast the bread first—that brings new life to an old classic. I spoiled myself by reading this issue in complete silence. I got up to date on what was going on with Chris this summer. I read all of the fascinating personal insight and practical information from the columns, and I even meandered through all of the reviews. I gave myself all the time and space needed to digest every word. Ah, *Slug & Lettuce*. A punk classic. Totally filling. LO (Christine/PO Box 26632/Richmond, VA 23261)

### SNAKE PIT Anthology II 5.5x8.5 \$3 106pgs.

Ben gets up. Ben gets stoned. Ben goes to work at the record store. Ben gets loaded. Ben falls in love. Ben goes home and gets stoned again, this time while listening to records. Sometimes Ben has band practice, and sometimes he gets kicked out of his house. Must mostly Ben goes through his day with a little weed to fuel him. Now, you might think that would be boring to read about... but what Ben also does is draw adorable comics with wit and style. His monotony becomes a comfortable routine, and you can't seem to put *Snake Pit* down. It is a great punk comic, with lots of musical commentary. Very fun indeed. LO (Ben/2100 Guadalupe #138/Austin, TX 78705)

### SOME HOPE SOME DISPAIR #4 8.5x11 \$3 28pgs.

Okay, the cover is of The Mob's *No Doves Fly Here* 7". Do I really need to say more? Well, if I was a halfway decent reviewer I would. Inside you have plenty of personal ranting and raving on a variety of subjects from Baseball to free jazz. The main part of the 'zine is made up of interviews with members of old (but not to be forgotten) anarcho punk bands, or bands that were around in the movements hay-day. Bands such as, The Mob (oh, how I love thee), Lack of Knowledge, Semiautomatic, and Kronstadt Uprising. I am really hopeful and excited to see this guy's book about anarcho punk. From the stuff I saw in MRR and this 'zine, it looks like it will be great. Don't forget the pictures of Doom on the last page. Very well written and served with a well formed perspective. CF (honeybearrecords@hotmail.com)

### SORE #14 5x6 \$2 48pgs.

*Sore* focuses many of its pages on reading and writing. Some of the essays describe the pleasures of finding and reading good books, how reading choices can match up with seasons and moods, and finding reasons to not avoid poetry. Other sections of *Sore* feature brief interviews with punk teachers and news items from organizations and events in the underground DIY community. There are quite a few pages of stories and prose included as well. The remainder of *sore* contains book and music reviews, and a large 'zine review section. SJS (Taylor Ball/PO Box 68711/Va. Beach, VA 23471)

### STOLEN SHARPIE REVOLUTION 4.25x5.5 \$3 96pgs.

Subtitled a DIY 'zine resource, this handy quarter size publication is chock full of "how to do it" and "things to consider before starting" suggestions. SSR addresses just about every step of 'zine creation from audience and content to methods of reproduction, assembly, and dissemination to 'zine readers. But the information here is useful for more than 'zine making. There are clear and concise directions for block printing and silk screening, paper making, bookbinding, copy liberation, cheap and efficient ailing, and a bit on recording and pressing records. Another section contemplates establishing and running a 'zine distro and suggestions for getting your 'zine noticed by those that already exist. SSR closes with lists of US and international 'zine distros and stores, online resources, and 'zines that review and advertise 'zines. SSR is a well done information source for those folks who intend to cut and paste, assemble, and bind their 'zines themselves. SJS (Alex/Microcosm/PO Box 14332/Portland, OR 97293)

### SWEET PEA HITS THE BIG TIME 4.25x5.5 \$2 32pgs.

A fictional story 'zine is such a nice change of pace nowadays. This one tells the tale of friendships gone sour, people struggling to make it, and people trying to get it right. It is told well and read easily. It could be five times as long and I'd still enjoy it. The characters are fleshed out and real. Good job, Sam. LO (Sam Costello/234 Locust St./Philadelphia, PA 19106)

### SWITCH BLADE #1 8.5x11 \$? 32pgs.

As with many a first issue, the content in here is a little thin. But that should change with time. They start out with a selection of columnists, the four of them create a varied style of input for reader to react to. It seems a good sampling. The, they move into the interviews with bands Brand New, Blood Red, On The Might Of Princes, and Become One as well as the Butcher Shop Press. Most of these are short, but informative. The issue is rounded out by music reviews. It is hard to get DIY release in your first issue, so most of these are from the larger underground labels that also placed ads in this issue. They are hoping to help support the independent music scene, especially that of Long Island, so if you have anything to contribute, please do. The first issue of this music magazine should come with a CD sampler as well. Ours either didn't or got separated from the 'zine. LO (240 Willowood Dr./Wantagh, NY 11793)

### TABLE CRUMBS #1 8.5x7 \$1.50 32pgs.

*Table Crumbs* come from a woman, born and raised in Poland, living in the US. Half of the 'zine deals with recent thoughts on in equality and the other half recounts memories (good and bad) of growing up in the communist block. Since I've read plenty of 'zines about the ills of the world, I think the writing about Poland proved more interesting for me. Partially because the other focus has been covered by many others and partially because the writing about her childhood had more new things for me to read about, I feel like the 'zine would be more interesting if it restricted itself to the latter. The only real problems with *Table Crumbs* are the semi-illegible handwriting and the way the stories mumble around before getting to the point. It seems that Adas has much more to say about her personal history than can fit into the pieces here. Yet another reason to shift the focus. LO (308 N Prairie #403/Champaign, IL 61820)

### THE URBAN HERMIT #12 5.5x8.5 \$2 80pgs.

*Cometbus* style personal 'zine about being lesbian, in love, and traveling around. It has interesting subject matter, and the stories are often entertaining. My only complaint is the writing style at times rasps my nerves with some of the slang ("hella", "fantabulous", etc.) and attacks on everything not like the author or her friends. But that's a style judgment, and maybe you'll like it. MA (Sarah/1122 E Pike #910/Seattle, WA 98122)

### TERRA INFIRMA VITA OBSCURA #3

5.5x8.5 \$2/trade 56pgs.

*Terra Infirma* combines personal writings, philosophy, comics, social and political commentary, and a treasure hunt. Editor Skorn the Viking writes of his building climbing adventures and his research into the diet of slugs. Most of the remaining pages are filled with commentaries of a more academic bent. Skorn writes about Emile Durkheim and his viewpoint on the role of religion in societies. Following this is an antithesis article focusing on the rituals and symbols of religion. Another essay examines how Cuban people have benefited from the Revolution's attention to social welfare. There are a few pages of book and 'zine reviews. I particularly enjoyed the treasure hunt which includes a hand drawn map and poetic directions to the secret place. Of course to seek it out you have to be near Lake Ontario. *Terra Infirma* is a bit humorous, a bit arcane, and generally a good read. SJS (Skorn/709 Middlebury Rd./Webster, NY 14580)

### THIS IS MY BLOOD THIS IS YOUR BLOOD

7x8.5 \$? 40pgs.

This 'zine is a collection of writings from a group of women in Canada. In this issue they address issues of menstruation, female reproduction, what goes on up the vag, and why there are into it. This is a blood positive celebration! They also list contact information for groups associated with women's reproductive health and general health, as well as places in Canada where you can get stuff like the keeper. (Ladies, if you don't know what that is, it is time you found out.) LO (The Scarlet Tide Brigade/SFPIRG/Sion Fraser University/Burnaby, BC/V5A 1S6/Canada)

### TOWN OF HARDCORE #1-#2 8.5x11 \$1 12/20pgs.

The first two issues of this 'zine are short and there isn't that much difference in the format, so I am going to review them as one. *Town Of Hardcore* follows the larger sized music magazine style. It has interviews, clear photos, and reviews. The first issue features conversations with RnR and Fucked Up. The second installment has more with Haymaker, Knife Fight, and The Neos. They were interesting enough, and definitely informative about what the band was doing. This 'zine is about hardcore, strictly the music side. If not, would they bother giving live show reviews? It even has a small section on record sound bytes for the collectors out there to amuse themselves with. Issue #1 actually finishes up with a list of good rap singles from back in the day and issue #2 also has a rap section. That might seem odd after their big stance on how the 'zine was just about hardcore, but it is still music so I won't really call them on the technicality. LO (1458 Reynolds Ave./Burlington, ON/L7M 3B7/Canada)

### TRAVEL 8.5x11 \$? 28pgs.

Our intrepid editor, Eian, accompanies Catharsis on a month long European tour. This is the resulting journal. They travel through Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, and the Netherlands. Eian and friends wander the streets of many cities often visiting museums and galleries. They stay in squatted buildings or related shelters, meet many people, and cook and eat a lot of tasty vegan food. Eian vividly describes his impressions of the people, van rides and van troubles, living and show spaces, crowded or quiet streets, and the weather along the way. The travels conclude in Amsterdam and they fly home. Eian closes with a reverie on the futility of trying to escape through travel. SJS (Eian/PO Box 769/Redding, CT 06896)

### UNRESTRAINED #1 5.5x8.5 \$? 36pgs.

The unfortunate copy job and graphics throughout many parts of this 'zine makes it pretty difficult to read. So I don't really feel like I have that great of an idea of what all the parts are. There is a section about work, that chronicles a few years in the author's life detailing the changes and awakenings he had. He also includes pieces on the Tent City protest that spawned his interest in a transitional housing project, as well as a short introduction into the ideas of privilege and prejudice, the principles of Food Not Bombs, and the editor's thoughts on the inequalities of money. On the scene end of things, he prints an interview with The Abandoned Hearts Club plus music and 'zine reviews. (HaC got a bad review.) I hope the next issue has less layout problems because I think this 'zine has something to contribute. LO (xunorignalx@yahoo.com)

### WE ARE EVERYWHERE 5.5x8.5 \$3 56pgs.

Many of the articles in this 'zine has already appeared in the regular publication from the Northwest Prisoner Support Network, *Break The Chains*. However, this collection has a much more cohesive feel and allows you to get in-depth in a way a newsletter cannot. The many articles in this 'zine focus on various political prisoners in the USA. The amount of information in this collection can be too much to take in at once. On size alone, this is a very informative read. LO (Break The Chains/PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

### WE WANT THE WORLD AND WE WANT IT ON FIRE 5.5x8.5 \$3/trade 60pgs.

What an inspiring read! This 'zine seeks to light a fire underneath you, to talk about the ideas that inflame, and to burn all the other bullshit to the ground. This issue features a lengthy set of interviews with Greg from Trial, along with reprints of lyrics the author finds especially relevant. It is a great segment that goes way in depth. Then, you move into the editor's thoughts on life and hardcore. Again, an inspiring tone and a critical edge. There is a short bit of information on artist Kathe Kollwocz as well. The energy and intensity of this project is real and it makes me quite hopeful for future issues. LO (PO Box U69/Wollongong Uni/Wollongong/NSW 2500/Australia)

### WORSHIPPING MOTHER NATURE 5.5x8.5 \$2 28pgs.

This 'zine was originally intended to be a book but, for the sake of easy distribution this maximum effect, it was shortened into a 2 part 'zine series. This is the first one. The subject matter here is religious environmentalism. The work itself is well researched and reads much like a school essay. It begins by basing the ideas of current environmentalism on the Earth Charter, just as any other religion has a written text to guide it. Then, levels/types of dedication according to the philosophy are discussed, as well as comparisons to widespread world religions/faiths. The hypothesis seems to be that environmentalism will be a faith more appealing to the coming generations than many western religions, though it also paints the follower nature of the movement in a negative light. I'm not sure where they will go with part two. LO (3596 Pine St./North Bend, OR 97459)

## WHEN WE READ THESE, WE THOUGHT THEY WERE GOOD: ONE WAY TICKET #1 CHIHUAHUA & PITBULL #1 REASON TO BELIEVE #6 SHITTALKER REGARDLESS #2 [RE]FUSE #2 STOLEN SHARPIE REVOLUTION RAIN 2002 PUNKS BEFORE PROFITS #12 PUNKANUT #2 SNAKE PIT ANTHOLOGY II NOTE TO PRISONERS

### LARCENY #14/IWANT TO BE LOVED

2x3 75¢/trade 12pgs.

*Larceny*, especially short this time around, gives just a few fleeting glimpses of the pictures in Shawn's head. You get a couple anecdotes and a couple opinions in a flash. If you don't already know this 'zine, there isn't much to latch on to. Just occupies a few minutes. *I Want To Be Loved* has a clear theme since it is really only once piece. It talks about love and relationships, and searching for connection. LO (Shawn Allen/8128 Constitution Apt. #8/Sterling Heights, MI 48313)

### NOTE TO PRISONERS/FINGER ON THE TRIGGER 4.25x5.5 \$1 64pgs.

Adee and Sarah team up on a split 'zine that is all about being fed up with being fucked with. Although some of it is written in a humorous tone, both sides are very serious and mainly about the reaction they have to getting harassed, mostly for being women. Fans of *Doris* fanzine would like this, or actually I think just about anyone who wants to take their mind of things for awhile and get a feel for Adee and Sarah's world. Good stuff. MO (Sarah/1214 N 7th Ave./Pensacola, FL 32503)

### BOOK REVIEWS:

#### TO HAVE AND HAVE SHIT book \$4 75pgs.

Poverty hobby enthusiasts and slumming suburbanites, rejoice!—your story is now told. Slick cover adorned with tired "ransom letter" font, this publication self identifies as a novel, though perhaps that is being generous, as this reads more like the journal entries of some traveling crusty kid all hopped up on Burroughs and Bukowski. The writing style is very "modern," and by this I mean often incomprehensible and otherwise distracting much of the rest of the time. There are many attempts at being poignant, philosophical, and wise here, but it just can't pull it off. A useful book once described the distinction between the *active* nihilist as a person that, although perhaps without much of an analysis, destroys society, while the *passive* nihilist, likewise lacking analysis, can only destroy their self. A window into the latter is well documented here. TS (Brent Johnson/114 1/2 E College St. Suite 10/Iowa City, IA 52240)

#### TRAVELING AMERICA BROKE: THE LIFE AND CRIMES OF JOEY GRETHER book \$6 226pgs.

The genre of books about traveling and experiencing life on a shoe-string budget is pretty well explored in the punk scene. Not only have numerous 'zines covered the issue, but now more and more books are doing it as well. In fact, punks seem to write about politics and travel the most. Probably because one helps to define your world view and lifestyle while the other carves your personality and outlook through experience. The tales of Joey combine a little of both. The major trip here is one across the US, with little more than some good friends and some weed to guide him. He scams, parties, reflects, makes out, and then parties some more. In fact, as long as he can find some decent jams, shared weed, and a keg he seems pretty content. The personal anecdotes of bumming his way from hang out to hang out don't seem to be teaching him any lessons. But then an alternating chapter comes in which he fleshes out ideas about the world around him. He discusses religion, work, dreams, social norms, oppressive systems, and how he wants the world to work. There is much attention given to hope for the world. He seems have it everything he writes. Maybe it is all the shared parties, but he doesn't seem jaded at all. In a way, that is the true highlight of this book. Now comes the criticism... The writing is in here isn't very well developed. The tell-it-like-it-is style lacks a certain luster and wonder a reader such as myself hopes for. In fact, the many chapters of partying come off as soulless and boring. Plus, the more serious chapters meander too much. Better editing would solve this. LO (Mob Action/1019 N Central Ave./Phoenix, AZ 85004)



## ...Ebullition stuff...

ORCHID - Chaos is Me/Dance Tonight! CD J  
 ORCHID - Gatefold CD G  
 ORCHID - Gatefold LP J  
 SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - No Love... 7" A  
 SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - No Love... CD A  
 YAPHET KOTTO - Syncopated... CD G  
 YAPHET KOTTO - Syncopated... LP J  
 YAPHET KOTTO - The Killer Was... CD F  
 YAPHET KOTTO - The Killer Was... LP H  
 STRUGGLE - One Settler, One Bullet CD G  
 SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - discography CD G  
 SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - 1st 7" A  
 COUNTDOWN TO PUTSCH - CD/Book M  
 SUBMISSION HOLD - Sackcloth and Ashes LP J  
 SUBMISSION HOLD - Sackcloth and Ashes CD G  
 THIS MACHINE KILLS - Death In The... LP H  
 THIS MACHINE KILLS - Death In The... CD G  
 SUBMISSION HOLD - Waiting For... LP J  
 SUBMISSION HOLD - Waiting For... CD G  
 ORCHID - Dance Tonight! 10" H  
 ORCHID - Chaos Is Me LP H  
 BREAD & CIRCUITS - CD G  
 BREAD & CIRCUITS - LP H  
 REVERSAL OF MAN - This Is Medicine LP H  
 REVERSAL OF MAN - This Is Medicine CD G  
 STRUGGLE - 12" H  
 STRUGGLE - 7" A  
 TORCHES TO ROME - 12" F  
 PORTRAITS OF PAST - 01010101 LP H  
 ECONOCHRIST - double CD discography J  
 LOS CRUDOS/SPITBOY - split LP H



California Residents must add 7.75% for sales tax (multiply by 1.0775) (ie \$10 = 10 x 1.0775 = \$10.78)

## ...some other stuff we distribute...

400 YEARS/SEEIN' RED - split 7" C  
 AGAINST ME! - Crime CD (five songs) F  
 ASKELETON - Modern Fairy Tales CD L  
 THE AWAKENING - The Final Feast 7" B  
 THE BONES BRIGADE - 7" B  
 CHARM CITY SUICIDES - The Worst CD L  
 CUT THE SHIT - Bored To Death 7" B  
 DOWN IN FLAMES - What The Fuck LP L  
 DROPDEAD/TOTALITAR - split 7" C

DROPDEAD/TOTALITAR - split CD C  
 DUMBSTRUCK - If It Ain't Broke... 7" B  
 ENVY/ISCARIOTE - split 10" H  
 E.T.A. - We Are The Attack 7" B  
 THE FICTION - LP33 12" J  
 FREAKS - 77 Points of Hate 7" B  
 FUNERAL DINER - The Wicked CD C  
 FUNERAL DINER/ZANN - split 7" C  
 THE FUTURES - Electric Wave... LP L  
 GOMORRHA - LP (limited to 666 copies) L  
 HOLY MOLAR - CD M  
 HIGHSCORE - Unsuspecting Actors... LP L  
 INFEST - No Man's Slave LP L  
 JOHN BROWN'S ARMY - Who Fucked... LP J  
 KYLESA/MEMENTO MORI - split 7" C  
 LAST IN LINE - Congested 7" B  
 LET IT BURN - This Is The Sound 10" L  
 LIARS - We No Longer Knew Who We Were 12" J  
 LIARS - We No Longer Knew Who We Were CD G  
 LIVING UNDER LIES - LP L  
 MAKARA - Discography CD M  
 MELEE - One Way Dead End 7" B  
 MELT BANANA - 666 6" B  
 MURDER DISCO EXPERIENCE - 7" C  
 MUSTANG - Free Style LP L  
 NIHILISTICS - LP (re-pressing of 1983 LP) L  
 OFF MINOR - Problematic Courtship CD F  
 PG. 99/MAJORITY RULE - split CD J  
 PG. 99/MAJORITY RULE - split LP L  
 PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES - By... 7" B  
 PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES - Sad Girls 7" B  
 THE RITES - Your Last Rites 7" B  
 TOTAL FURY - Committed To The Core 7" C  
 RAMBO/CRUCIAL UNIT - split 7" B  
 REAGAN SS - Hail The New Dawn 7" B  
 RUINATION - USA shaped 7" (10" sized) F  
 SAETIA - A Retrospective CD J  
 SPITTING TEETH - Don't Believe The Hype! 7" A  
 TEAR IT UP - Nothing To Nothing LP L  
 TRAGEDY - Can We Call This Life? 7" B  
 A TRILLION BARNACLE LAPSE - CD L  
 HISTERIA - comp LP with Limp Wrist, Seein' Red, DS13, Deaththreat, Sin Orden, Life's Halt... J

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